Oct.12,1963

THE NEW YORKER

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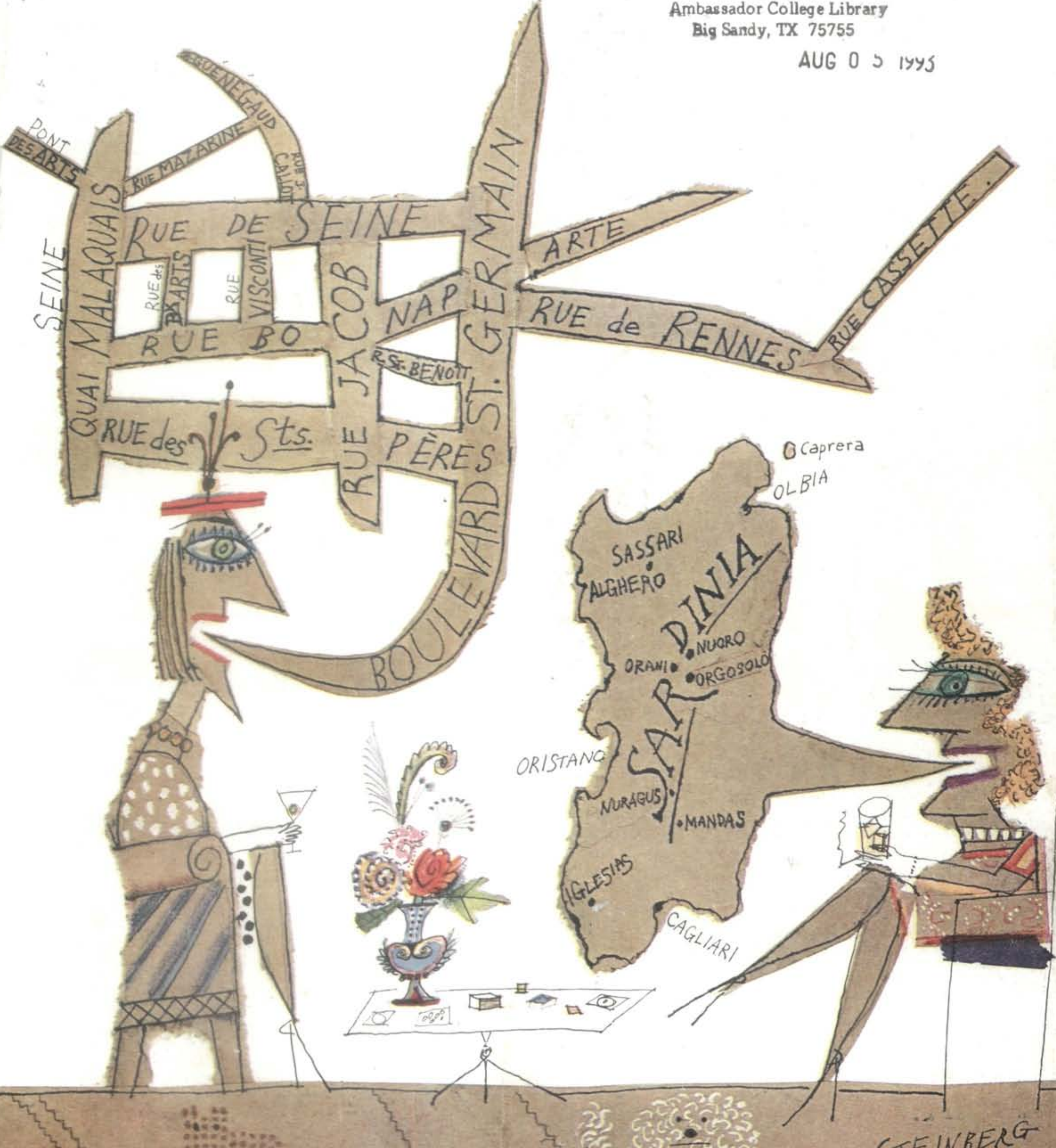
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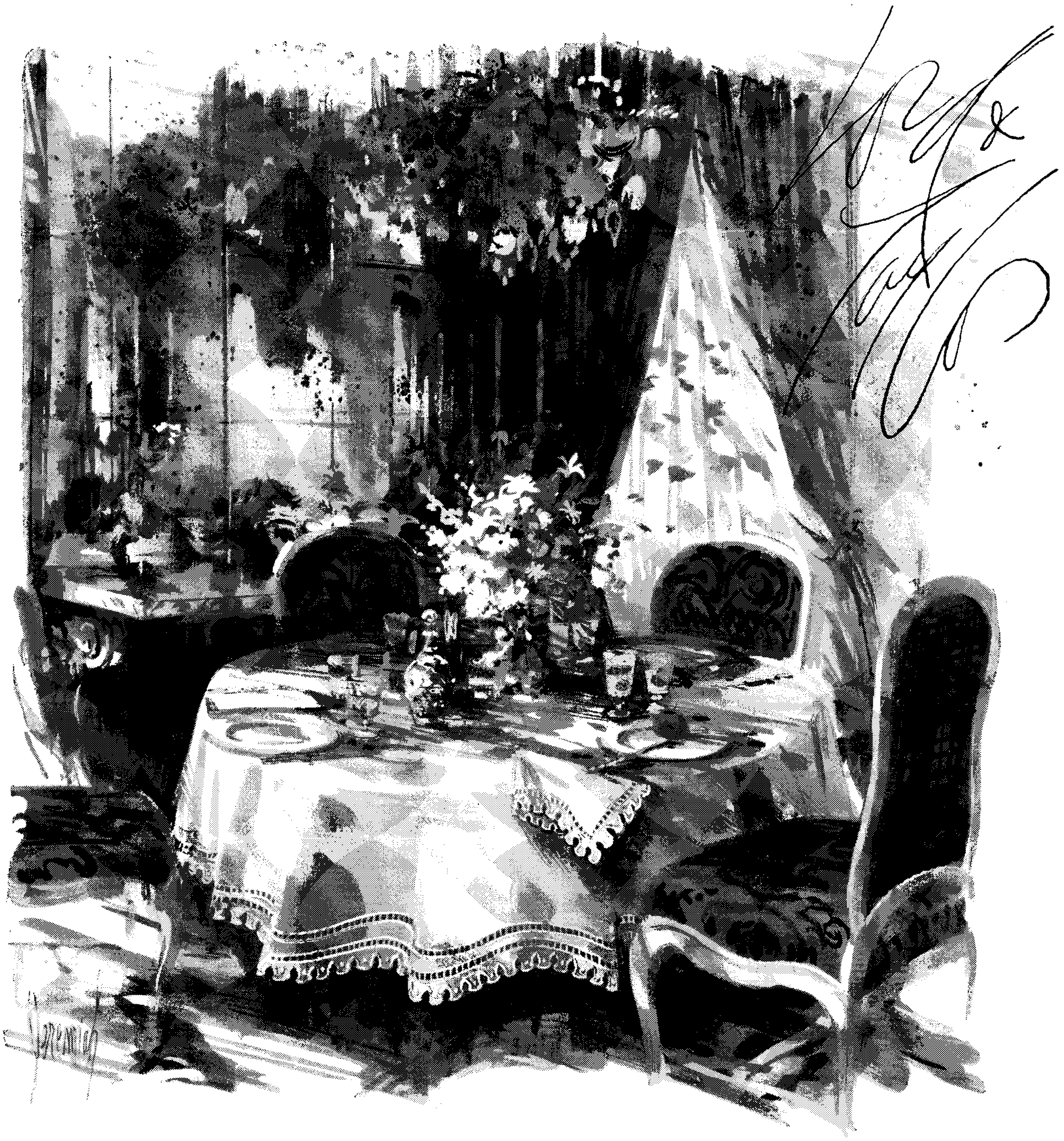

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Chips with Everything—A drama about an R.A.F. encampment where there is very little happiness. The play, written by Arnold Wesker, is rather shapeless, but it does have its dramatic moments. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Enter Laughing—Joseph Stein's funny adaptation of a novel by Carl Reiner. Alan Arkin is extremely comical as a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor—a profession for which he is totally unprepared. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles are among those in Mr. Arkin's humorous circle. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Irregular Verb to Love—Claudette Colbert and Cyril Ritchard prancing about in an English comedy that is long on eccentricity and short on wit. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luther—A puissant drama by John Osborne that details excitingly the high points in the life of the German reformer. Albert Finney turns in a memorable performance as Luther, and the others in the cast, directed by Tony Richardson, are all noteworthy, too. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

The Rehearsal—Jean Anouilh's exploration of life among some new-day aristocrats. The drama takes its time about getting under way, but it includes some fine scenes and all kinds of deft performances by the cast. Outstanding among those present is Alan Badel, who plays a rueful alcoholic. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Spoon River—A first-rate dramatic interpretation of Edgar Lee Masters' celebrated masterwork, with Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, and Charles Aidman (who also adapted it). All of them are superb. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Tuesdays *through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées* Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE:** A diversion in which four English wits—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's play exposing the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Private Ear and **The Public Eye**—Two comedies by Peter Shaffer, imported from London, with Geraldine McEwan, Barry Foster, Brian Bedford, and Moray Watson. Peter Wood is the director and Roger L. Stevens the producer, by arrangement with H. M. Tennent, Ltd. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Semi-Detached—A comedy by David Turner put on by the Coventry (England) Players. Directed by Anthony Richardson and presented by David Black and Nicholas A. Strater, in association with Jerome Rosenfeld. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Here's Love—Something about a Macy Santa Claus who thinks he's for real. The book, music, and lyrics are by Meredith Willson who, on this occasion, is a little lacking in magic. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—Jack Cassidy, Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, Ludwig Donath, and the other members of the company perform delightfully in this charming and rather old-fashioned comedy about the employees of a cosmetics shop in Hungary back in the thirties. The songs, by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the dances, by Carol Haney, may not be truly memorable, but they're agreeable. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Student Gypsy, or, The Prince of Liederkranz—An attempt, late in the day, to have some fun at the expense of ancient operettas. As created by Rick Besoyan, the musical is as dated as the material it parodies. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tovarich—This musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, White and Red, is handicapped by a book that just doesn't make much sense. However, Vivien Leigh, even if her voice is small, turns in a reputable, even regal, performance as a grand duchess of all the Russias. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Zero Mostel and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman has just succeeded Robert Morse as the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!:** An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Anthony Newley, who owes a large debt to Marcel Marceau. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Case of Libel—Van Heflin, Sidney Blackmer, and Larry Gates in a play by Henry Denker, adapted from Louis Nizer's book "My Life in Court." Directed by Sam Wanamaker and produced by Roger L. Stevens and Joel Schenker. Opens Thursday, Oct. 10. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Advocate—A play by Robert Noah, with James Daly in the leading role. Howard Da Silva is the director, and the producers are Michael Ellis and William Hammerstein. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 10-12, at 8:30. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 14. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Jennie—Mary Martin in a musical with lyrics by Howard Dietz, music by Arthur Schwartz, and a book by Arnold Schulman. Presented by Cheryl Crawford and Richard Halliday, and directed by Vincent J. Donehue. Opens Thursday, Oct. 17. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30;

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From the current exhibition of Spadini at TIFFANY & CO. New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The Bald Soprano and **The Lesson**—A revival of two one-acters by Eugène Ionesco, each of them a mixture of original nonsense and rather trying whimsey. Except for Ronald Weyand's comic portrayal of a mad professor in the second play, the performances are merely adequate, but a lot of the jokes pay off just the same. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical about a movie actress (Veronica Lake) who comes to a prep-school dance. The songs still sound fine, and the attractive young cast makes up in breeziness what it lacks in professional finesse. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5. May close Sunday, Oct. 13.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A thoroughly satisfying revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—A strong and merciless record, as convincing as a documentary, of a single day in a U.S. Marine Corps prison. The acting of almost everyone concerned, and the direction, by Judith Malina, couldn't be better. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two rubbishy one-acters with Mercedes McCambridge (substituting for Shelley Winters, who will return on Friday, Oct. 11) and Michael Lombard. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Color of Darkness: An Evening in the World of James Purdy—Five dim one-act plays adapted from the work of Mr. Purdy. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Corruption in the Palace of Justice—A play by Ugo Betti, translated by Henry Reed. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—Carl Low plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Betty Miller plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably animated revival of the O'Neill melodrama. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Morning Sun—Patricia Neway in a play with music, for which Fred Ebb did the book and lyrics and Paul Klein the score. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:15. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Opening Night and **A Matter of Like Life and Death**—Peggy Wood is effective as an almost washed-up actress in the grip of first-night nerves, and so is Ruth Gates as her dresser and soother. In the second play, which is set in an air-raid shelter, James Karen and Frances Sternhagen manage a few amusing moments as a remote and timid scientist and his domestic wife. The scripts, a pair of one-acters, are only fair, though. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Pinter Plays—Two dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 20.)

Riverwind—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana, and the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk and buoyant production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet—Thirty-three leading soloists in a brief engagement of four performances. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 10-11, at 8:30: "Chopiniana," "Black Swan Pas de Deux," "Walpurgis Night," "Ballet School," and other selections. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2:30 and 8:30: Act II of "Swan Lake;" excerpts from "Sleeping Beauty," "Don Quixote," and "The Little Humpbacked Horse;" "Moszkowski Waltz;" "Ballet School;" and other selections. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811.)

Martha Graham and Her Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct. 27—Sunday evening, Oct. 13: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Secular Games" (New York première), and "Legend of Judith" (American première). . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 15: "Embattled Garden," "Circe" (American première), and "Acrobats of God.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 16: "Circe," "Secular Games," and "Phaedra." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 17: "Clytemnestra.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 18: "Diversion of Angels," "Secular Games," and "Legend of Judith.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 19: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Circe," and "Acrobats of God.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 19: "Diversion of Angels," "Legend of Judith," and "Acrobats of God." (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. JU 6-5555. Opening-night curtain at 8; evenings thereafter at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Obratsov Russian Puppet Theatre—Performances in English by a company appearing here for the first time. "An Unusual Concert" will be performed every evening and at the matinées on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 12-13. "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp" will be done at the matinées on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 19-20. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at noon and 3:15. Through Saturday, Nov. 23.)

Josephine Baker—With her company of dancers and drummers, plus an orchestra, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Buddy Greco, now much more apt to do vocal acrobatics than he is to just play piano, is clamoring in the Royal Box with the ample aid of Enrique Madriguera's orchestra. Mr. G. is a dinner-and-supper item, and there's dance music from seven-thirty on. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—All the fashionable games are provided, including the most recent version of finders-keepers, called Status. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra perform for anyone who has time to dance. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. No dancing Sundays, when just the segment called Perona's is open.

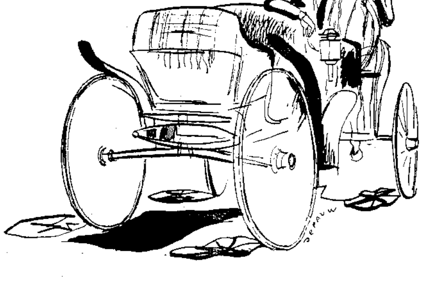
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, where the only approved forms of athletics are circumspect dancing and circumspect table-hopping, is the home of Stanley Worth's minute band. On Mondays, another band fills in.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The occupant of the Persian Room at dinner and supper is Carol Lawrence, a young and beautiful member of the canary family. Emil Coleman's big, rumbling orchestra and Mark Monte's small, bouncy one turn out the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—It takes twenty North Americans to tango like any one of the Argentinian dancers led across the floor at dinner and supper in the Grill by Juan Carlos Copes. Milt Shaw's orchestra executes the exercise tunes for the diners. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—*Status quo ante* and all that prevail in the Maisonette, home of the cascading band of Peter Duchin and the Latin declensions of Quintero's group. . . . ¶ In La Boite, small and tranquil, there's music with every course (Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's fiddle) between the hours of eight and two. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2600)—The Columns, whose décor is now red sails in the sunset rather than moonlight on the Riviera, gets real perky dance music from the small band of Arturo Arturos, who is on duty from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty weekdays, and from tea-dance time (six) to eleven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Gordon and Sheila MacRae, who know fifty ways to make corn (on or off the cob) delectable, prepare their recipes right before your amused eyes and ears at the dinner and supper hours in the Empire Room. A hyperthyroid Meyer Davis orchestra and the band run by Horace Diaz do the foot music. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Obviously a habit-forming sort of country-club life, for the same group is gathered around the nineteenth hole night after night. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Eggs Florentine, *pasta* Florentine, opera Florentine. This last ingredient is provided by Aldo Bruschi (piano, concertina, tenor), whose resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night. He also operates a dance trio after ten from Thursday through Sunday. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The management has rolled out a wall-to-wall red carpet for Bobby Short, the troubadour of the home-is-where-we-hang-our-hats group. His piano, set in the middle of décor of awesome grandeur, is flanked by Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer, his reliable task force, and he's onstage from ten to three every night but Monday.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A not very forbidding medieval walled town, whose drawbridge is always lowered across the moat. At the inner end of it is Norbert Faconi and his soulful violin. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays.... **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the flight deck of the bar in the Carlton House, there's well-modulated piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Die Wacht am Tiber*, conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper, though not on Sundays, when Forrest Perrin does the honors.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday, and one with strings, too—those that belong to the patrol squad of Herman Honigsberg's violinists. A lesser crew of accordionists is also on parade. Closed Sundays.... **MÉDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): There's many a fish (edible) in this private ocean, on the rim of which sits a piano cajolled by Ralph Strain, whose manner is social occasional. The sounds it makes are available between six and one every evening but Sunday.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The leisurely dinner hour, from eight to one, gets marginal notations by the guitar of José Luis Franco, who comes from the part of Spain where flamenco is the official language. Mondays are silent nights.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An emotional, and social, outlet for youngsters who are engaged in a couple of the performing arts. Sort of ranch-house in mood and diet, and urged on by a clearly enunciating jazz trio from time to time during the week, by a duo on Sunday.... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, Rack Godwin devotes the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday to the construction of his own special fugues for piano.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Another time, another place is the atmosphere of this quondam town house, now a restaurant with a bar in which—from five-thirty to seven and again from eleven to three—there is organ music of a serenity quite appropriate to the setting. No music Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): There's nothing here for dinner or supper but crusts—all of them upper, though. The crunching is accompanied by George Feyer's helter-skelter piano. Sundays are his holidays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Perpetual emotion, all of it in favor of the good old days in Budapest, emanates from lips and strings as the music goes on and on into the night. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody, from busboy to chef, wants to get into the act, which is "Tosca," "La Forza," or kindred confections. Closed Mondays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Apply here for your complete cross-section of the city's night-lifers. Budd Gregg strokes a piano from dinnertime through suppertime. He's away Mondays, which are devoted—with the assistance of music by the Commanders—to the Twist, a recent art form now of interest mainly to antiquarians.... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A short life (Mondays through Fridays, from six to nine-thirty) and a musical one is led by Conrad Monjoy, the pianist of this miniature Alhambra.... **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): In the Palm Court, which at times is the ninth member of the Ivy League, Joan Bishop plays dulcet piano from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who occupies the cool landscaping of the Casino-in-the-Park, does judicious but joyous piano from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): How to dress beautifully and yet seem to wear nothing at all is the curriculum of the highly energized career girls who make this their nightly playground. Distributed among them are François Szony and Nancy Claire, balletomanes who give us earthlings an idea of what heavenly bodies zooming through space look like, and that old devil Bert Wheeler, now doing in public the rowdy comedy he's been doing for years at the Lambs. Dancing.... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): In our longest-lasting rumpus room, Tony Bennett, a dour but honest singer, is doing his best to improve the breed of popular ballads. Dancing.... **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): This colosseum is now the lodging for a retrospective show put together by George White—a throwback to those long-ago "Scandals" of his. The principal ingredient is girls. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Investigating the theorem that all life's a stage, Julius Monk's revue ("Dime a Dozen" is the name) discovers, to its and the audience's infinite merriment, that life is really a theatre of the absurd. The A-for-effectiveness propounders of its findings are Gerry Matthews, Jane Connell, Gordon Connell, Carol Morley, Jamie Ross, and Susan Browning; the orchestra is two pianos most properly plied

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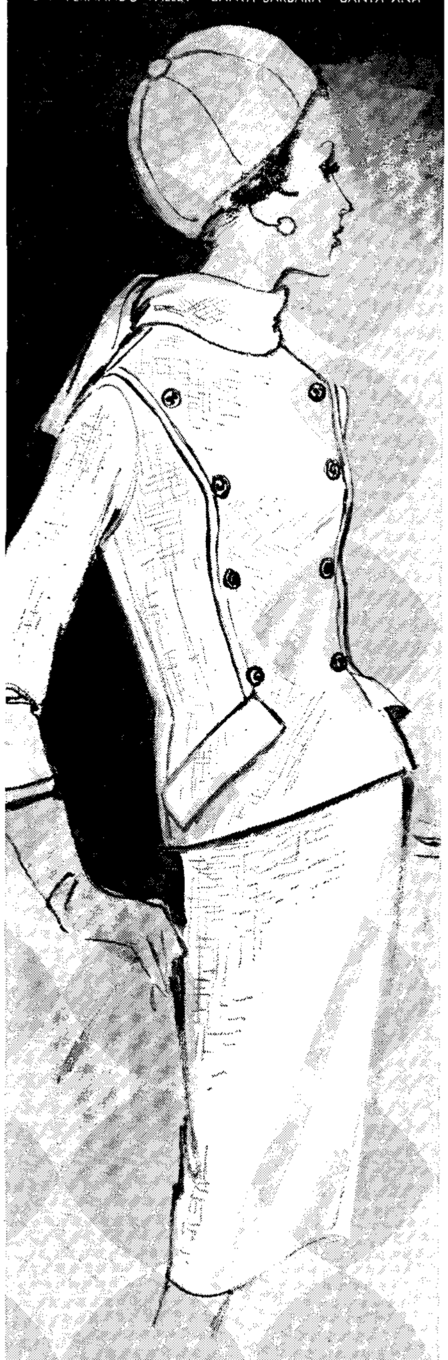

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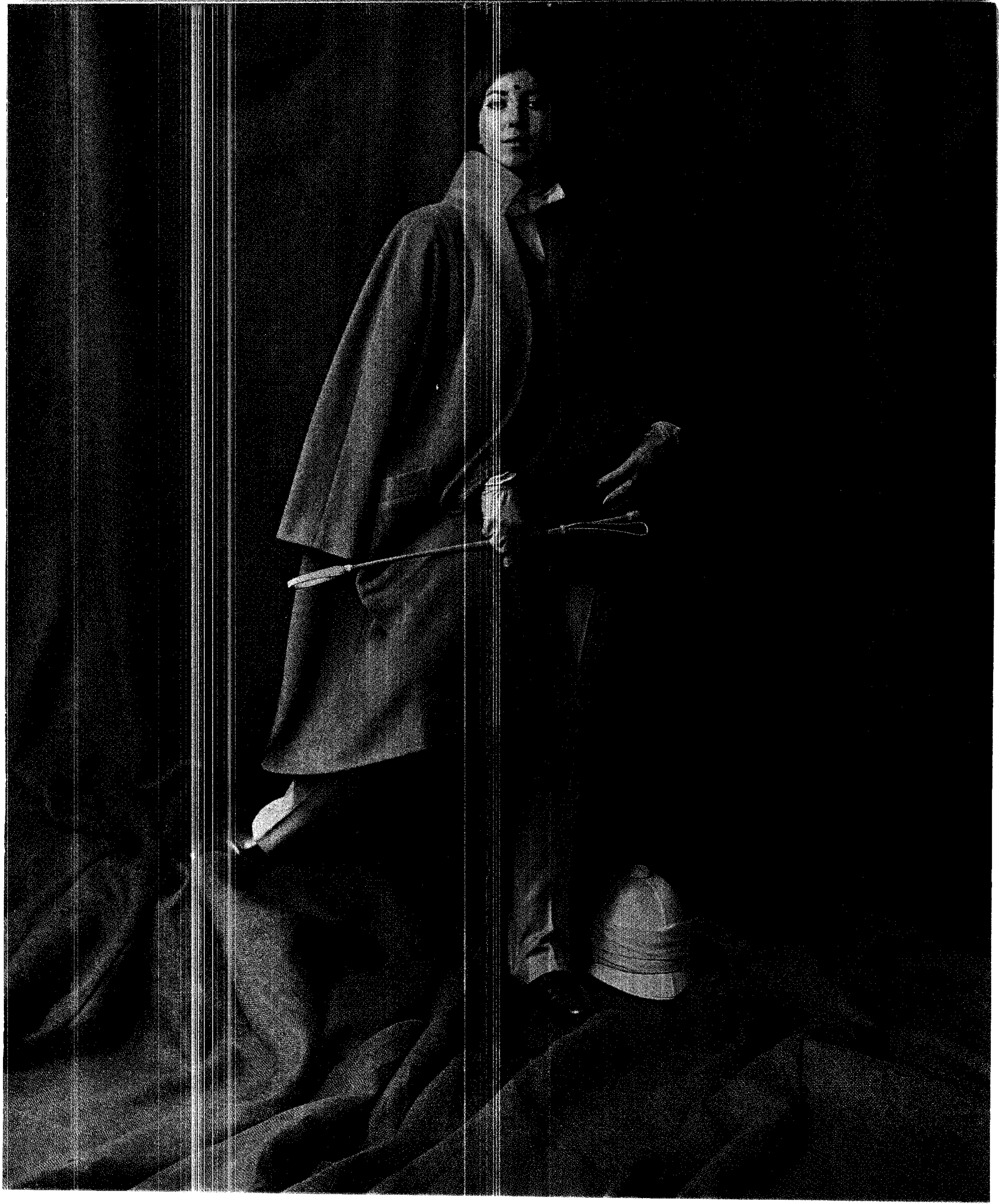
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Carl Norman and Robert Colston; the work program is twice a night every evening but Sunday.... **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The speeches are made by Milt Kamen, a sidewalk philosopher in whom despair and vainglory are locked in comic embrace; the singing is done by Danny Meehan, who transforms every ballad into a concise but vivid one-act play. The house guests can always eat in. On Tuesday, Oct. 15, the current cast will be succeeded by Vaughn Meader, who, having finished his White House term of office, is away on a brand-new tack. Patricia Scott, songbird, arrives the same evening.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The exploding universe in which the Second City troupers lead their talented lives steadily encompasses new ideas and improves old ones, wherefore their current revue is full, like the others, of resounding glee. Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, and Paul Dooley will begin a brief sabbatical on Tuesday, Oct. 15, but the nearly peerless Barbara Harris, plus Bob Dishy and MacIntyre Dixon, will carry on with freshman support in their absence. Tom O'Horgan's incidental music occurs largely on his own harp. The charades start at eight-thirty and eleven, except on Saturdays (then at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty), and on Sundays (when there's only an eight-thirty showing). Mondays, darkness prevails.... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): The crack of doom audible here every night but Sunday is the fall of the British Empire, accomplished with neatness and dispatch by a mere handful of conspirators—John Bird, Jeremy Geidt, John Fortune, and Eleanor Bron—from London's The Establishment. They are assisted in the project by the point-blank songs of Carole Simpson and the lively jazz of Teddy Wilson's threesome. Peter Cook, of "Beyond the Fringe," is apt to get his two-cents' worth in on the supper show. Yorkshire pudding and such nourish both the dinner and supper onlookers.... **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): More in anger than in sorrow is frequently the attitude of the crew of mimes who fill the small stage with a rough-and-ready symposium on Whither America. Their resultant revue operates Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays at eight and ten-thirty, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The entertainment is a pulsing musical comedy that casts new (and heaven-help-us-if-true) light on the American heroine, here presented as a girl whose favorite dish is the psyche of any intending mate. This dragonfly is enacted by a luxurious creation called Barbara Quaney, and her supporting cast of thousands is enacted briskly and brightly by David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. The authors of this willful witticism are David Axlerod and Tom Whedon, the composer is Sam Pottle, the director is Ronny Graham. Twice a night is the rule; no work Sundays.... ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS,** there are Mabel Mercer, patron saint of the *chanson d'amour,* which she has raised from mere infancy to a fine art, and Sam Hamilton, by hereditary right her pianist. Ten-thirty is their hour of arrival. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The invincible Chavales de España, assisted in their parades and fanfares by a brace of flamenco dancers, are doing not only drill work but dance music in the back room of this Spanish *fonda* twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at nine-thirty on Sundays. The customers, no slouches at footwork, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps.... ¶ After ten in the tiny alcove just off the bar, Juan de la Mata is again the Pied Piper, whose guitar will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it.... **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE,** W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): This laissez-faire theatre café is dedicated to a comprehensive in-memoriam concert, "The World of Kurt Weill in Song." Its personnel—Will Holt, in his time perhaps the most skillful parodist of the Weilly ways, and Martha Schlamme, a wholly-in-earnest devotee of Mr. W.—go to work Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-forty-five, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, whose every ballad is a Marseillaise call to arms, loving or otherwise, is the dominant figure. Also present: Enid Mosier, a singer composed of West Indian moonshine and monkeyshines, and the rantipole Tiger Haynes and his manic-panic Three Flames, who do the music. Not quite present is a girl comedian. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Bill Evans, deeply engrossed in practically subliminal chord structures, plays piano for a trio that demands the closest attention; Chico Hamilton's quartet just bangs away. On Tuesday, Oct. 15, Helen Merrill will start singing, in lieu of the Hamiltons, and Walter Bishop's trio will move in. There's always an afternoon session on Sundays, from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Music hall though this is, spokesmen often get the use of the place, and now Dick Gregory speaks wisely and wittily on behalf of a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to some important propositions. There *is* music, too—Ramsey Lewis's trio, for one. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Brock Peters is a lively party when he puts voice and guitar together, and Dakota Staton is fairly emphatic for a soprano. The music is produced, with Latin trimmings, by Mongo Santamaria's band. Mondays are outsiders' nights.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here depends on real coffee and nothing else. The sounds, which are predominantly folk, are made by (among others) the Tarriers, who are partly in earnest and partly in jest. Woody Allen, a waif who proves that not only the dead know Brooklyn, speaks wistfully and comically about what existence there means to a growing boy. Tuesdays, the regulars are off duty.... **THE MOST,** 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): Life in a frontier town, an odd locale for Joe Mooney, who, seated at night at the organ, finds quite a few lost chords with which to ornament his tricky jazz ballads. Kenny Burrell's trio is also on hand. No music Sundays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): "Assault" and "battery" are the sole notations on the musicians' manuscripts, when there *are* any manuscripts. Rocking and rolling is the music early in the evening; later, Lionel Hampton's band completes the debacle. On Friday, Oct. 11, the Dukes of Dixieland will replace the Hamptons. Guest performers pick up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The Birdland Repertory Theatre continues its game of crop rotation—John Coltrane's foursome now; as of Thursday, Oct. 17, Horace Silver's quintet and Terry Gibbs' quartet. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Old familiar faces—Zoot Sims and Al Cohn—head the quintet operating in this tiny logging camp. Closed Mondays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Music that cheers comes from the trio of Herman Chittison, who does everything in moderation. Closed Sundays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Experimental research is the project here. Thelonious Monk, a venerable and celebrated splinter group, is on the job with a handful of acolytes, and Roland Hanna's trio takes every second stanza. On Mondays, the Upper Bohemia Six (Larry Rivers, better known as an exhibitor in our art galleries, is on saxophone) play for listening and dancing.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Dorothy Donegan, who can pound any piano into submission, is proving her might and main at the head of a trio with which the Mephistophelian Jo Jones is concerned. They take Sundays off, when Louis Metcalf's four-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

some fills in. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Howard Reynolds, who contributes quite a bit of facility and fancy to contemporary music, plays piano for the threesome inside the oval bar. No action Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The old beer-parlor weekend sessions have begun again. On Saturday, Oct. 12, the following roll should be called: Conrad Janis, Eddie Barefield, Sammy Price, Johnny Letman, Panama Francis, and Louis Metcalf's quartet. Ancient history is, naturally, the aim in life. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson's period-piece piano is audible throughout the week. Thursdays through Saturdays, Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti sign on as Mr. Jackson's running mates. No music Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Herman Axelrod—Abstract sculptures in wood and metal; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

Francis Bacon—A loan exhibition of paintings by this contemporary British artist; through Nov. 2. (Granville, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902)—Studies in oil; through Nov. 16. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Al Blaustein—Figurative drawings and etchings; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Robert Bliss—Realistic figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Geometric abstractions; through Oct. 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Chabaud—Paintings by a young French artist; through Nov. 2. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pachita Crespi—Impressionistic paintings; through Oct. 31. (Crespi, 1153 Madison Ave., at 85th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Akiba Emanuel—Stone carvings and terra cottas; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Ensor—Etchings by this Belgian artist, who died in 1949; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

George Grosz—Two showings of paintings and drawings by the German satirist, who died in 1959: the Berlin period, to 1930, at the Forum (1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.) and the work done after Grosz came to the United States in 1932, at E. V. Thaw (50 E. 78th St.); both through Saturday, Oct. 12.

Theo Hios—Paintings; through Nov. 2. (Smolin, 19 E. 71st St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Comic-strip and commercial-image paintings; through Oct. 24. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Mann—Collages; through Oct. 21. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

Henri Matisse—Etchings, lithographs, and linoleum cuts; through Oct. 26. (Deitsch, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Mayhew—Landscapes; through Oct. 26. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Richard Miller—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Nov. 2. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kyle Morris—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alice Neel—Portraits; through Oct. 26. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso and Klee—Paintings and drawings; through Nov. 2. (Saidenberg, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Constance Richardson—Paintings of Antigua, Guatemala; through Oct. 30. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

Andrée Ruellan—Paintings, ranging from realistic to abstract; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

David Shapiro—Expressionistic figures and landscapes; through Oct. 26. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Turnbull—Sculptures in bronze, wood, and stone, by a British contemporary; through Oct. 26. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Harvey Weiss—Welded-brass and cast-bronze sculptures; through Nov. 2. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Sculptures—At the **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Ceremonial vessels, pots, idols, and animals, two thousand years old, from Amlash, in Iran; through Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . **SEGY**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: Wood, ivory, and bronze masks, statues, stools, and containers, from Ghana, Nigeria, and eight other new African states; through Oct. 31. (Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.) . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Four present-day abstractionists—Robert Mallary, John Chamberlain, John Anderson, and César; through Saturday, Oct. 19.

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by forty-two League instructors, including Theodoros Stamos, Seong Moy, and José de Creeft; through Oct. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Two paintings apiece by Stuart Davis, Ben Shahn, Abraham Rattner, and others; through Oct. 26. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: The annual Founders Exhibition, made up of paintings and sculptures by over a hundred artists, among them Chen Chi, Robert Brackman, and Mario Korbel; through Oct. 24. (Closed Saturday, Oct. 12.) . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Willem de Kooning, Philip Guston, Jackson Pollock, and eight other Abstract Expressionists; through Nov. 2. . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Fannie Hillsmith, Stanley Twardowicz, and Morris Brose are among the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a display of turn-of-the-century paintings; though Saturday, Oct. 12.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jean Dubuffet, Gianfranco Baruchello, and Isamu Noguchi (to name a few); through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century paintings, drawings, collages, and sculptures by (for instance) Franz Kline, Balthus, and Joseph Cornell; through Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Rouault, Braque, and Calder; through Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **LOEB**, 12 E. 57th St.: Such painters and sculptors as André Lanskoy, Paolo Vallorz, and Jean Ipousteguy; through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Paintings by twelve modern Irish artists, including Barrie Cooke, Louis le Brocquy, and Patrick Scott; through Nov. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and the like) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings dating from 1940 by Hans Hofmann, the dean of the Abstract Expressionists; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Sculptures in wax, plaster, and bronze by the Italian Impressionist Medardo Rosso (1858-1928); through

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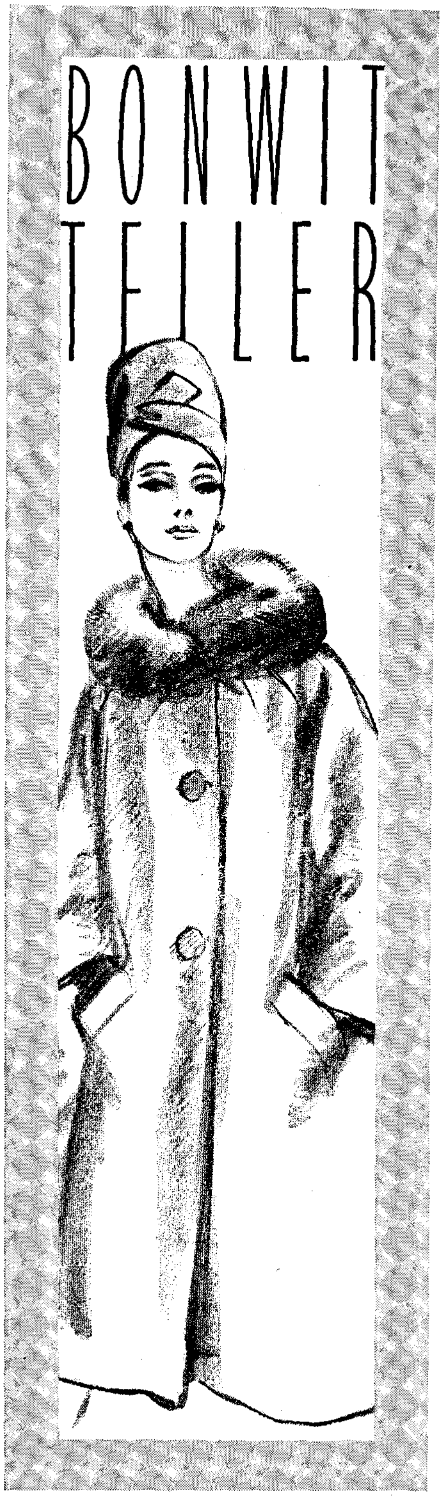

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Asian art loaned by Ernest Erickson and the Erickson Foundation. On view are Islamic ceramics, miniatures, metalwork, textiles, and rugs; Indian miniature paintings and sculptures; and Nepalese, Thai, and Cambodian sculptures. Through Jan. 12. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.). . . ¶ Paintings by eleven Spanish Old Masters—El Greco, Goya, and Murillo, for example—from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Iranian Ceramics," a display of potteries and porcelains of ancient Persia, lent by museums and private collectors both in Europe and America; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Painting," comprising Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Sunday, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of paintings by Morris Louis (1912-1962); through Oct. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Oct. 12, from 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Books and manuscripts from the Heineman Collection, including musical manuscripts, French and German literary and historical autographs, first editions and bindings, and illuminated manuscripts; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "William Blake—Illustrations of the Book of Job" and "French Mosaic Bindings, 1851-1900;" through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave., at 104th St.—Thirty-eight mid-eighteenth- to mid-nineteenth-century dolls recently given to the Museum, including "Mehitable Hodges," one of the oldest known imported dolls in America, brought here from France in 1724. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The opening section of a new rotating exhibit of the Society's original water-color drawings of "The Birds of America," by John James Audubon. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

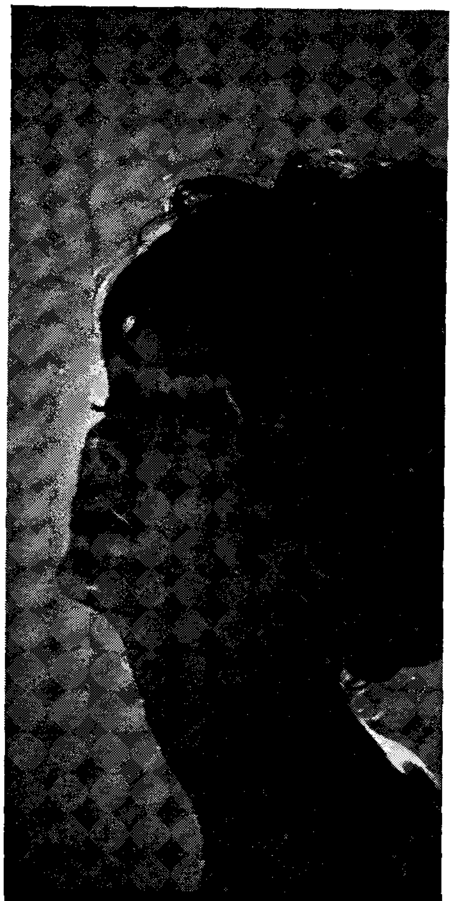
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Sixty Years of American Art," a selection of paintings and sculptures (by John Sloan, Philip Guston, Franz Kline, and others) from the Museum's permanent collection; through Oct. 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, May 10—Monday, Oct. 14, at 8: A new production of Verdi's "Aida," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Giorgio Tozzi. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Blanche Thebom, Paul Schöffler, Sándor Kónya, Karl Dönch, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8: "La Bohème," with Raina Kabaivanska, Maria Gray, Flaviano Labò, Calvin Marsh, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8: A new production of Massenet's "Manon," with Anna Moffo, Jeanette Scovotti, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Don Giovanni,"



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with Teresa Stich-Randall, Lucine Amara, Cesare Siepi, Leopold Simoneau, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Giorgio Tozzi.

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8: The première of Jerome Moross's "Gentlemen, Be Seated!," with a libretto by Edward Eager. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2:30: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2:30: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 13, at 8:15: "The Nightingale" and "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher" (in English). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:15: "The Nightingale" and "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:15: "Gentlemen, Be Seated!" . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:30: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "The Merry Widow." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30: "Aïda." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Leonard Bernstein conducting—An all-Russian program on Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 11, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3 (all with Jakov Fliere, piano); and an all-Stravinsky program on Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 18, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3 (all with the Choral Art Society).

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall—Monday, Oct. 14, at 8:30: Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30: Georges Prêtre conducting.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

Music for Orchestra and Chorus—A program of music by Morton Feldman and Earle Brown performed by the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Arthur Weisberg and Mr. Brown, and the Brandeis University Chamber Chorus, directed by Alvin Lucier, with Nancy Kilmer, soprano; David Tudor, piano; and Matthew Raimondi, violin. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica Renaissance Band—Noah Greenberg conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Claude Charles, soprano. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Bach Festival—Thomas Dunn conducting the Festival Orchestra in the six Brandenburg Concertos. The first in a series of five programs. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Avodat Shabbat—Abraham Kaplan directing the Orchestra of America and the Camerata Singers in the première of Herman Berlinski's Service of the Sabbath, plus Leonard Bernstein's "Jeremiah Symphony." With Theresa Coleman, soprano, and Jacob Barkin, tenor. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Paris Chamber Orchestra—Paul Kuentz conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

RECITALS

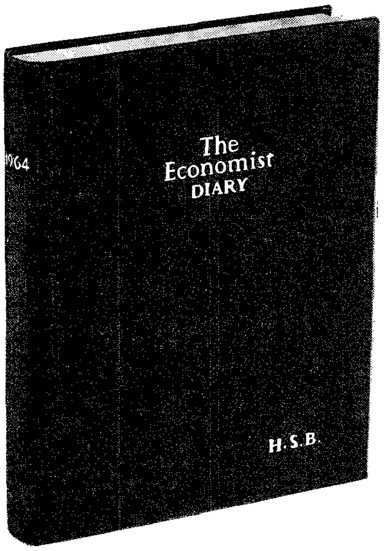
Rosalyn Tureck—In the first two in a series of three all-Bach keyboard programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Oct. 12, and Saturday, Oct. 19, both at 8:30.)

Finch Music Festival—The first in a series of three programs, this one by the Albeneri Trio. (Finch College Auditorium, 52 E. 78th St. Monday, Oct. 14, at 8:45. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Sidney Foster—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Iso Elinson—Piano, in the first of two concerts, this one an all-Beethoven program. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Leslie Parnas—Cello. (Brooklyn Academy of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Evelyne Crochet—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Erick Friedman—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Stan Getz with his quartet and a string orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MU 7-6477.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Baltimore. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Boxing—Luis Rodriguez vs. Wilbert (Skeeter) McClure, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 18. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 12 (all at 2): Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 19: Army vs. Wake Forest, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2:05.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Sea Island Golf Club, Sea Island, Ga. Through Saturday, Oct. 12.) . . . ¶ Ryder Cup Matches. (East Lake Country Club, Atlanta, Ga. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 11-13.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Professional Golfers' Association Match Play Championship. (Middle Bay Country Club, Oceanside, L.I. Monday through Thursday, Oct. 14-17.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 7:30.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 12.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 19.)

Polo—Final games of the season, Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 26. The Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 12; the Grand National Steeplechase, Tuesday, Oct. 15; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Saturday, Nov. 9. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Tuesday, Oct. 15, through Monday, Oct. 28.

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the GRAMERCY ARTS CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS: "Young Tom Edison." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS: "Aladdin and His Magic Lamp." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th

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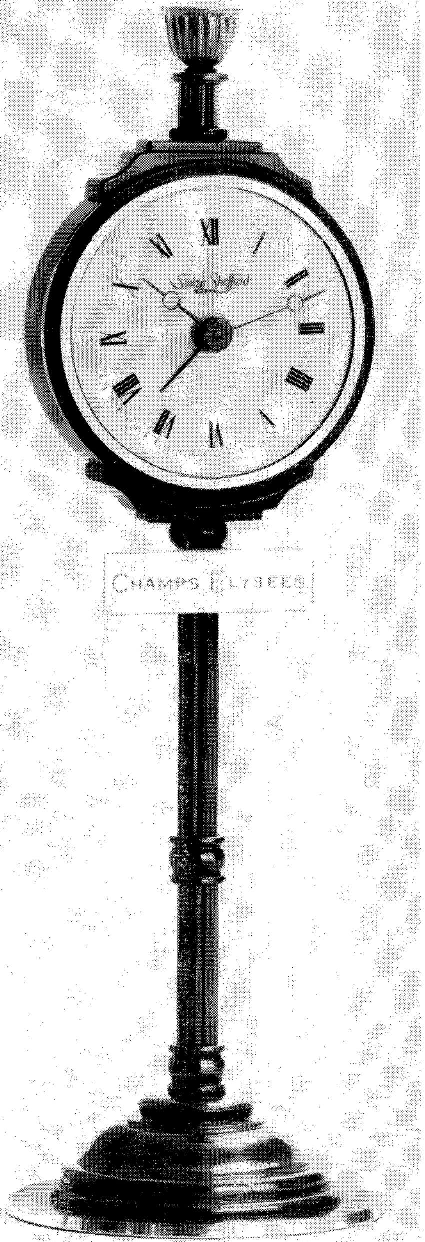

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St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "Gabriel," Saturday, Oct. 12, at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ "Absolutely Time," Sunday, Oct. 13, at 1. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 5-0309.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1100, Ext. 55. Saturdays at 3.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 11.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPETS:** "Cinderella," Saturday, Oct. 12, at 1:30 and 3, and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Oct. 19, at 1:30 and 3. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Exploring the Moon." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays, except Oct. 12, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Saturday, Oct. 12, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—John Logan reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Louise Bogan reading from her own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:20. No tickets necessary.)

ANTIQUES FAIR—New York Antiques Fair. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 14-18, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 19, from 1 to 6.)

FLOWER SHOW—A display of fall flowers presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Oct. 16, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, at 1:45: Spanish and Spanish colonial art, including ivory carvings, votive paintings, and silver; French furniture; enamel and porcelain snuff boxes; gold, silver, and other bibelots; miniatures; Georgian silver; porcelains; old-master paintings; tapestries; rugs; and Gothic and Renaissance wood and other sculptures. From the estate of G. Butler Sherwell. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 1:45: Latin-American and Hispanic printing, art reference works, and other books; from the library of the late G. Butler Sherwell and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Buffet, Dufy, and Appel, together with a group of hand-tufted rugs; from several collectors, among them the late Paul J. Joachim. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 12.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 5 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 10-11, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

NOTE—Columbus Day is Saturday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from 44th Street to 86th Street, starting at noon.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Atget—An exceptionally attractive short, made up of still photographs of Paris and environs, taken by Eugène Atget a long time ago and here brought to ghostly life. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—A somewhat weary womanizer woos and wins a virtuous girl, who proves more passionate than her astonished mate would like. A harsh but very funny Italian film, starring Ugo Tognazzi and Marina Vlady and directed by Marco Ferreri. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Divorce—Italian Style—An exceedingly comic farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Oct. 15, tentative. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 16, tentative.)

8½—A movie by a famous movie director, Federico Fellini, about a famous movie director engaged in making a movie and failing. Very fine. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Gone Are the Days!—A screen version of the Broadway success "Purlie Victorious," in which a number of conventional attitudes toward Negroes get a funny going over. Starring Ossie Davis, with Ruby Dee, Sorrell Booke, and Godfrey Cambridge. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Hud—An excellent Western, and more than a Western, thanks to superb performances by Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 15, tentative.)

Lawrence of Arabia—A rendering, in scenes of astonishing natural beauty, of T. E. Lawrence's famous "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Lawrence was a strange little Englishman who loved Arabia and fought to free it of the Turks, and it is this love that has been well celebrated here. The cast includes Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Quayle, and the director is David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Lord of the Flies—Peter Brook has adapted William Golding's exercise in atavism with dashing skill and a fine ear for English public-school chat. A magnificent performance from Hugh Edwards as the pragmatic Piggy—a diminutive C. P. Snow. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

My Name Is Ivan—Kolya Burlaiev gives an extraordinary performance as a twelve-year-old scout for the Russian Army during the Second World War. A Russian movie that occasionally edges into propaganda but is pretty impressive all the same. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 16, tentative.)

The Suitor—A lineal descendant of the good old days of silent American comedy, directed by and starring a bright young Frenchman named Pierre Etaix. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

This Sporting Life—A violent movie about the violent rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris gives a stunning performance as the turbulent, sensitive hero, and Rachel Roberts is first-rate, too, as a widow who doesn't love him back. David Storey adapted the good script from his own novel; Lindsay Anderson, the director, seldom lets you forget that he's around. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Tom Jones—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Ugly American—A good movie made from a bad novel. Marlon Brando plays the part of an intelligent but wrongheaded United States ambassador to a mythical republic in Southeast Asia. When Mr. Brando feels like acting, no one can beat him, and this time he felt like acting. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 15.)

The V.I.P.s—Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Margaret Rutherford, and Louis Jourdan are all trapped by a sudden fog at the London Airport, and, oh, the cats that come popping out of their stylish bags! A nice, old-fashioned script by Terence Rattigan. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law—Hilarious hanky-panky in the London underworld, where Peter Sellers rules the roost and Lionel Jeffries proves a pitiably inept police scourge. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 15.)

REVIVALS

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 15.)

Days of Wine and Roses (1963)—Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick in a story about a young couple hitting the bottle and trying to stop. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 16.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith in an account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 11.)

The Five Day Lover (1961)—In Paris, a young man can serve two masters, provided they are really mistresses. Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, and Micheline Presle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 10.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 10.)

The Great Man (1956)—Some of the unsavory aspects of the television industry. José Ferrer and Keenan Wynn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 11.)

The Island (1962)—Life on a farm circumscribed by the Inland Sea of Japan. Written and directed by Kaneto Shindo and photographed by Kiyoshi Kuroda. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 12.)

The Joker (1961)—Jean-Pierre Cassel plays a young man about Paris determined to conquer every woman he encounters. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 10.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 15, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 15.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 10.)

The Lower Depths (1962)—A Japanese adaptation of the old play by Maxim Gorky. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 15, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 13-15.)

Macbeth (1950)—Orson Welles in a lot of whiskers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 10, last showing at 3:40.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—José Ferrer plays the artist in John Huston's celluloid biography of Toulouse-Lautrec. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Phaedra (1962)—A modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 11.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 11-14.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

We Are from Kronstadt (1936)—A Russian film of the 1919 civil war. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 15.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through Oct. 12: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), with Peter Lorre and Edna Best. . . . ¶ Oct. 13-16: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956), with James Stewart and Doris Day. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Oct. 15: "Johnny Cool," Henry Silva, Elizabeth Montgomery.
From Oct. 16: "Stolen Hours," Susan Hayward, Michael Craig.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE V.I.P.S.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Sword of Lancelot," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace; and "Kiss of the Vampire," Clifford Evans.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through Oct. 15: "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.
From Oct. 16: "Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Chushingura" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifume.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Oct. 10: "In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.
From Oct. 11: "Cry of Battle," Van Heflin, Rita Moreno.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through Oct. 15: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival; and **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (in Japanese), revival.
From Oct. 16: "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 15: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian).
From Oct. 16: "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 15 (tentative): **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian).
From Oct. 16 (tentative): "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and **ATGET.**

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (LE 2-6533)
Through Oct. 15: "Johnny Cool," Henry Silva, Elizabeth Montgomery.
From Oct. 16: "Stolen Hours," Susan Hayward, Michael Craig.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
GONE ARE THE DAYS!

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 15: "Beach Party," Robert Cummings, Dorothy Malone; and "The Young Racers," Mark Damon.
From Oct. 16: "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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				10	11	12
13	14	15	16			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
WUTHERING HEIGHTS, revival.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE SUITOR (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
ROMAN HOLIDAY, revival; and "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LORD OF THE FLIES.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 15 (tentative): **HUD;** and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.
From Oct. 16 (tentative): **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 15: "Johnny Cool," Henry Silva, Elizabeth Montgomery.
From Oct. 16: "Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 15: "Beach Party," Robert Cummings, Dorothy Malone; and "The Young Racers," Mark Damon.
From Oct. 16: "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 15: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE;** and "The Hell Fire Club," Keith Michell.
From Oct. 16: "Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 10: **THE LOVE GAME, THE JOKER,** and **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (all in French and all revivals).
Oct. 11-14: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and "Chapayev" (in Russian), revival.
From Oct. 15: **WE ARE FROM KRONSTADT** (in Russian), revival; and "Boris Godunov" (in Russian), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 15: "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Oct. 16: "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 15: **HUD;** and **THE UGLY AMERICAN.**
From Oct. 16 (tentative): **MY NAME IS IVAN** (in Russian).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
MOULIN ROUGE, revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 15: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE;** and "The Hell Fire Club," Keith Michell.
From Oct. 16: "Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 12: **PHAEDRA,** revival; and **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue), revival.

Oct. 13-15: **LUST FOR LIFE,** revival; and "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," revival, Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty.
From Oct. 16: "Greenwich Village Story," Robert Hogan; and "Night Encounter," Robert Hossein, Marina Vlady.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Oct. 15: "Beach Party," Robert Cummings, Dorothy Malone; and "The Young Racers," Mark Damon.
From Oct. 16: "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"La Poupée" (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Oct. 13: "The Steppe" (in Italian), Charles Vanel, Marina Vlady.
From Oct. 14: "Julie the Redhead" (in French), Pascale Petit, Daniel Gelin.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
8½ (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 15 (tentative): "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Oct. 16: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Oct. 14: "The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.
From Oct. 15: "The Music Room" (in Bengali).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Oct. 13: "My Life to Live" (in French), Anna Karina.
From Oct. 14: "The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 15: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE;** and "The Hell Fire Club," Keith Michell.
From Oct. 16: "Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.

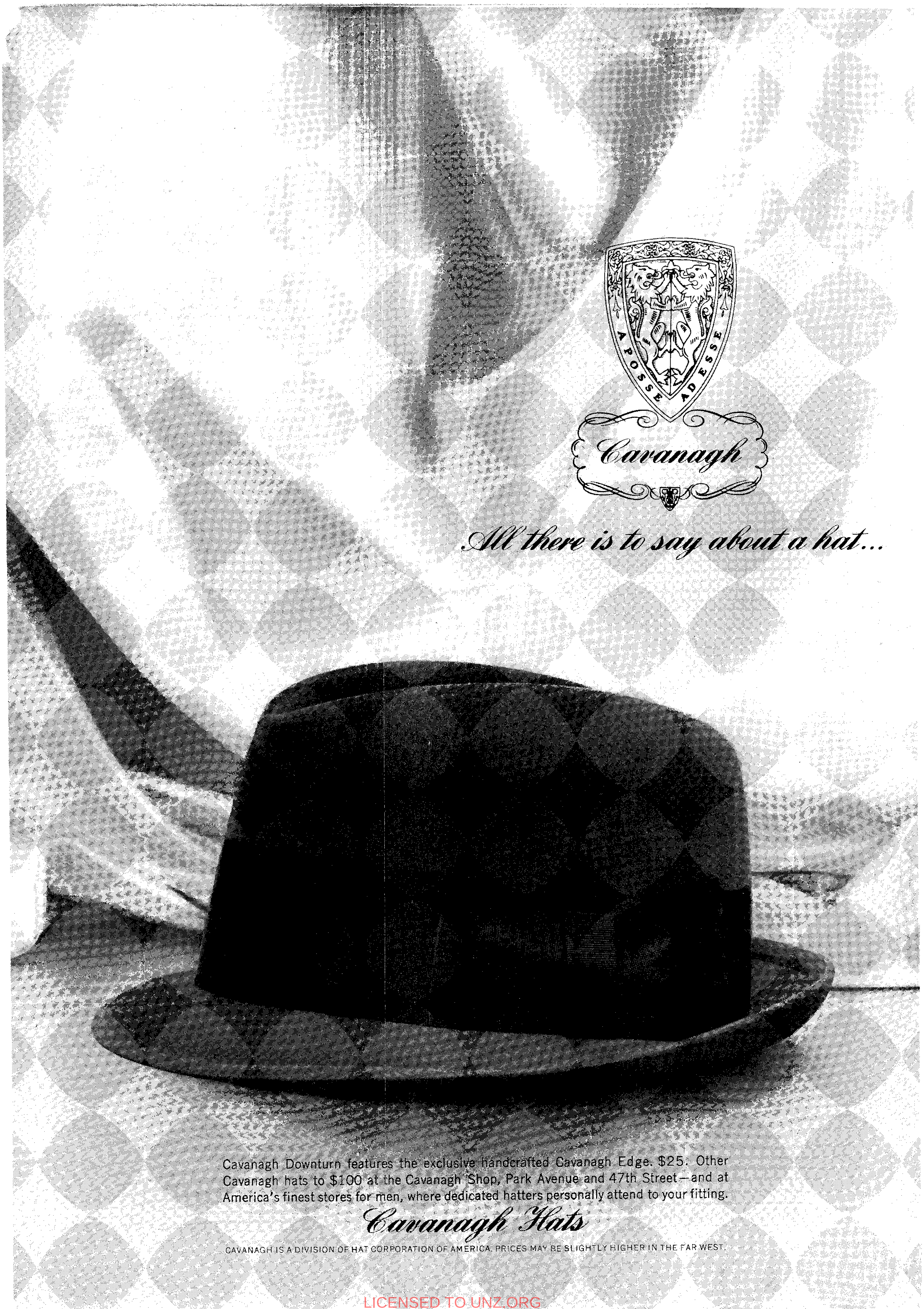
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Oct. 10 (last showing at 2:20): **MACBETH,** revival; and "Man in the Shadow," revival, Jeff Chandler, Orson Welles.
Oct. 10, at 7 and 9:30: "Hearts of the World," revival, Lillian and Dorothy Gish.
Oct. 11: **THE GREAT MAN,** revival; and **A FACE IN THE CROWD,** revival.
Oct. 12: "War of the Worlds," revival, Gene Barry; and "The Time Machine," revival, Rod Taylor, Alan Young.
Oct. 13: "Captain Blood," revival, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland; and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," revival, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland.
Oct. 14: "The Senator Was Indiscreet," revival, William Powell, Ella Raines; and "It's in the Bag," revival, Fred Allen, Jack Benny.
Oct. 15: "The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond," revival, Ray Danton; and "Underworld, U.S.A.," revival, Cliff Robertson.
Oct. 16: "Thieves' Highway," revival, Richard Conte, Lee J. Cobb; and "King of the Roaring 20s," revival, David Janssen, Dianne Foster.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 15: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT,** revival; and "Madame," Sophia Loren, Robert Hossein.
From Oct. 16: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES,** revival; and "Spencer's Mountain," Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 10: **THE GHOST GOES WEST,** revival; and "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (in French), revival, Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux.
From Oct. 11: **PHAEDRA,** revival; and "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 15: "Beach Party," Robert Cummings, Dorothy Malone; and "The Young Racers," Mark Damon.
From Oct. 16: "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 15: **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW;** and **DAVID AND LISA,** revival.
From Oct. 16: "Greenwich Village Story," Robert Hogan; and "Night Encounter," Robert Hossein, Marina Vlady.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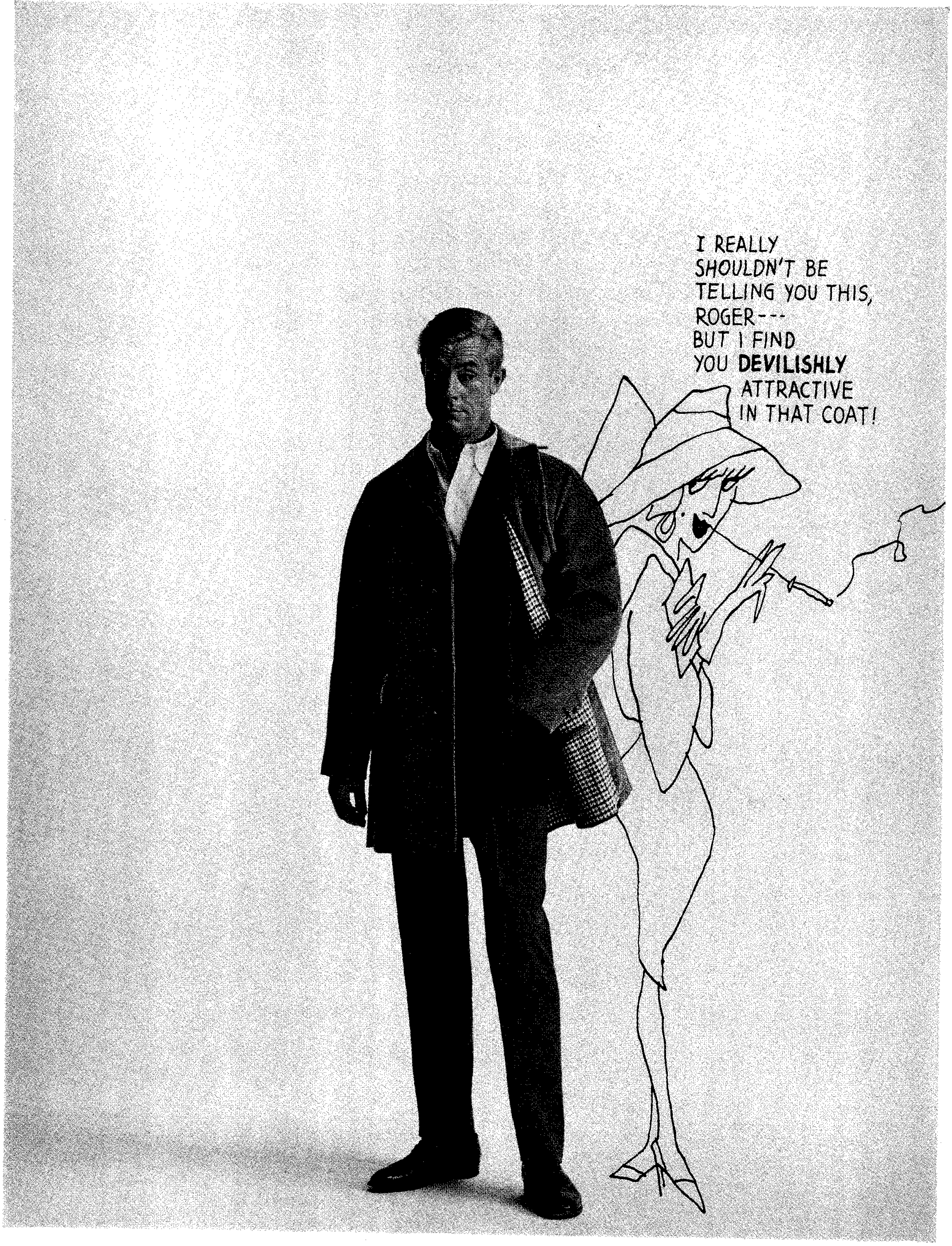
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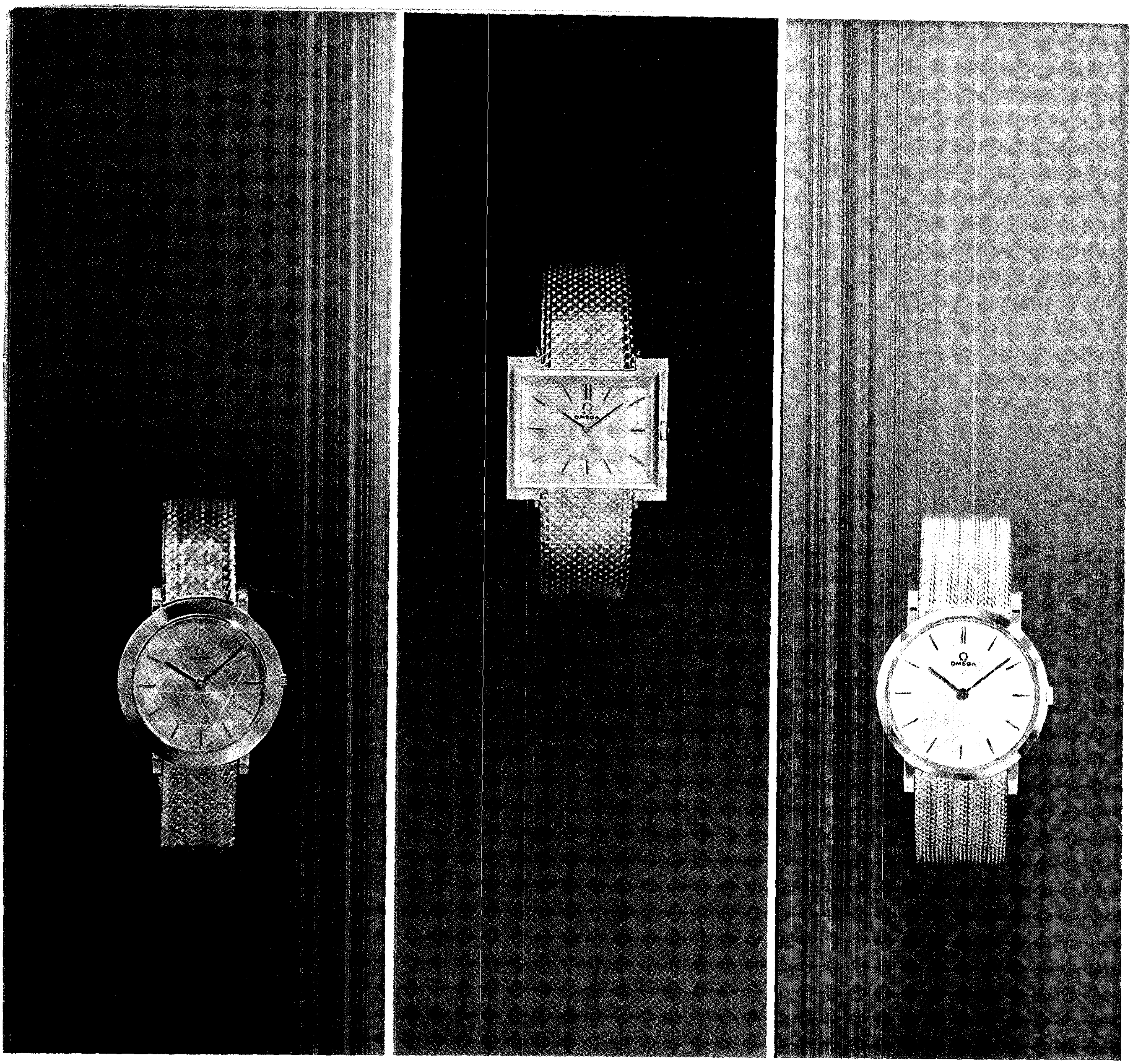

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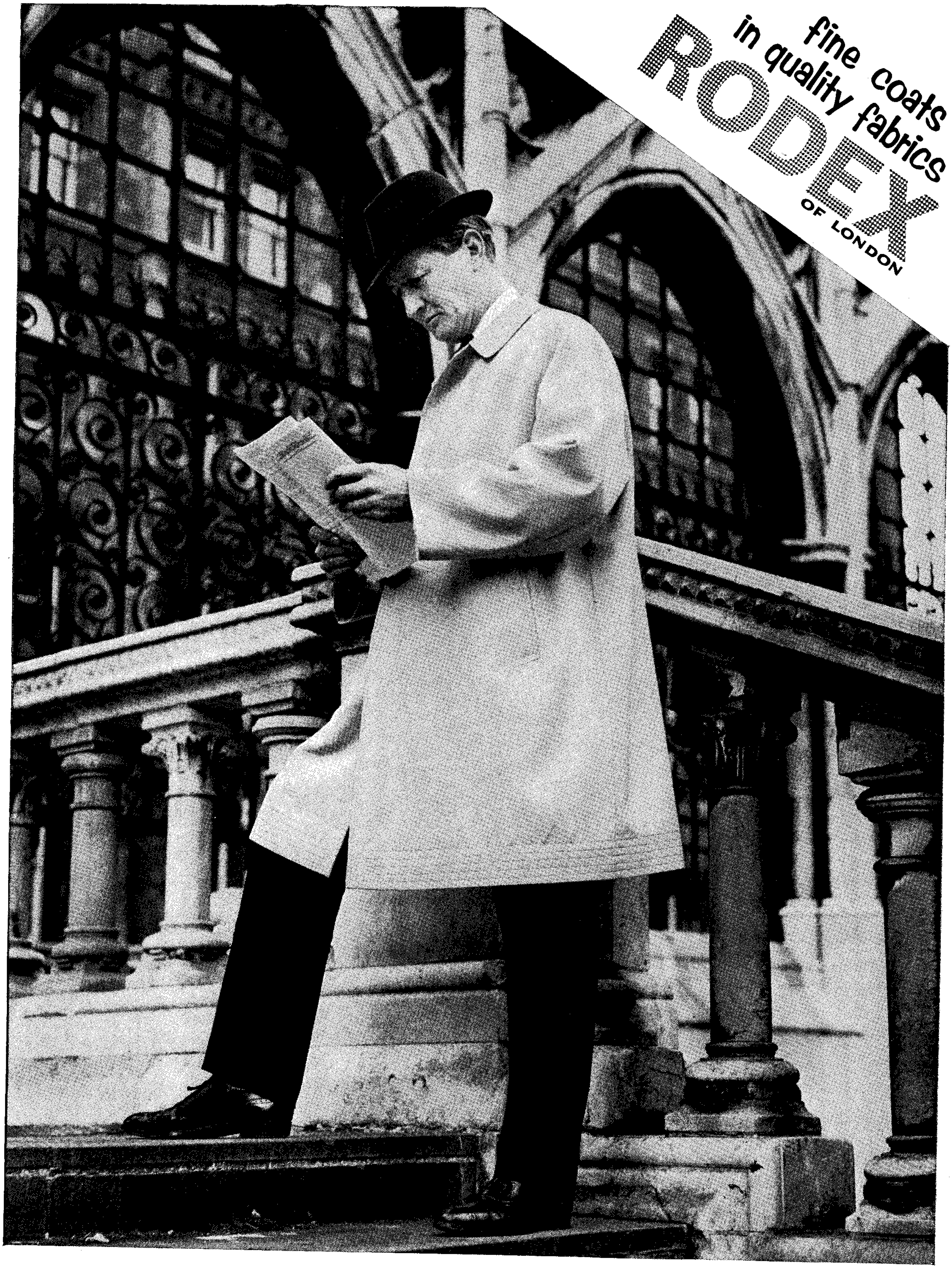

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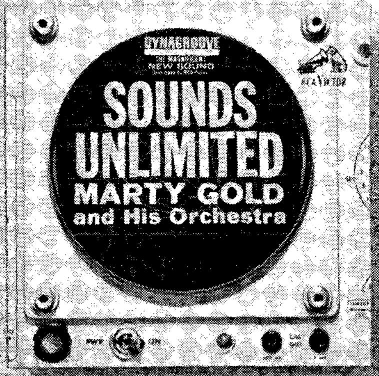
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PERRY COMO
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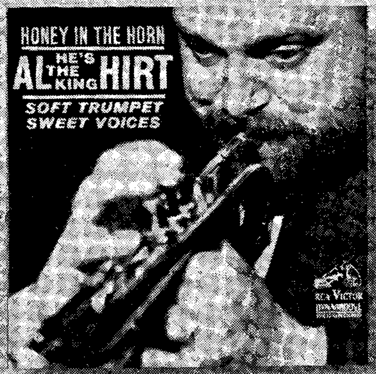
HONEY IN THE HORN
AL HE'S THE KING HIRT
SOFT TRUMPET
SWEET VOICES
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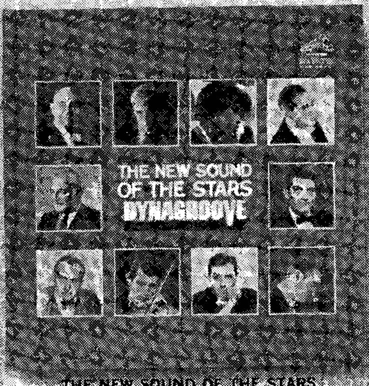
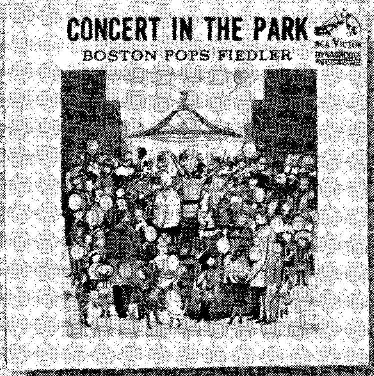
5


THE NEW SOUND OF THE STARS
DYNAGROOVE

THE NEW SOUND OF THE STARS
RED SEAL "HIGHLIGHTER" DYNAGROOVE ALBUM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2

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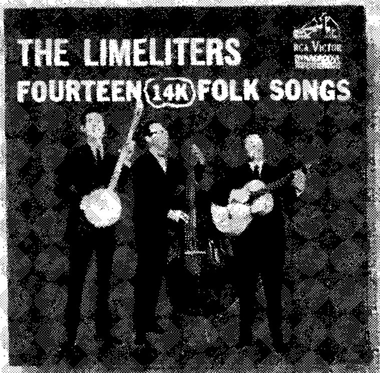
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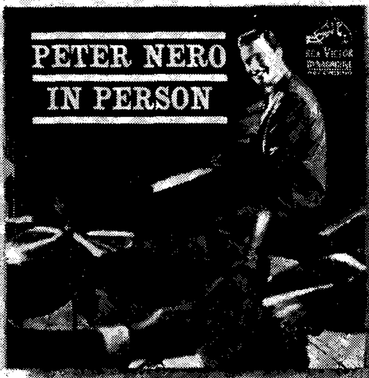
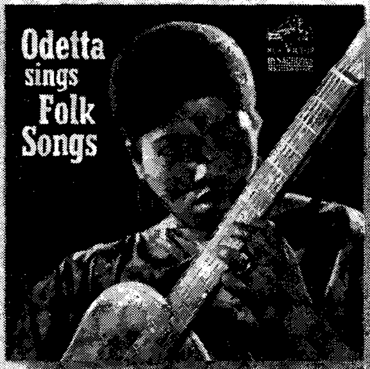
7

Strauss
EIN HELDENLEBEN
(A Hero's Life)
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
ERICH LEINSDORF
RCA VICTOR
DYNAGROOVE
The Aristocrat of Orchestras

8


PETER NERO
IN PERSON
RCA VICTOR
DYNAGROOVE

9


Odetta
sings
Folk
Songs
RCA VICTOR
DYNAGROOVE

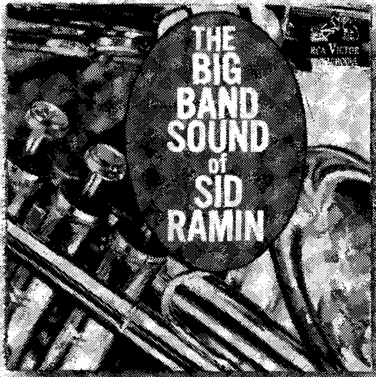
10

3 GREAT BANDS
RCA VICTOR
HENRY
MANCINI
AL
HIRT
PEREZ
PRADO

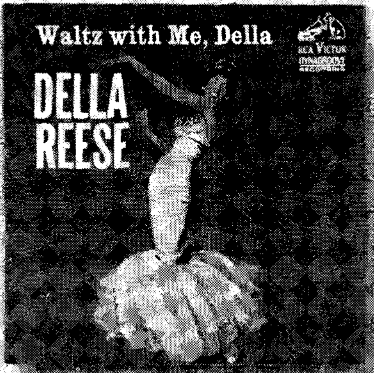
11

RCA VICTOR
DYNAGROOVE
CLIBURN/REINER
Chicago Symphony
BEETHOVEN
CONCERTO No. 4

12


THE
BIG
BAND
SOUND
of
SID
RAMIN
RCA VICTOR
DYNAGROOVE

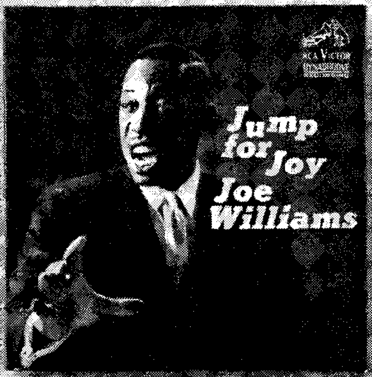
13


Waltz with Me, Della
DELLA
REESE
RCA VICTOR
DYNAGROOVE

14

GREAT SCENES FROM
GERSHWIN'S PORGY AND BESS
LEONTYNE PRICE · WILLIAM WARFIELD
McHenry Boatwright · Skitch Henderson
RCA VICTOR

15


RCA VICTOR
DYNAGROOVE
Jump
for Joy
Joe
Williams

16

3 GREAT PIANOS
RCA VICTOR
DYNAGROOVE
FRANKIE
CARLE
FLOYD
CRAMER
PETER
NERO

17

RCA VICTOR
DYNAGROOVE
TCHAIKOVSKY CONCERTO No. 1
ARTUR RUBINSTEIN
BOSTON SYMPHONY
ERICH LEINSDORF
The Aristocrat of Orchestras

18

7 **THE LIMELITERS.** Today's top trio shines new light on "The Midnight Special," "John Riley." A 14K treasury!

8 **LEINSDORF/BOSTON SYMPHONY.** Captured to perfection, spectacular sound makes it a DYNAGROOVE showcase!

9 **PETER NERO.** First live-concert recording of Nero's genius with small combo. Features a "West Side Story" medley.

10 **ODETTA.** A lovely, lyrical voice strolls through a folk field of "Shenandoah," "900 Miles," "Blowing in the Wind."

11 **MANCINI/HIRT/PRADO.** A musical array by the greatest revolving bandstand ever assembled. Each giant belts four.

12 **VAN CLIBURN.** On his first DYNAGROOVE album, the young Texan broadens his repertory. A great recording!

13 **SID RAMIN.** Dynamic, humorous and powerful versions of all-time favorites. "The River Kwai March," "Blue Tango."

14 **DELLA REESE.** Every favorite melody is tempoed in waltz time. For example, "Fly Me to the Moon" and "Always."

15 **PRICE/WARFIELD.** Both artists became famous in this work. They're even greater today on a newly recorded album!

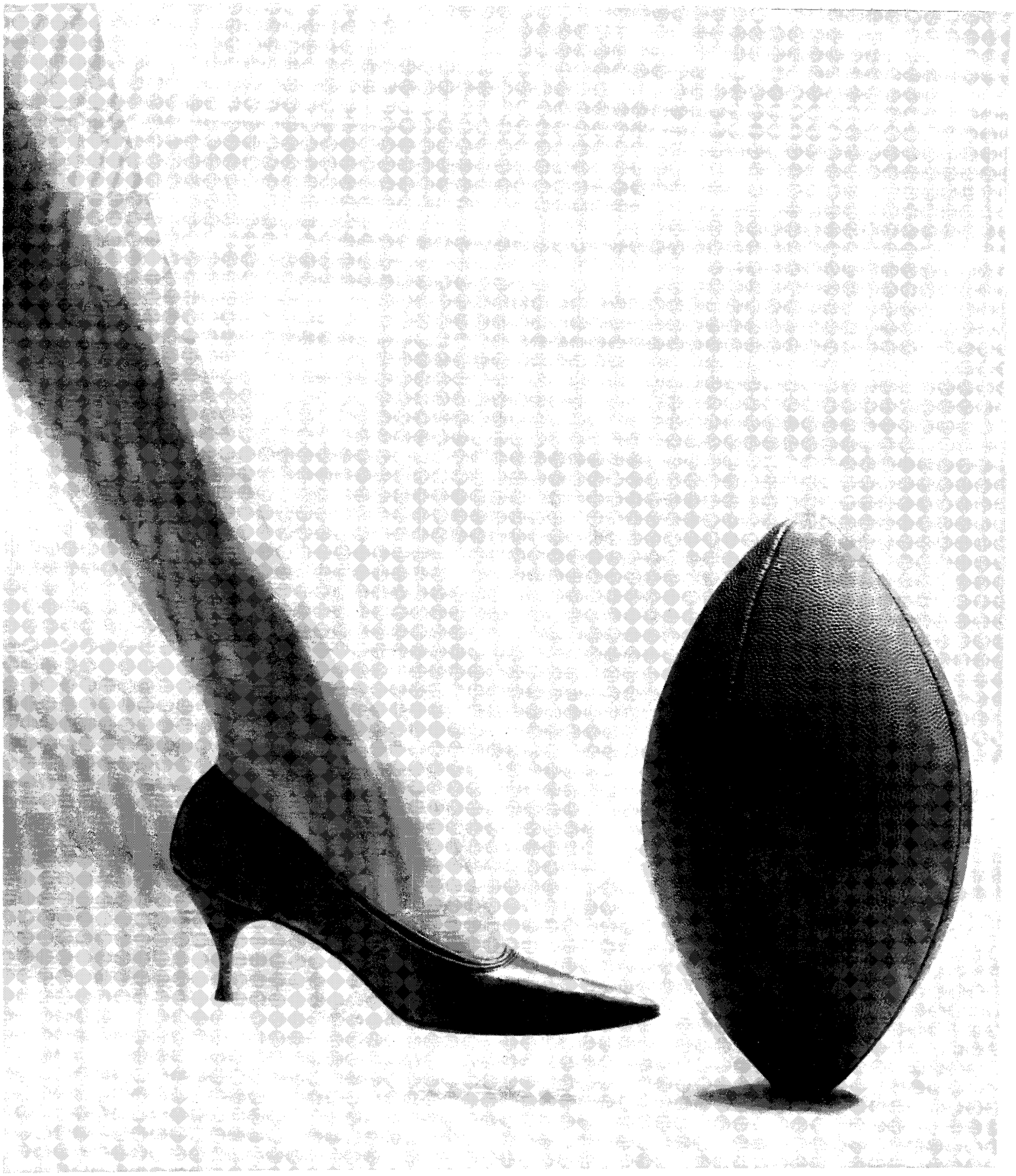
16 **JOE WILLIAMS.** With a great group of major jazz musicians, Joe swings "A Good Thing," "Sounds of the Night."

17 **CARLE/CRAMER/NERO.** A meeting of 3 keyboard kings. Each rules his "88" with 4 bright, newly recorded selections.

18 **RUBINSTEIN/LEINSDORF.** Together for the first time! Rubinstein's first recording of the beloved concerto in stereo.

GREAT NEW DYNAGROOVE ALBUMS BRING YOU EXCITING NEW ENTERTAINMENT ON RCA VICTOR

The most trusted name in sound



THIS IS A GAMIN THAT'S STRICTLY FOR KICKS.

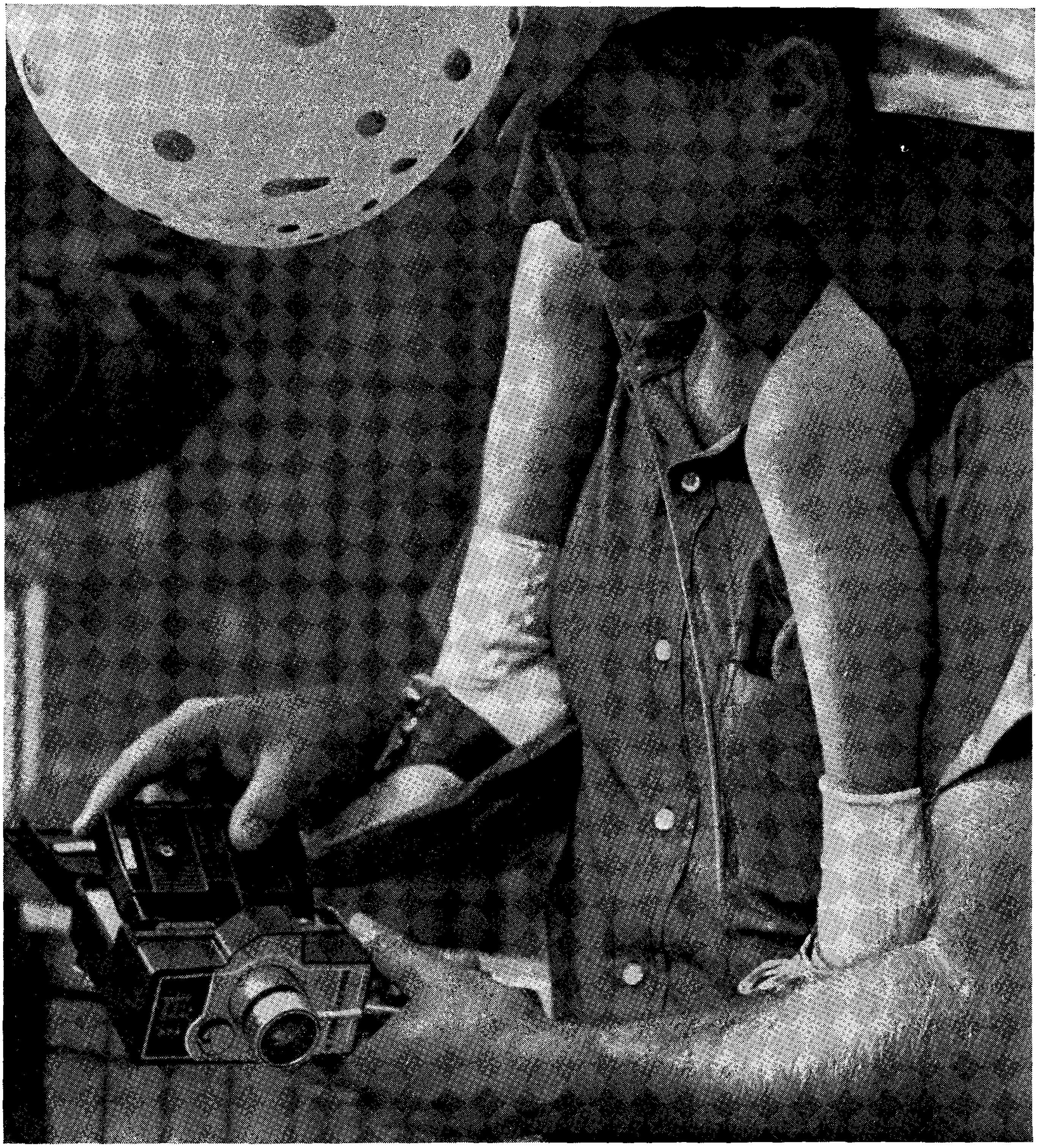
Tackle this flip little Gamin
and make an absolute game out of running around.
The sporting thing of it is
soft pigskin-colored calf rimmed with elastic.
It stays snug on your foot no matter how kicky you get.
Wear it with plain hose or leotards
and watch out for the fast pass.
$20.00 at Andrew Geller stores.
GAMINS®

It's all a woman needs to wear.

Calèche
HERMÈS

The new image in perfume.
Chic, elegant, deliciously feminine–you'll identify with it immediately.
The rage of Paris–now in America.

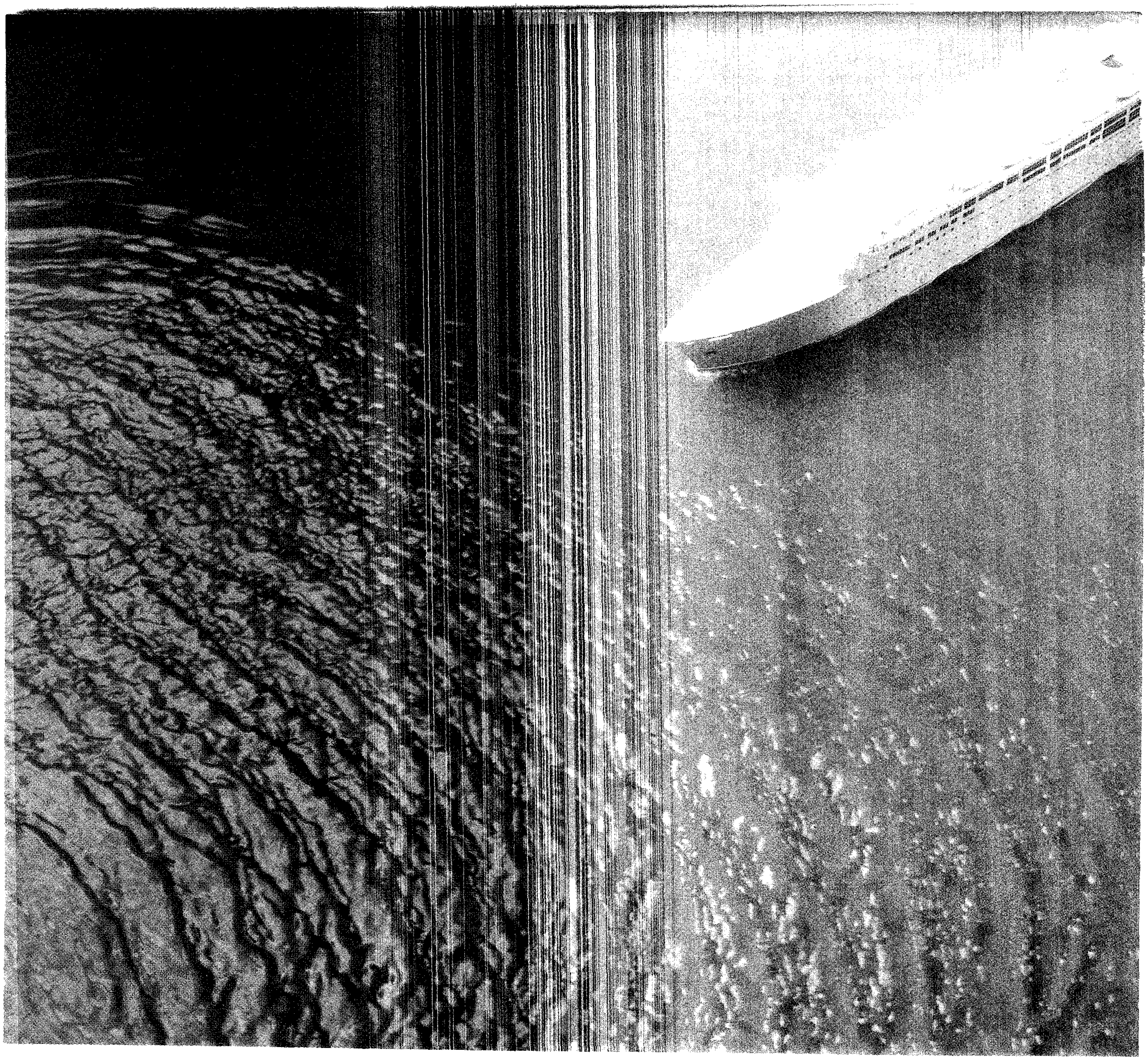
Calèche
PARFUMS
HERMÈS/PARIS
Made, packaged, and sealed in France.
Hermark Corp., Dist., U.S.A.



Who says you can't change film with a kid on your back?

Time was, a man took time out to weave loose movie film all through his camera's works. No more. Now . . . anywhere, any time, you simply flip in a fresh, pre-loaded Autoload film cartridge. Keep shooting! Just like that! And a couple spares in your pocket will keep you going all afternoon! The Autoload camera itself makes taking movies snapshot-simple! An electric eye watches the scene constantly, sets the lens correctly, then *keeps* the setting correct. A smooth, precise zoom lens lets you stand where you are and bring the great shots in extra close for extra impact and interest. Have your Bell & Howell dealer show you the 315 Reflex Autoload® . . . the economical cartridge-loading movie camera that makes fast work of a film change. Priced under $130.

Bell & Howell brings out the expert in you (automatically!)



Once in a blue sea...a ship like Shalom

The Atlantic has a new love. Her name is Shalom. She flies the proud colors of an exciting young country—the colors of Israel. She reflects the unique spirit of that land—warm, adventurous, stimulating. Like Israel, she is totally new, but with a centuries-old heritage of hospitality and graciousness. Her crew is from her homeland. Master architects, artists and artisans from many countries have showered their talents on her. She is lavish and light-hearted—complete with every passenger-pampering detail. More than a luxury liner, she is an enchanting experience. Flagship of the Zim Lines, she will make her maiden voyage in the Spring of 1964, and will then sail monthly from New York to Israel and Mediterranean ports. Sail with her. Her name means peace. Israelis say "Shalom" when they welcome you, when they bid you farewell, when they wish you all the good things in life. Shalom.

ZIM
LINES צים

BE A "GUEST"...GO ZIM

OWNER'S REPRESENTATIVE: AMERICAN ISRAELI SHIPPING CO., INC.: NEW YORK CITY, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, MIAMI BEACH, MONTREAL

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

On your trip to England, look in on the Cheshire Cheese. There you'll find Canadian Club, "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

"The Cheshire Cheese," in London, welcomes you with history, beefsteak pie and Canadian Club

Nestled in Fleet Street, this 296-year-old inn, erstwhile haunt of Dickens, Johnson and Boswell, attracts the literati of today's world. Here you will find pie in summer, pudding in winter, and, to your added delight, Canadian Club all the year round.

"There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn," wrote Dr. Johnson to Boswell. Those who know the Cheshire Cheese agree.

To this very day, the atmosphere is reverently English, the conversation literate, and the Canadian Club at the ready.

Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Try Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky. *Wherever you go . . . there it is!*

IMPORTED
Canadian Club

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

You've never had music so easy! The Revere Stereo Tape Cartridge System plays up to 15 hours of uninterrupted music. It threads, plays, rewinds, and changes tapes, all by itself... You can make your own recordings from any sound source. Or choose from a magnificent collection of pre-recorded tapes.* Anything you can do with any other stereo-recorder/player, you can do with the Revere System. But no other machine on earth changes tapes automatically. You'll have to see it and hear it to believe it!

*By Columbia Records, Command, MusicTapes Inc., and others.

Revere-Wollensak Division 3M COMPANY
St. Paul 19, Minnesota

snow white,
Rose Noire

This season's loveliest lingerie look by far. Beguiling black rose print on white nylon tricot, banded with narrow black ribbon threaded through French Val lace. Slip, 10.95. Matching pettiskirt, 5.95. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

all is vanity . . . all is VANITY FAIR *lingerie, girdles, bras*

SOKOLSKY

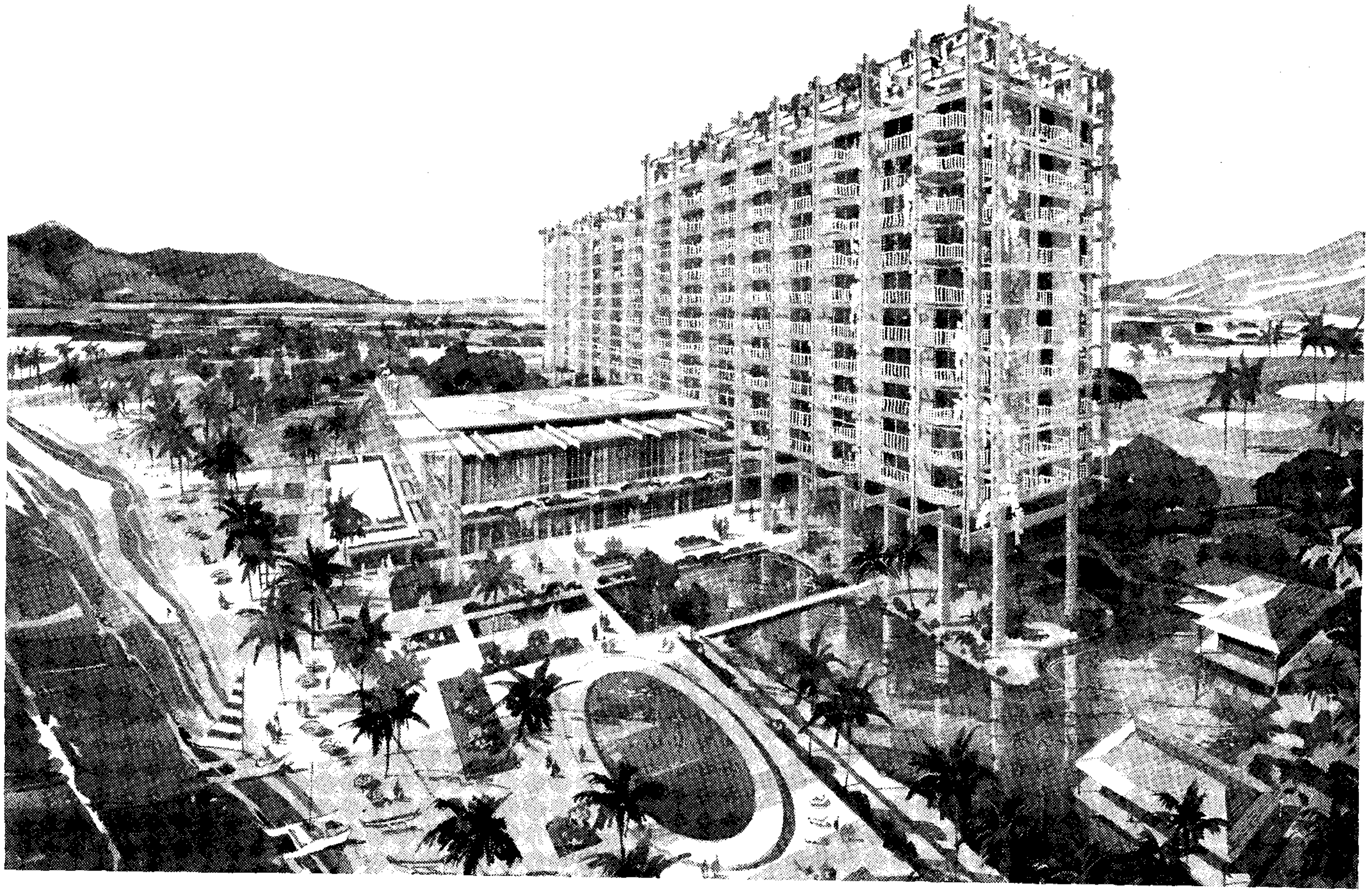
ALL THIS . . . AND HAWAII TOO . . .

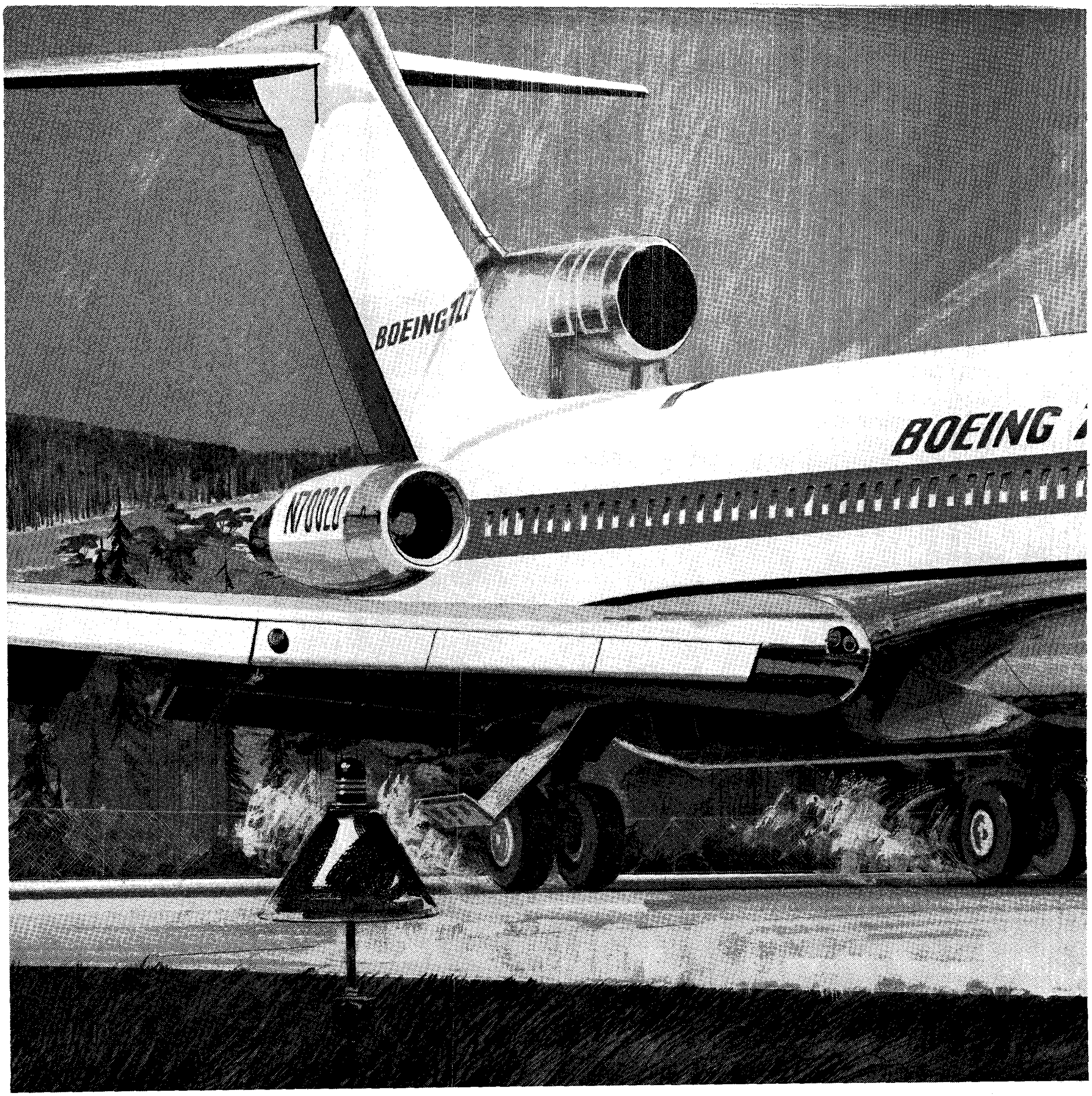
Kahala Hilton

Opening Mid-December, 1963

The newest jewel in the glistening necklace of Conrad Hilton hostelries that span the world, the Kahala Hilton is dedicated to casual elegance, luxurious privacy, and superb service. 300 air-conditioned guest rooms and suites. Located at the edge of Maunalua Bay, on the perimeter of Waialae Golf Course in the magnificent residential section of Kahala, Honolulu, just fifteen minutes from sparkling Waikiki. **For reservations:** See your travel agent or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (see telephone directory).

Conrad N. Hilton, President
Frank L. Swadley, Manager




BOEING 727
N7002U
BOEING

How do you help land a jet where jets couldn't

©1963, B-W Corp.

land before? Borg-Warner knows how!

Until now, many airports have been bypassed by the jet age because their runways are too short. If you travel by air, you know how inconvenient it is not to have fast jet service available where you want it.

But Boeing's new 727 will change the picture for hundreds of airports. In speed and carrying capacity it can hold its own with the giant jets, yet will drop in easily on a 5000-foot runway.

A vital part of the 727's remarkable talent for slipping into tight places is the "spoiler" sections of the wing that help slow the ship for short landings and improve lateral control at low speeds. Spoilers are raised and lowered by ten small hydraulic actuators developed by a member of Borg-Warner's family, Weston Hydraulics, Ltd. These units give the pilot fingertip control of spoiler action . . . making the 727 capable of maneuvers a bird could envy.

Hydraulic-powered controls help bring the advantages of jet travel to airports that were only "prop-stops" yesterday. They're another example of Borg-Warner research and engineering working for you. Borg-Warner Corporation, 200 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.

B-W

BORG-WARNER *where research and engineering work wonders for you*

Reserved for Italian Line's "famiglia bianca"–
virtuosos in the fine art of serving you.

It isn't easy to qualify for the white uniform worn by our chefs and cooks, stewards and stewardesses—our "family in white", our "famiglia bianca". It takes years of training, experience and dedication.

Our service personnel train for 5 years in a special Italian Line school. They learn to answer your questions about foreign ports, countries and currencies. They speak at least three languages—English, French and Spanish—so you don't have to know Italian to feel at home on Italian Line. As you will discover, they genuinely enjoy meeting you and making each trip a success. For them service has remained a proud profession.

An Italian Line crossing is unique—more than a trip, more than a resort vacation. It's an experience in luxury, pleasure and personal comfort the likes of which you've seldom known.

To learn more about what Italian Line has to offer, ask your travel agent for an illustrated color brochure or write to Italian Line directly. On your next trip to Europe, sail Italian Line—where it's warmer in winter, less humid in summer, and the sea is calmer all year round.

Italian Line
Dept. NY-4, One Whitehall St., N. Y. 4,
or 696 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 19 ■ Tel: 797-7000

LEONARDO DA VINCI ■ CRISTOFORO COLOMBO ■ SATURNIA ■ VULCANIA ■ And coming in 1964, two new superliners MICHELANGELO and RAFFAELLO

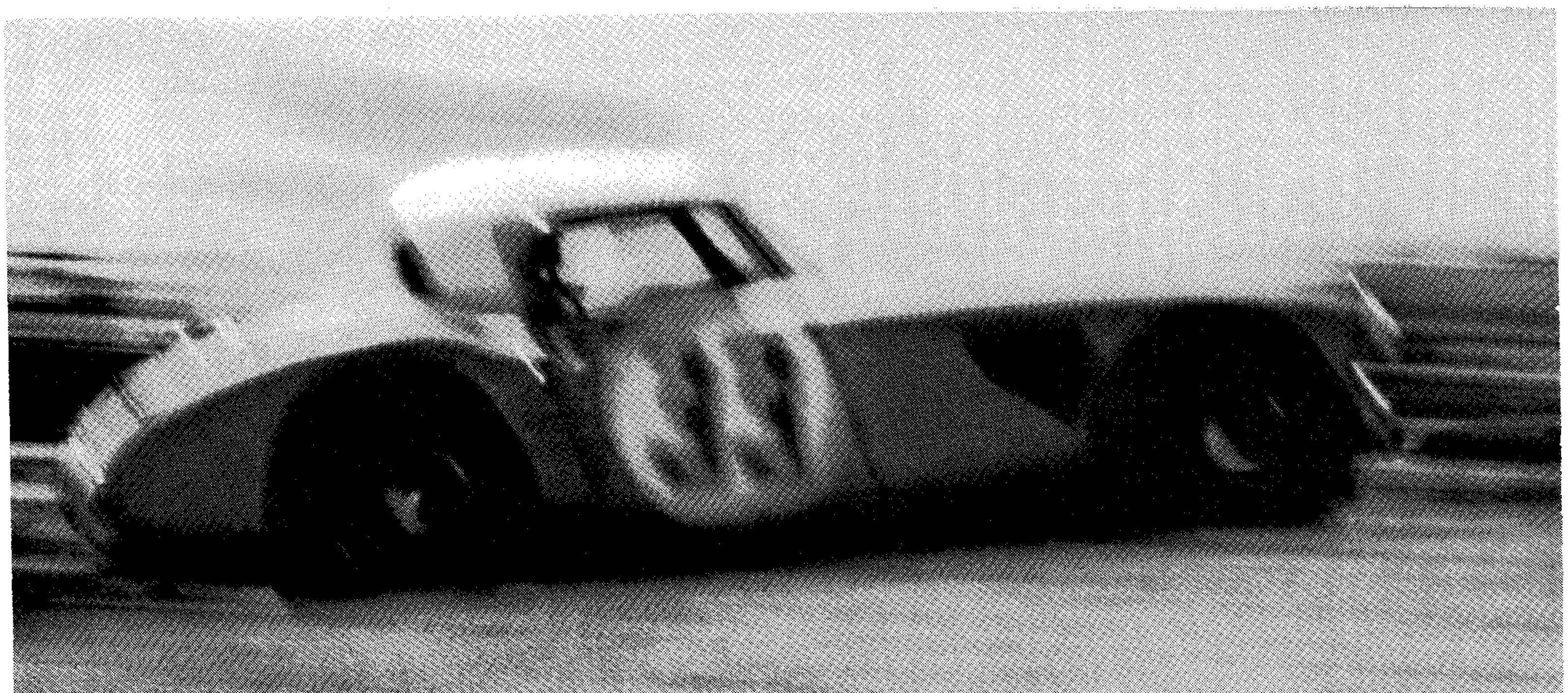
Are there London Fogs in Paris?

*DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK

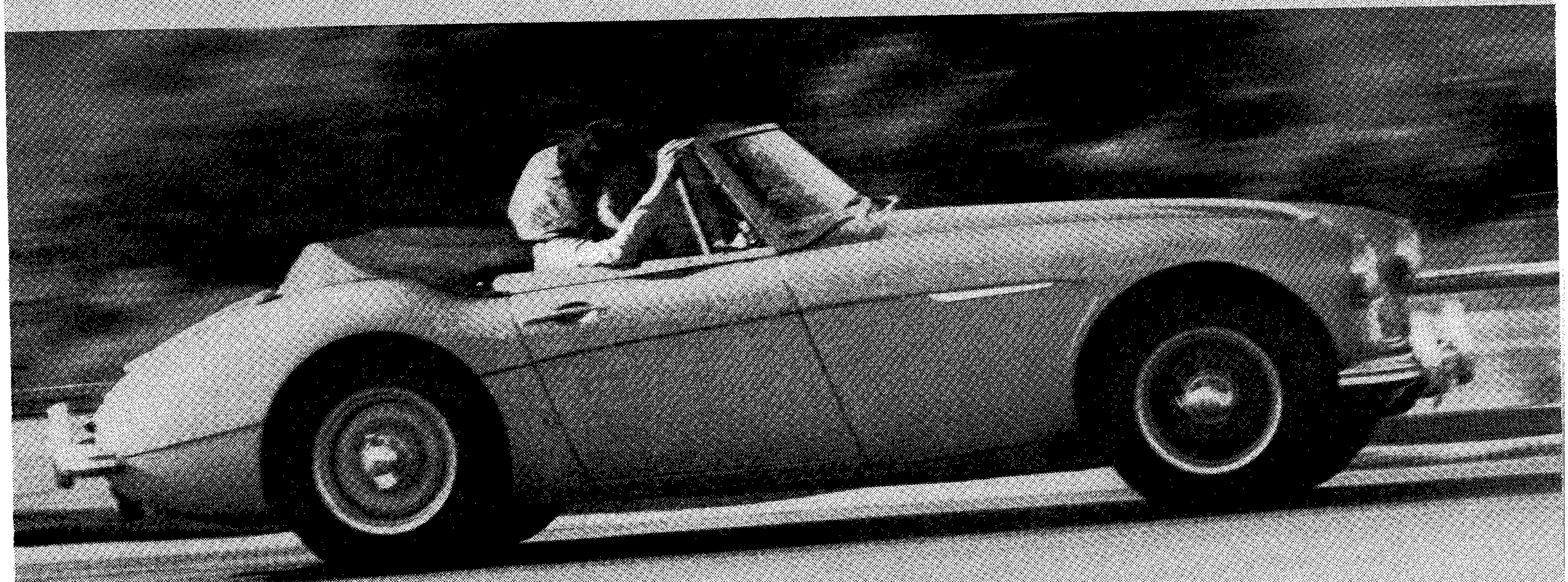
Mais oui.
In Paris when it drizzles, in Capetown when it sizzles—wherever savvy travelers go, London Fog moves in.
Because when a fellow isn't wearing his London Fog Maincoat, he carries it, packs it or flings it over luggage, lap or cafe chair.
He stuffs its pockets with contraband and guidebooks.
Or shares it with a friend.
And through it all, a Maincoat looks good, feels right—weather or not.
That's why, when you want to take just *one* coat, set forth in a London Fog.
That's what they do on a rainy night in Rio.

London Fog
Baltimore 11, Md.

THE DUNDALK: CLASSIC RAGLAN COMPLETE WITH ZIP-OUT 100% ALPACA LINING; IN EXCLUSIVE CALIBRE CLOTH (65% DACRON* POLYESTER, 35% COTTON); NATURAL, OLIVE OR BLACK, $55.



THIS IS THE AUSTIN HEALEY 3000 that didn't win at Sebring. Four makes finished ahead of our No. 33. They cost $2,000 to $8,000 more. Not quite the highest accelerating machine in the world, the Healey will do an honest 120 mph, and 53 Sebring entrants will attest to the fact that you can't beat it by trying to wear it down.



THIS IS THE AUSTIN HEALEY 3000 that could be yours. Some people think it's almost ugly. We feel it is a rather handsome motor car: lean and clean . . . and somewhat mean. All the creature comforts, too—roll up windows, room for a couple of children in back and a true "one-hand" convertible top. All this and 2,380 lbs. of enduring pride.

AUSTIN HEALEY 3000 MK II, A PRODUCT OF THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP., LTD., MAKERS OF MG, AUSTIN HEALEY, SPRITE, MORRIS AND AUSTIN CARS. FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY INFORMATION, WRITE: BMC, DEPT. Y11, 734 GRAND AVE., RIDGEFIELD, N. J.

WALL ST
BROADWAY
S. CALVERT ST.
FORT W
SHELBY
400→
MONTGOMERY
←500
CALIFORNIA
S LA SALLE ST
BARONNE
COMMON ST.
OLDE NAME
KING ST.
1708 1788
AKARD STREET
MAIN ST.
SPRING ST.
→600.S.
STATE ST.

On the streets of banking and commerce all over the nation, the Irving is known for its complete professional services as the bank for bankers and businessmen.

IRVING TRUST COMPANY

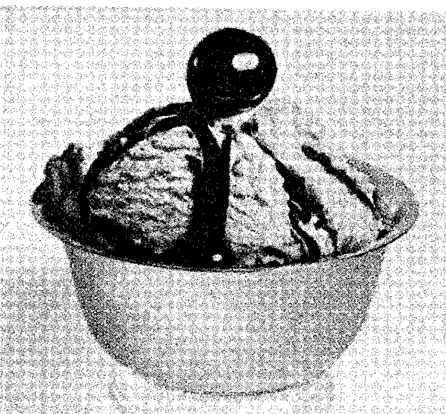
One Wall Street, New York 15, N.Y.

Capital Funds over $165,000,000 *Total Assets over $2,000,000,000*

GEORGE A. MURPHY, Chairman of the Board WILLIAM E. PETERSEN, President

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

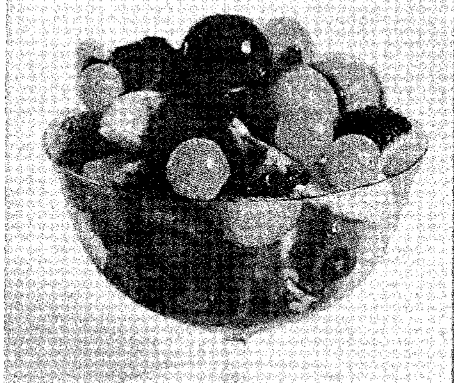
CHERRY HEERING FRAPPE: Pour 2 oz. Cherry Heering Liqueur over shaved ice in a cocktail glass. Serve with short straws.



CHERRY HEERING JUBILEE: Pour ½ oz. of Denmark's Liqueur Delight over vanilla ice cream. Top with Bing cherry.

DRY COPENHEERING: Into an Old-Fashioned glass: 1 or 2 ice cubes, ½ oz. Cherry Heering, 1 oz. gin or vodka, juice of ¼ lime. Stir to chill.

GRAPEFRUIT ROYALE: Spoon Imported Cherry Heering Liqueur over a chilled, sectioned grapefruit half. (Delicious at either end of the meal.)



FRUIT DELICE: Prepare your favorite fruit cup recipe. Chill one hour, spoon into dessert cups. Glorify each portion with ½ oz. of Cherry Heering.

KING PETER COCKTAIL: To an Old-Fashioned glass with ice add: ¾ oz. Cherry Heering and juice of ¼ lime. Fill with tonic water. Stir.

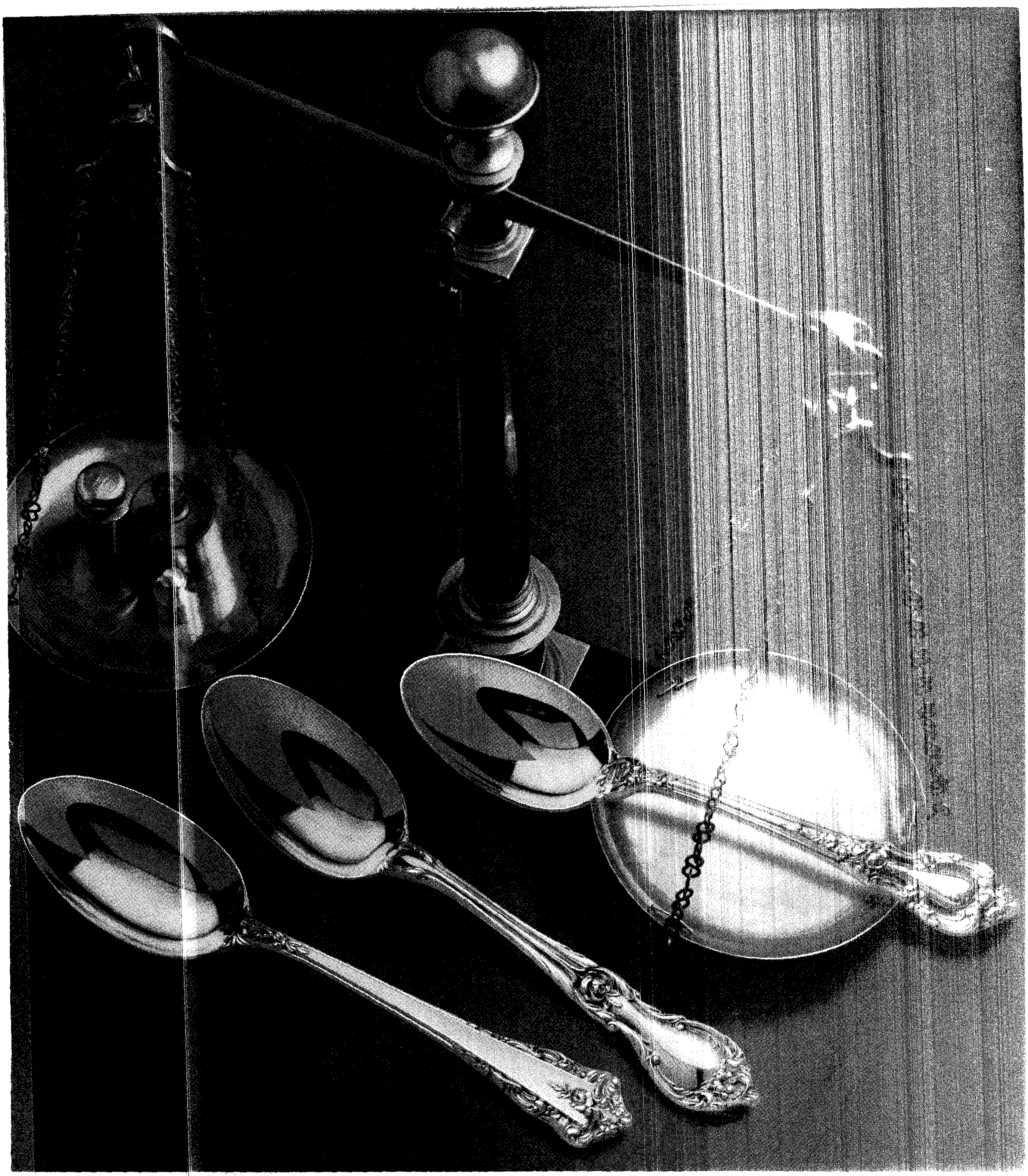
TRY IT CHILLED
ESTABLISHED 1818
CHERRY HEERING
LIQUEUR
PRODUCED BY
HEERING
DENMARK

Gourmet's guide to CHERRY HEERING

the difference between eating and dining

SUPERB SERVED CHILLED WITH YOUR AFTER-DINNER COFFEE

YOURS FREE! ENCHANTING 28 PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, "ENTERTAIN DIFFERENTLY IN THE DANISH MANNER" • WRITE: SCHENLEY IMPORTS COMPANY, DEPARTMENT N3, 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 19, N.Y. • 49 PROOF • ©1962 • S.I.C., N.Y., N.Y.



Above Left to Right: RONDELAY • ALEXANDRA • ELOQUENCE

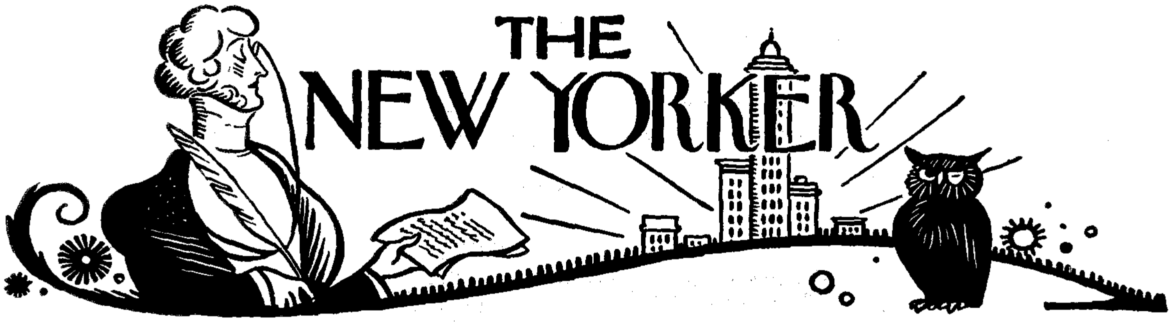
How to be overweight...and beautiful

Many people want their sterling extra heavy. They like the feel of added precious silver in their hand. For this reason (and to satisfy our aesthetic souls) Lunt makes some of the heaviest sterling silver patterns you can buy. But naturally you don't choose them by the ounce or pound alone. You want design that has authority. You want design that is timeless in its good taste. You want design that is made to last and glow even lovelier as time goes by. You want, very likely, one of the superb solid sterling patterns by Lunt. For however you judge it—practically or poetically—you could never make a wiser choice.

LUNT
STERLING

For information write: Lunt Silversmiths, Dept. Y-22, Greenfield, Mass.

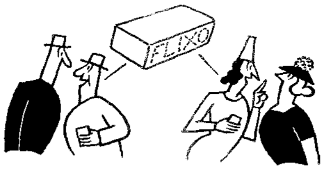
Royal Secret
the sweetest way
to start the day...
or evening...
Royal Secret
LUXURY BATH-FOAM
Germaine Monteil
Royal Secret
BATH PERFUME
Germaine Monteil
Germaine Monteil
Royal Secret
LUXURY LOTION
Germaine Monteil
Royal Secret
POWDER MIST
Germaine Monteil
Germaine Monteil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

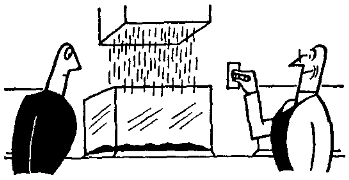
Notes and Comment

TODAY we lay aside the pen of Clio, Muse of History, and take up the gong of Rinso, Muse of Advertising, in order to sound the praises of a commercial genius named George Levine. By force of reason or power of inspiration, it appears, Mr. Levine has discovered the ineradicable weakness of ordinary forms of advertising; namely, that such messages do not come from wholly disinterested sources, and the public well knows it. Moreover, it clearly has not been lost on him that word-of-mouth recommendations do not labor under any such handicap, owing to the fact that one naturally trusts the word of one's friends. Combining these ideas, he has opened an agency called Inform Associates, which hires one's friends to tout one onto his clients' merchandise. Each of his employees carries "a pocket-sized meter on which they register their commercials," we have learned from a *Times* account of the new agency, and "the advertisers pay an average of about $6 a hundred messages—a high price compared with other media, but reasonable, considering the 'impact of the message,' according to Mr. Levine." A layman might suppose that there would be little temptation to betray the trust of a friend at the going rate of six cents a betrayal, but Mr. Levine apparently has found no difficulty in recruiting operatives. We can see only one small hitch in the scheme as it now stands. It may be that a few of his agents, corrupted by some lingering taint of self-respect, will prefer defrauding his agency to abusing their friends, and will simply diddle the meters without delivering the messages. However, this possibility doubtless could be circumvented by setting up a collateral agency—to be called, perhaps, Informers Associates—which would secretly hire selected friends of the operatives to report on whether or not the betrayal of trust had actually occurred. And doubtless the present cost of Mr. Levine's method of advertising, which might deter some clients, will be reduced as the idea catches on and competition for the jobs becomes intense. On the whole, then, we expect great things from his idea, and look ahead with some confidence to the day when the last unprofitable, merely human utterance will give way to the universal babble of commerce.



Ebb and Flow

WHEN we learned that the world's only marine tidal aquarium had just completed its first year of existence, in the Museum of Natural History, we hastened to the Museum and made our way to the Living Foraminifera Laboratory, on the ground floor, where Dr. John J. Lee, the laboratory's director, greeted us and explained that he and a colleague, Dr. Hugo D. Freudenthal, had devised and built the aquarium, so that microscopic organisms from tidal flats could be studied in a near-natural environment. The tidal aquarium proved to be a series of five thirty-gallon glass tanks at one end of the lab, interconnected by plastic pipes and functioning to the hum of a plastic pump. Three of the tanks contained sloping stretches of sand or mud, the fourth contained a slanting layer of glass wool, and the fifth held a pressure-maintenance system. Water stood at different levels in different tanks, thus exposing varying amounts of sand, mud, or glass wool to the air. "This tank contains mud from Cold Spring Harbor, this one coral sand from Bermuda, and this one quartz sand from a beach on Long Island," Dr. Lee said. "We circulate a hundred gallons of water through the tanks at an average rate of half a litre a minute. The tide in them rises and falls every twelve hours, but on a different schedule in each tank. Light is regulated by a time clock. Temperature is maintained at twenty-two degrees centigrade. We also take account of the seasons. Look, a rain machine!" He flicked a switch, and water began to drizzle from a perforated plastic box above the middle tank, falling on a portion of the littoral of Cold Spring Harbor.



Leading us past a map of Long Island and a couple of temperature-controlled incubators, which looked like kitchen refrigerators, Dr. Lee told us that the Living Foraminifera Laboratory, which was established only about six years ago and is not open to the public, represents a new departure for museums—the study of living creatures. The organisms known as Foraminifera are an order of Protozoa—single-celled animals—and are distinguished partly by the fact that even though most of them are microscopic, they have shells. In fossil form, their shells have contributed to such things as petroleum shale, the pyramids of Egypt, and the white cliffs of Dover. "It may sound strange, but though some thirty thousand species of foram are known to exist, fewer than a score of scientists have done any research on living specimens since the turn of the century," said Dr. Lee. "In many ways, it's a new field. Our interest here is in morphology, nutrition, and life cycles. Until a few years ago, we didn't really understand how forams reproduce. Most of them seem to go through an alternation of generations, first sexually reproducing, then asexually reproducing. Sometimes the two forms don't look anything alike."

We accompanied Dr. Lee to a StereoZoom microscope and gazed at living specimens of Foraminifera, including Quinqueloculina (a golden-pink paper clip), Bolivina (an inverted bunch of blood-red grapes), and Elphidium (a pale-pink yo-yo with threadlike appendages). “Now, *there's* an interesting creature,” he said. “Elphidium has the ability to lure certain other protozoans toward it, to where its pseudopods—those threadlike things—can take over, and the victim is devoured. We call that the Circean effect. The glass wool in the tidal aquarium, by the way, provides an artificial medium for a type of foram that normally incorporates sand into its shell. The water in all four tanks is constantly regulated to maintain the same acid-base ratio and the same amount of salt as the sea. If salinity goes above fourteen parts per thousand, the pump stops and a red light goes on.”

Dr. Lee then led the way to a glass-and-steel tank containing some larger sea creatures. Our eye was immediately caught by a translucent green-brown creature about three inches in diameter, because it was in violent motion; it looked rather like an agitating velvety rubber parachute with broccoli on its underside. “Cassiopeia,” said Dr. Lee. “A jellyfish. He's excited now, because we just put food in the water. He'll calm down after a while. Normally, these things lie upside down in mangrove swamps, pulsating. They're very beautiful to see. That creature on the bottom, with the tentacles, is an anemone. He has already eaten one of our pipefish and will probably get the rest.” Eying the anemone with distrust, we asked Dr. Lee why these relatively large creatures should interest protozoologists, and he explained that a species of dinoflagellate—a microscopic protozoan with two flagella, or whiplike extensions—lives in symbiotic relationship with the jellyfish, permeating its tissues and producing the green-brown color. The dinoflagellate, Symbiodinium—which, like the higher plants, is capable of photosynthesis—turns the entire jellyfish into a photosynthetic animal and causes it to swim toward the light. If the Symbiodinium is removed, the jellyfish is content to stay in the dark, like a normal coelenterate. “Curious, isn't it?” said Dr. Lee, and led us to a Zeiss-Lumipan microscope, where we puzzled over colored slides of Symbiodinium, which appeared as a wavy granular blot, on the order of an early Kandinsky.

Then we returned to the tidal aquarium. “The problem in maintaining Foraminifera in the test tube—as opposed to the aquarium—is how to eliminate all other forms of life, thereby producing what we call an axenic culture,” Dr. Lee said. “So far, we've done it with a number of dinoflagellates, but nobody has been able to grow Foraminifera axenically, anywhere. Ours is the only lab in the world, in fact, that has managed to eliminate all but one contaminant from a foram culture, but then it's practically the only lab that grows forams at all. Here's a bit of irony: We know less about the creatures of the sea, where life began, than we do about the surface of the moon. But we're learning. Right now we're in the middle of the greatest boom in marine biology in the history of science.” Cassiopeia, still pulsating, had turned on its side.

The water in the tidal aquarium's middle tank had nearly reached the top of the glass, and the mud from Cold Spring Harbor, in which occasional mussels and bloodworms were embedded, was entirely submerged. “The tide's come in,” said Dr. Lee.

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WORLD'S FAIR INTELLIGENCE (EARLY BIRD DIVISION): A notice posted in the Dime Savings Bank of Brooklyn advises depositors that they can save thirty-two per cent on their 1964-65 New York World's Fair tickets by buying them now, at discount prices, from the bank's Life Insurance Department.

Party Roundup

THE season of the tax-deductible frolic is at hand, and we plunged into it in the Grand Ballroom of the New York Hilton, at a Press Party Introducing Spare Tire, given by four firms: the Consolidated Aerosol Corporation, of Westbury, Long Island; the Crown Cork & Seal Co., of Philadelphia; E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., of Wilmington; and A. Schrader's Son, a division of the Scovill Manufacturing Company, of Waterbury, Connecticut. The guest of honor turned out to be an eleven-ounce can containing compressed gas and a sealing compound; you inject its contents into a flat tire and within sixty seconds you're ready to roll—provided the tire is attached, along with three others, to a car. Passing mounds of these panaceas in an anteroom, we gained the ballroom, where we were greeted by mounds of canapés, sounds of corporate merriment, several well-stocked bars, eleven automobiles (each one thoughtfully furnished with a deflated tire), and a Consolidated Aerosol spokesman, who said, “Spare Tire is a wonderful thing for women, who own twenty-one per cent of the cars in the country and drive a lot of the others part of the time, and it's a great thing for *anyone* who gets caught with a flat tire on a bridge or on a parkway. It will save time and lives. Put it in your glove compartment and you can throw away your spare tire. We're going to have Miss New York inflate a flat in a few minutes.”

This well-informed gentleman then introduced us to Aerosol's president, William H. Trzcinka, who said that Spare Tire had been tried out in California for six months, that it was now in the glove compartments or trunks of half the cars in the San Francisco Bay area, and that it was about to invade the East, where he expected it to do as well.

We turned next to Mr. Bates D. McClean, a du Pont publicity man, who said, “The upper economic classes accept Spare Tire more readily than the lower economic classes. This is because they understand the scientific principles involved.”

Following more or less scientific speeches by the officers of the companies concerned, Miss New York, a cool blonde named Jean Quinn (her title, we were told, was a *state* one), affixed a can of Spare Tire to the collapsed tire of a Cadillac. It begin to fill up admirably, and she started on a healing round of the other cars, which had been rented from Avis for the occasion.

“STICK around. They're going to invite guests to drive icepicks into the tires,” someone said to us, but we were operating on a tight schedule, so we seized a *quiche Lorraine* and made for The Cottage of Hampshire House, where the Sommelier Society of America was holding a “tasting of vermouths and apéritif wines.” Some three hundred cottagers were milling around tables of Lillet, Noilly Prat, Cinzano, Cora, Boissière, Carpano, and the like, but we succeeded in buttonholing the Society's president, T. Mario Ricci, from whom we learned that his organization is eight years old; that it recruits its members from among waiters, bartenders, and employees of the liquor industries; that it sponsors a school for wine captains, which holds weekly classes between September and April; and that it has an annual summer picnic and an annual winter dinner dance. “We have thirty in the school,” said Mr. Ricci, who is the head sommelier at “21.” “If a customer asks for a Punt e Mes or a Blue Nun or a glass of hock, the sommelier should know what he or she is talking about. I have a vineyard myself, which my relatives operate, outside Pisa, where I was born. It produces a good family wine."

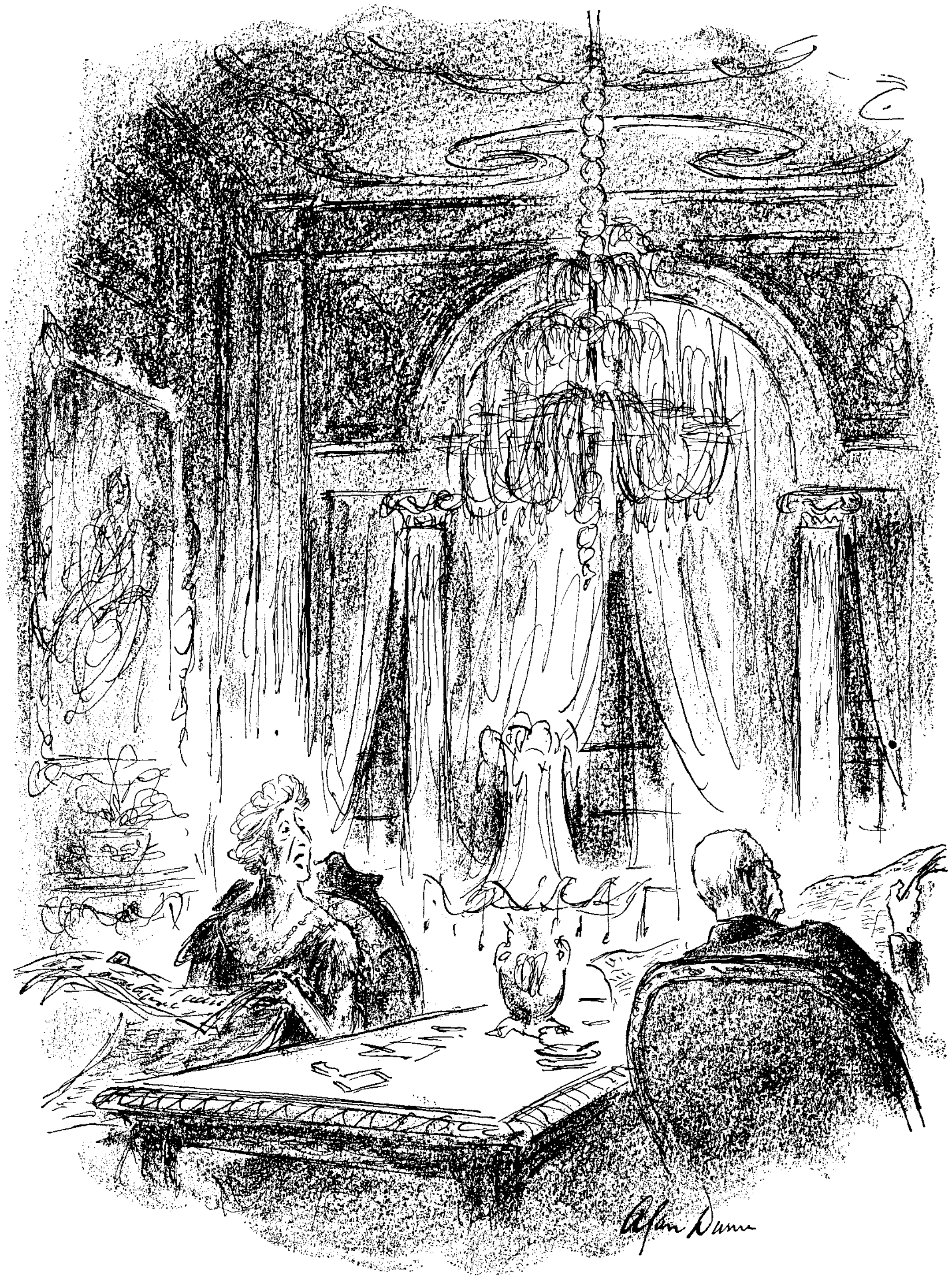
We asked Mr. R., who came here as a staff member of the Italian Pavilion at the 1939 World's Fair, whether people were showing more savvy about wines.

"Ignorance of wines still prevails," he said.

OUR next party appointment, at ten the following morning, took us to an event where such ignorance was of no consequence—a Philippine Travel Information Office breakfast fashion show at the Barbizon Plaza, convened to allow the Philippine Couture Association to display sixty of its creations, which had been flown here from Manila with four of their designers (male) and three models (female). "Welcome to the world of Philippine fashions," said Miss Cita Trinidad, United States general manager of the Travel Office, as we munched a piece of Danish pastry. She m.c.'d the models—who, with the assistance of other attractive ladies from Manila, appeared in a variety of gowns—and called our attention to such features of the garments as skirts of hand-crocheted abaca fibre, blouses of piña (or pineapple-leaf fibre) and jusi (or banana-bark fibre), hand-embroidered and hand-beaded silk shawls, and capes of iridescent sequins. Dazzled by a dress that was emblazoned with an enormous rooster made out of colored buttons, we beat it just as Miss Trinidad was saying, "It's a luncheon dress, but it can carry the girl right into a four-o'clock tea."

OUR next appointment called for a duster and a pair of motoring goggles. Withstanding the temptation to take our can of Spare Tire along, we reported at the Dolphin Pub of the Sheraton Motor Inn, where our host, Renault, Inc., after offering everyone a drink, packed its hundred and sixty-odd guests into three Carey buses and whisked them to Port Newark, to demonstrate "how to control a car on slippery surfaces and avoid the hazards of skidding." The cars selected for this demonstration were Renault Dauphines, R-8 family sedans, and Caravelle sports models, all equipped with four-wheel disc brakes that "stop the car evenly with little pull or 'grab.' " At the Port, to an intermittent cacophony of jets taking off from nearby Newark Airport, we watched a platoon of Renaults, piloted by Dutch and British drivers, slither over a pier slicked up with a chemical preparation. Sure enough, the skidding was controlled, and an ambulance, lurking ominously in the background, was not called into service. We retired to a Circle Line boat, tied up at the pier, for a capital buffet (red and white wines), in the company of people whose lapel cards proclaimed them members of the press, the French Consulate, the French Chamber of Commerce, the First National City Bank, and Coudert Brothers. We asked the Coudert man, Mr. James E. Hughes, what he was doing there, and he said, "I'm a Renault director."

"We do business with Renault," said the First National City Banker, and



"I'll believe in their 'peace overtures' when they begin to talk about my 6½% Russian Imperials."

then asked, “Do you think banks are getting too *friendly* nowadays?”

We said yes.

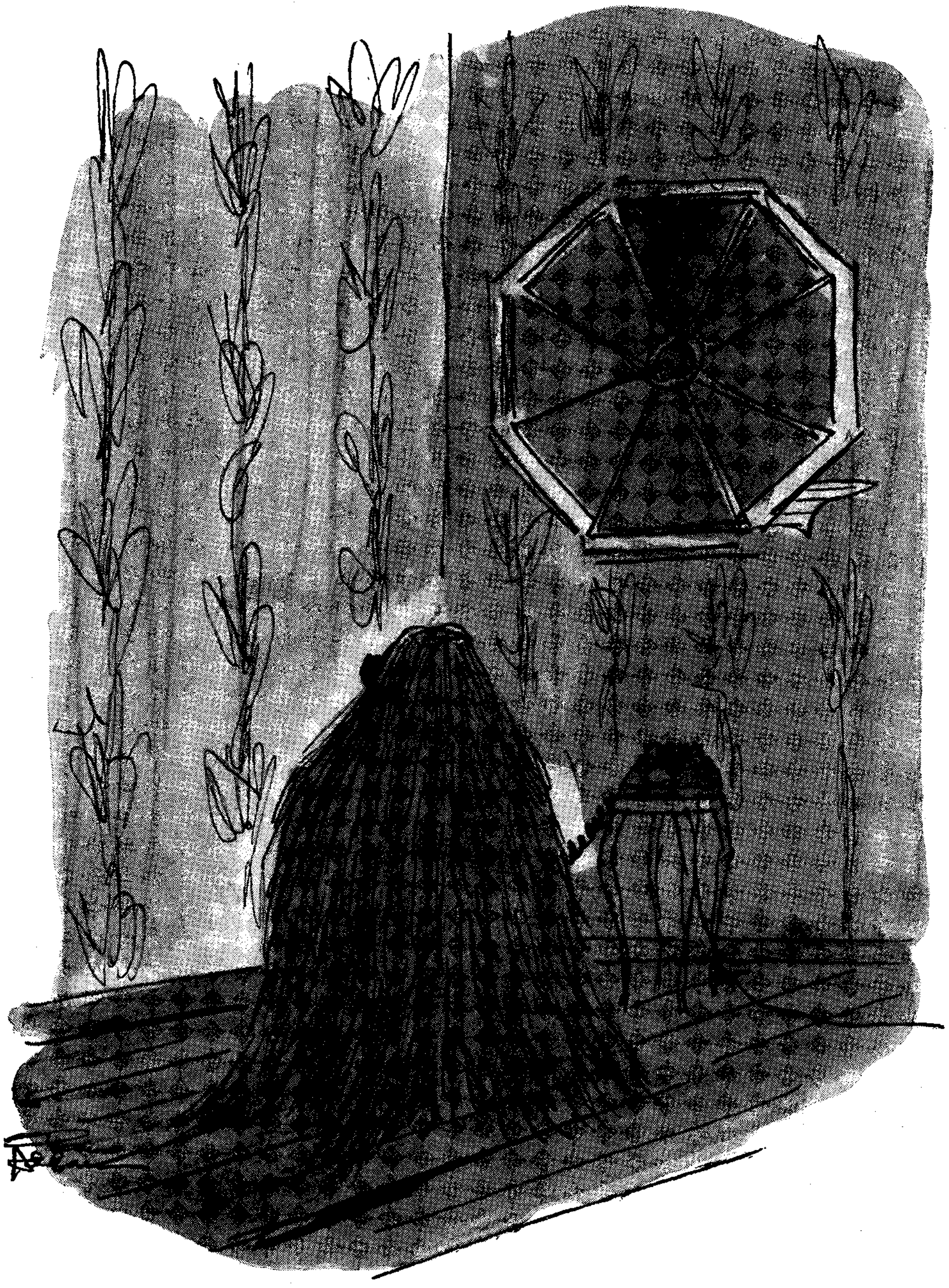
“Welcome, everybody,” Mr. Vincent Grob, president of Renault in America, said to everybody. “We hope we’ve demonstrated that you can control a car in dangerous circumstances.”

We congratulated a card-bearing “K. Purdy. Free Lance” on his unobtrusive lapel, and, the very next day, reported for an inspection tour and lunch at the Carnegie Recital Hall, which was celebrating its first major renovation in the seventy-two years of its existence.

“We’ve tried to combine elegance with an optimum atmosphere,” said Mr. Julius Bloom, the Hall’s executive director, as we took in a symphony of blues—silver-blue walls, turquoise-blue velvet chairs, pale-blue stage hangings, and midnight-blue carpeting. “The color scheme is designed to soothe the soul. We’ve given the stage a proscenium arch and new lighting, and replaced the old ceiling lights with the crystal chandelier and sconces you see.”

“Julius, it’s simply marvellous,” a lady said to him. “I want to give a concert right now.”

“Every woman wants to take her shoes off and feel the carpet,” another lady said. She took her shoes off and felt the carpet, and we went downstairs to a welcoming barroom, where we had a roast-beef sandwich and a drink with Mrs. Owen R. Cheatham, co-chairman of the committee that raised the reconstruction funds.



“This is it speaking.”

“Wonderful helpers helped me raise the money,” Mrs. Cheatham said.

“Fifty thousand dollars,” said Mr. Bloom, who had joined us. “Our motives were not mercenary, because we’ve been in constant use all along. We have well over three hundred uses of the Hall a year.”

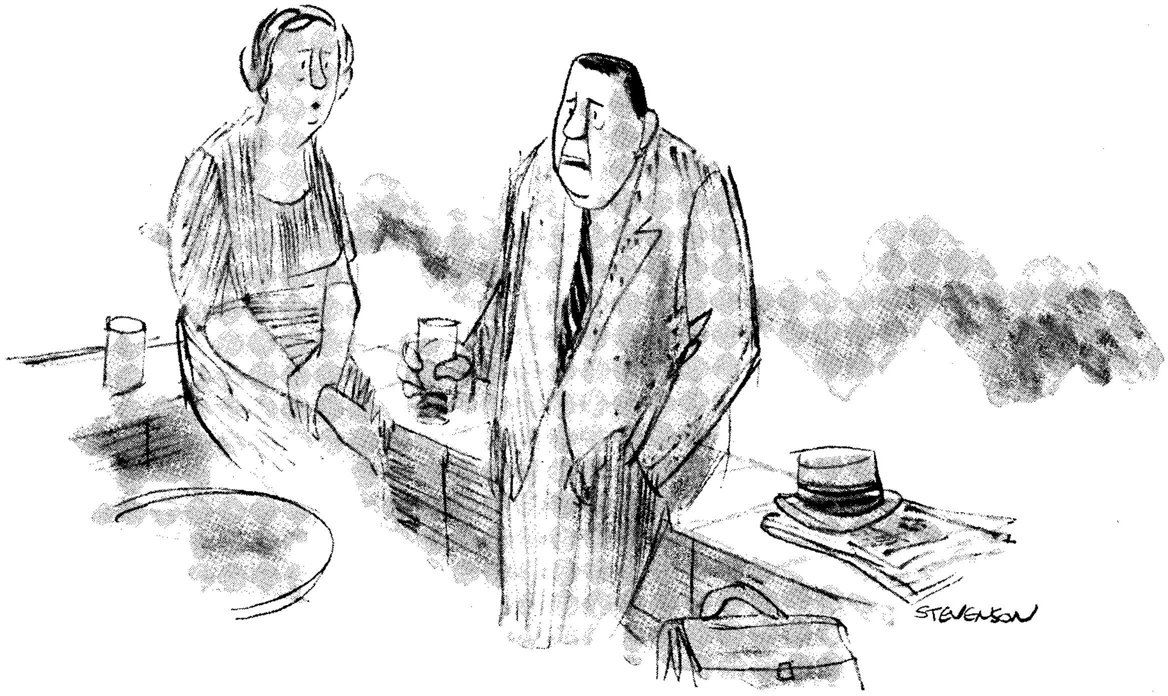
“Julius, someone told me you’re selling the acoustics to Lincoln Center,” a passing lady said, and, after going home for a nap, we presented ourself at the White and Gold Suite of the Plaza, where the United States Committee for the United Nations had invited us “to meet with The Honorable Adlai E. Stevenson at the ‘coming-out party’ of ‘Three Billion Millionaires,’ ” which was described, on the back of the invitation, as an album of recorded music that “disarmingly describes some of the basic problems confronting our world: Hunger, color, war, and the population explosion—and our relations with one another.”

“The party has been changed to the Terrace Room,” a hotel employee said, and when we got there, Mr. Roger P. Sonnabend, president of the Hotel Corporation of America, which owns the Plaza, informed us that the switch had been made to accommodate an unexpectedly large number of guests. These did not include Mr. Stevenson during the hour and a half we hung around, but we sat down at a table next to a dark-haired lady who told us she was chief of medical illustration at a Veterans Administration Hospital. “I paint and draw operations, especially those in which the doctors are trying to show a new procedure, and I am also in charge of medical photography,” she said. “Most of the leading hospitals and medical schools have medical artists.” We asked her what she was doing at the party, and she said, “I’m a neighbor of Diane Lampert and Peter Farrow, who did the book and lyrics for the record. They invited me.”

The next day found us back at the Plaza (in the Mayflower Room) for a Premier Press Showing of Imagination on Soap, given by the Purex Corporation, makers of Sweetheart soap. Tables were covered with cakes of Sweetheart that had been painted, or decorated with beads, buttons, felt, sequins, ribbon, or tulle, or sculpted into turtles, fish, birds, *und so weiter*. “People all over the country—average citizens—have been doing this for years and have been sending them in to us,” a Purex officer told us. “We decided to give them a show. We’re thinking of starting a club called United Soap Decorators of America. We bought Sweetheart from the Manhattan Soap Company seven years ago. We also manufacture Dutch Cleanser, Cuticura, and several detergents.”

We remarked that we supposed any kind of soap could be decorated.

“Sweetheart lends itself peculiarly to decoration, because it is oval-shaped and has curlicues,” the Purex man said. “There’s a tremendous surge of this art in the Los Angeles area. Have a drink.”



“I could accept being replaced by a machine. But being replaced by Hubie Beekner!”

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FIFTEEN minutes later, where should we be but in the Gold Room of the Sheraton-East, deep in a Sake Tasting Party, which was being given by the Officers of the Japan Sake Central Association? “*Sake* is to the Japanese what champagne is to the French and vodka is to the Russians,” Mr. Jiro Tokuyama, director of public affairs of the Japan Trade Center, told us. “You can drink it warm, in little cups, in the traditional Japanese fashion, or you can have it in the Westernized versions of ‘on the rocks’ or in a *sake* Martini, with a base of gin and a dash of orange bitters.”

WE took ours on the rocks, with two drops of lemon juice and a plate of shrimp tempura, and stopped in at the New York General Building, at Park Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, to attend a Weyerhaeuser Company Open House for its new, consolidated Eastern offices. “Our headquarters is Tacoma, but five of our Eastern divisions have been centralized here,” said Mr. Walter A. Torpey, sales manager of the New York sales office of one of them, the Folding Carton Division. He showed us around a hive of Weyerhaeuser-manufactured American-black-walnut cabinets and walnut, teak, silver-birch, and knotty-white-pine panelling; presented us with a press kit, whose contents read, in part, “The panelling conveys the character and serenity of towering forests;” and introduced us to Mr. George H. Weyerhaeuser, executive vice-president in charge of Wood Products and Timberlands. “We make such a variety of products that I find it difficult to be even rudimentary in my knowledge of them,” Mr. W. said serenely.

CLOSING our eyes as we passed a towering mass of canapés, we reached the street, taxied home, and dressed for a Lucullus Circle dinner in the Royal Ballroom of the Americana. “Didn’t see you at the Sake Tasting,” we said to Mr. C. C. Philippe, Lucullus’s founder and secretary, as we began to address ourself to twenty-two French, Italian, Austrian, and Portuguese wines and brandies. He smiled a weary Lafite Rothschild smile.

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OVERHEARD in a particularly crowded section of Macy’s, harried mother to restless five-year-old: “You’ve got to behave, Arthur, because I have no time for psychology today.”

Director

WE had a talk last week with Tony Richardson, the thirty-five-year-old English director of the new hit play “Luther” and of the forthcoming Brecht play “Arturo Ui.” Catching him when he had just emerged from the opening of the first and was preparing to submerge himself in rehearsals for the second, we pinned him down briefly in his suite at the Algonquin, where, wandering around in white socks, All-American chino pants, and a black wool pullover on top of a white shirt open at the collar, he looked like a combination of all those gaunt, underfed student-poet characters in Chekhov plays, though not tortured.

“Performances sometimes go down on opening nights, but everyone in ‘Luther’ was in peak form,” he told us, speaking with a slow, soft Oxford accent that contained one or two North of England overtones. “And the critics are much better here than in England. They have a sort of literateness and perception, an awareness of the play, and a sense of responsibility that we don’t get in England, where the critics—in the tradition of belles-lettres, supposedly—write just in order to write an amusing piece. Critics here seem to be especially good about English plays; perhaps they’re not quite as good about American plays, possibly because they’re too close to them. I don’t like critics much, actually, in any of the arts. There are times when they don’t seem to have the foggiest idea of what it’s all about. They don’t get it. Critics and creative people are bound to hate each other. They can’t help it. They’re on different sides of the fence.”

As soon as his opening was over, Mr. Richardson told us, he had got started on the sets, costumes, and auditions for the next play. “I like to have several things going at the same time,” he said. “I work best when I can switch from one thing to another.”

Pressed for a rundown on some of the

switches he would make during the next week or so, he said he'd be working on the New York opening of "Tom Jones," the movie he directed for Woodfall Films, which he founded with John Osborne in 1958 (the work would include examining the print of the movie that was sent over here, to see if its color matched the original); he'd be working on the cutting of another Woodfall movie, "Girl, with Green Eyes," which he produced just before he came over here for "Luther;" he'd be preparing to direct "The Sea Gull" and Brecht's "Joan of the Stockyards" in London this winter, and possibly "The World's Baby," by a new playwright named Michael Hastings, all three starring his wife, Vanessa Redgrave; and he'd be greeting her and their six-month-old daughter, Natasha Jane, who were coming over from London soon for Natasha Jane's first visit to this country. At some point in the early summer, he added, he would be in Hollywood, directing "The Loved One," a movie based on Evelyn Waugh's novel.

"I like being in the States," Mr. Richardson told us. "I like New York. I feel at home in New York. From the minute I first saw New York, in the summer of 1953, I knew it was the place I liked best in the world. I was just a kid, down from Oxford. I came over on one of those student trips, travelling on a hundred dollars, and lived in some crummy little hotel in the Village. There was a heat wave, and I couldn't afford air-conditioning. I just wandered around the city, walking and looking and loving New York. I stayed here a week, and then, for the next six months, with the help of friends who'd been with me at Oxford, sort of Jack Kerouac'd around America—drove to Texas and Mexico City, up the West Coast to San Francisco, and back through the Dakotas. One's personal responses are always inexplicable. It's like that marvellous thing that Henry James felt about London from the moment he went there. He left after a few days and lived in Paris and Geneva, but all the time he knew in his heart that the place where he felt at home was London. That's the way I feel about New York. I love the excitement and fun of Broadway, the unexpectedness of the whole city, the feeling that something can happen at any moment. And the sheer physical beauty of it. The way all those buildings look all lit up when you're driving down through Central Park. However much I'd like to *be* an American, I'm not. Everything about me is English. Mainly, I'm stuck."

We urged Mr. Richardson to fill us in on what he is stuck with, and he told us that he was born in Shipley, Yorkshire, on June 5, 1928, an only child. His father is a pharmacist, now semi-retired, he added, and went on to say, "Shipley is a small town, sort of a suburb of Bradford, the 'Room at the Top' town. It's like Wuthering Heights around Shipley, and just a tram ride away from this great big heavy, prosperous industrial city. I wanted to be a movie director from birth. I went to movies—American movies—endlessly, and, other than that, lived a sheltered life. I never grew up with other kids. I went to a very small private school and was then sent to boarding school—Ashville College, which had been evacuated from Harrogate to Westmorland, in the Lake District. Boarding school was such a traumatic shock that I didn't get to know any of the kids there, either. I spent my free time alone, wandering around communing with nature. I learned one thing. If you absolutely refuse to do anything you don't want to do, they can't touch you. All they can do is chuck you out or give you your own way. You can always force other people to come to terms with you, and they always do. I directed my first play, 'Everyman,' for the drama festival at school, when I was twelve, and continued directing at Oxford, a very good place for taking three years off at a time when it's terribly important to be free of all pressures except those of doing all the things you want to do."

In 1956, Richardson, having settled in London, helped found the English Stage Company—with, among others, George Devine—at the Royal Court Theatre, where, that same year, he directed John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger." The play had been sent to the producers cold, and when they looked up the author, they found him living, on practically nothing, in a barge on the Thames. Richardson at the time lived in a small apartment a few blocks away, overlooking the river. Osborne was working sporadically at odd acting jobs, and Richardson, who was then connected with television, was able to help keep the young playwright going by getting him some work as an extra until "Look Back in Anger" was produced. After that, Richardson directed another Osborne play, "The Entertainer," and, with the formation of Woodfall, the movie versions of both plays.

In 1957, by invitation, Richardson took "Look Back in Anger" to the Moscow Art Theatre. "I loathed the conformity and the drabness of Russia and the endless sort of bureaucracy that was present everywhere—except in the Moscow Art Theatre, where the people were most extraordinary," Mr. Richardson said. "Electricians learned the whole play in English and worked the whole show with very complicated lighting effects. But you didn't meet many young people who were alive. They were so very, very conformist. I didn't like East Germany, either. You get the feeling that the Communist Party is running the country and despising the people. West Germany, on the other hand, is disgusting and degrading and materialistic. A real spiritual wasteland. Just terrifying. I am uneasy about the culture boom in the States. The culture boom and everything that goes with it is sham. There are some words in 'Luther' that describe it: 'Shells for shells, empty things for empty men.' I'd rather see one performance of Martha Graham than all the boom put together. It's a sham concocted by the same people who put labels on things because they have no other way of grasping things. It's a convenient way of stopping living, instead of responding at every moment to whatever experience is there for you at that particular moment. It's a lot of people just walking around dead. It's all like some of the English theatre companies and that certain English group that thinks that if you create an institution, the institution automatically creates art. The truth, of course, is that art creates the institution. Work should speak for itself. I love working. I love working with people. The communication should be in the work. I'm not drawn to television. That's just nothing. It's good for reporting things at the moment. It's a very fast and rough means of producing film, but nothing that you can't do better in a movie. I just absolutely love being on a movie set or on a stage, trying to make something come to life."

Enterprising

A FRIEND of ours, fresh from the opening game of the World Series, rushed to a phone to tell us breathlessly of a shiny Cadillac sedan parked outside the Yankee Stadium. We were totally unimpressed until our correspondent explained that a regulation hot-dog pushcart, complete with orange umbrella and steaming sauerkraut containers, was attached to the Cadillac and was doing business as usual.

MARIE, MARIE, HOLD ON TIGHT

Henry Mackie, Edward Asher, and Howard Ettle braved a rainstorm to demonstrate against the human condition on Wednesday, September 25th (and Marie, you should have used waterproof paint; the signs were a mess after half an hour). They began at St. John the Precursor, on Sixty-fifth Street, at 1:30 P.M., picketing with signs bearing the slogans "MAN DIES!," "THE BODY IS DISGUST!," "ABANDON LOVE!," and "COGITO ERGO NOTHING!" and handing out announcements of Henry Mackie's lecture at the Plamor Lanes the next evening. There was much interest among bystanders in the vicinity of the church. A man who said his name was William Rochester came up to give encouragement; "That's the *way!*" he said. At about one-fifty, a fat, richly dressed beadle emerged from the church to dispute our right to picket. He had dewlaps that shook unpleasantly and, I am sorry to say, did not look like a good man.

"All right," he said, "now move on, you have to move along, you *can't* picket us!" He said that the church had never been picketed, that it could not be picketed without its permission, that it owned the sidewalk, and that he was going to call the police. Henry Mackie, Edward Asher, and Howard Ettle had already checked with the police, who informed us that we were within our constitutional rights, and we confirmed this by giving him the name of the officer we had talked with at Police Headquarters. The beadle was intensely irritated at this and stormed back inside the church to report to someone higher up. Henry Mackie said, "Well, get ready for the lightning bolt," and Edward Asher and Howard Ettle laughed.

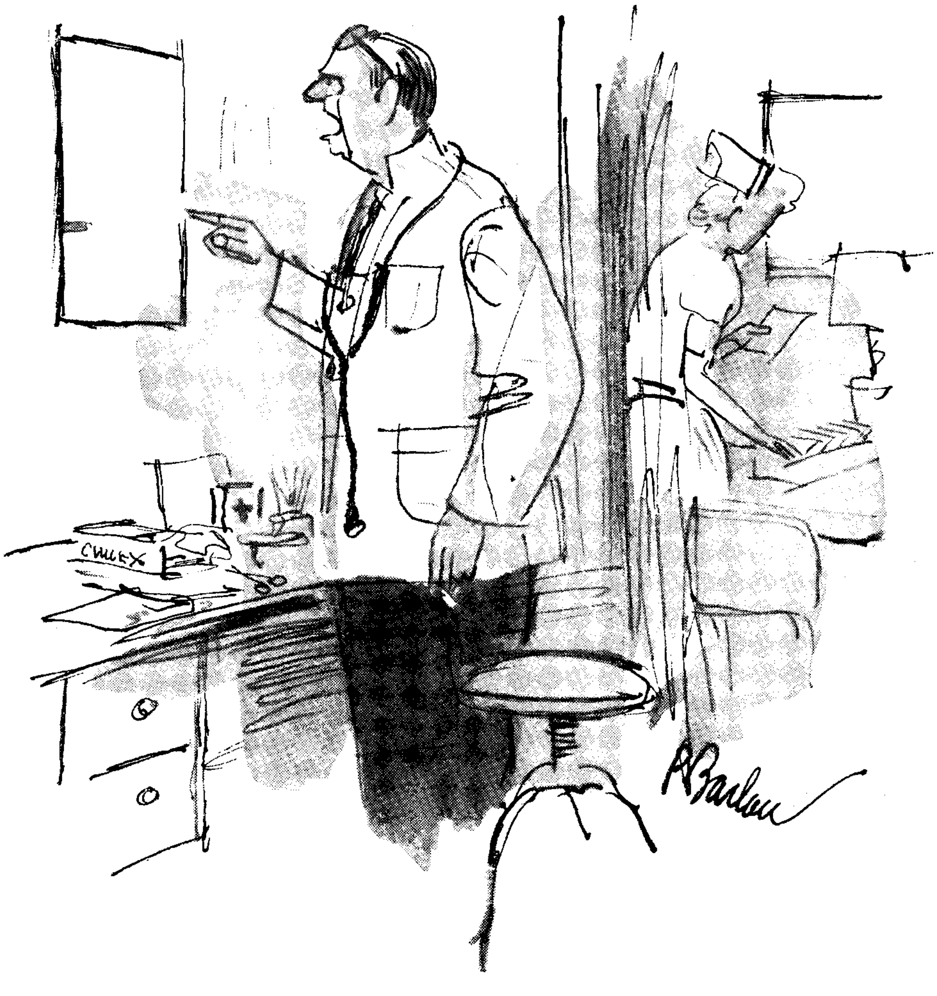
Interest in the demonstration among walkers on Sixty-fifth Street increased and a number of people accepted our leaflet and began to ask the pickets questions, such as "What do you mean?" and "Were you young men raised in the church?" The pickets replied to these questions quietly but firmly and in as much detail as casual passersby could be expected to be interested in. Some of the walkers made taunting remarks—"Cogito ergo your old man" is one I remember—but the demeanor of the pickets was exemplary at all times, even later, when, as Henry Mackie put it, "things began to get a little rough." (Marie, you would have been proud of us.) People who care about the rights of pickets should realize that these rights are threatened mostly not by the police, who generally do not molest you if you have gone through the appropriate bureaucratic procedures, but by individuals who come up to you and try to pull your sign out of your hands or, in one case, spit at you. The man who did the latter was, surprisingly, very well dressed. What could be happening within an individual like that? He didn't even ask questions as to the nature and purpose of the demonstration, just spat and walked away. He didn't say a word. We wondered about him.

At about 2 P.M., a very high-up official in a black clerical suit emerged from the church and asked us if we had ever heard of Kierkegaard. It was raining on him, just as it was on the pickets, but he didn't seem to mind. "This demonstration displays a Kierkegaardian spirit which I understand," he said, and then requested that we transfer our operations to some other place. Henry Mackie had a very interesting discussion of about ten minutes' duration with this official, during which photographs were taken by the New York *Post*, *Newsweek*, and C.B.S. Television whom Henry Mackie had alerted prior to the demonstration. The photographers made the churchman a little nervous, but you have to hand it to him, he maintained his phony attitude of polite interest almost to the last. He said several rather bromidic things like "The human condition is the given; it's what we *do* with it that counts" and "The body is simply the temple wherein the soul dwells," which Henry Mackie countered with his famous question "*Why does it have to be that way?*," which has dumfounded so many orthodox religionists and thinkers and with which he first won Edward Asher and me to his banner in the first place.

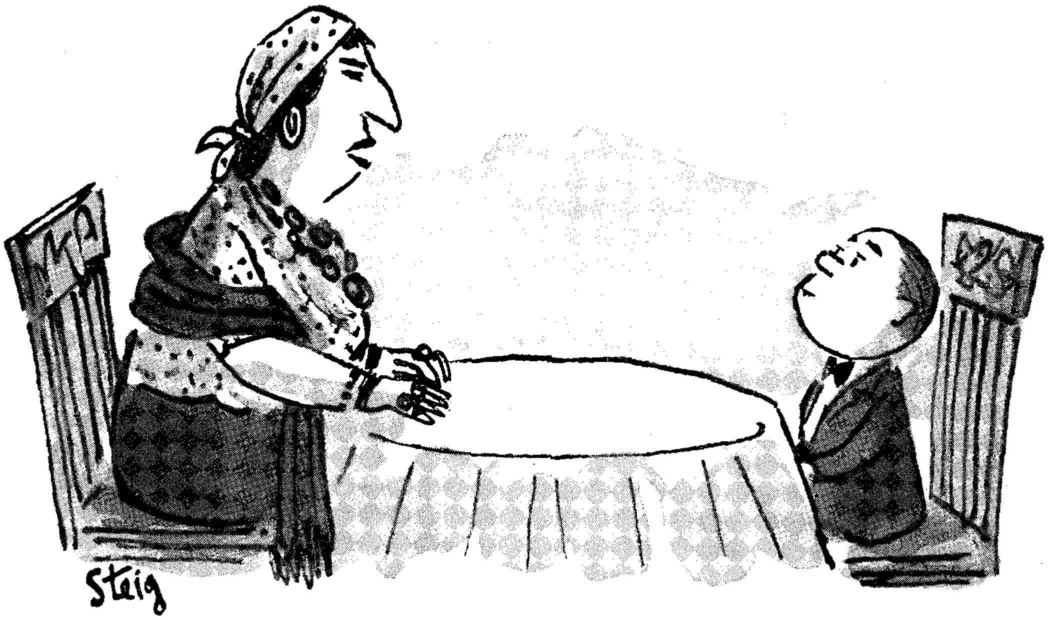
"*Why?*" the churchman exclaimed. It was clear that he was radically taken aback. "Because it *is* that way. You have to deal with what is. With reality."

"But why does it *have* to be that way?" Henry Mackie repeated, employing the technique of the question, which used in this way is unanswerable. A blush of anger and frustration crossed the churchman's features. (It probably didn't register on your TV screen, Marie, but I was there, I saw it—it was beautiful.)

"The human condition is a funda-



"Yes, you! I'm restricting you to half a pack a day!"



"I see trouble with algebra."

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mental datum," the cleric stated. "It is immutable, fixed, and changeless. To say otherwise—"

"Precisely why it must be challenged," Henry Mackie said.

"But," the cleric said, "it is God's will."

"Yes," Henry Mackie said significantly.

The churchman then retired into his church, muttering and shaking his head. The rain had damaged our signs somewhat, but the slogans were still legible, and we had extra signs cached in Edward Asher's car anyway. In the next hour, a number of innocents crossed the picket line to worship, including several who looked as if they might be from the F.B.I. The pickets had realized in laying their plans the danger that they might be taken for Communists. This eventuality was provided for by the mimeographed leaflets, which carefully explained that the pickets were not Communists and cited Edward Asher's and Howard Ettle's Army service, including Asher's Commendation Ribbon. "We, as you, are law-abiding American citizens who support the Constitution and pay taxes," the leaflet says. "We are simply opposed to the ruthless way in which the human condition has been imposed on organisms that have done nothing to deserve it and are unable to escape it. *Why does it have to be that way?*" The leaflet goes on to discuss, in simple language, the various unfortunate aspects of the human condition, including death, unseemly and degrading bodily functions, limitations on human understanding, and the chimera of love. The leaflet concludes with the section headed "What Is to Be Done?," which Henry Mackie says is a famous revolutionary catchword and which outlines, in clear, simple language, Henry Mackie's program for the reification of the human condition from the ground up.

A Negro lady came up, took one of the leaflets, read it carefully, and then said, "They look like Communists to me!" Edward Asher commented that no matter how clearly things were explained to the people, the people always wanted to believe you were a Communist. He said that when he demonstrated once in Miami against vivisection of helpless animals he was accused of being a Nazi Communist, which was, he explained, a contradiction in terms. He said ladies were usually the worst.

By then, the large crowd that had gathered when the television men came had drifted away. The three of us therefore shifted the site of the demonstration to Rockefeller Plaza in Rockefeller Center, via Edward Asher's car. Here were many people loafing, digesting lunch, etc., and we used the spare signs, which had new messages including

WHY ARE YOU STANDING
WHERE YOU ARE STANDING?

THE SOUL IS NOT!

NO MORE
ART
CULTURE
LOVE

REMEMBER YOU ARE DUST!

The rain had stopped and the flowers smelled marvellously fine. The pickets took up positions near a restaurant. (I wish you'd been there, Marie, because it reminded me of something—something you said that night we went to Bloomingdale's and bought your new cerise-colored bathing suit: "The color a new baby has," you said, and the flowers were like that, some of them.) People with cameras hanging around their necks took pictures of us, as if they had never seen a demonstration before. The pickets remarked among themselves that it was funny to think of the tourists keeping pictures of us demonstrating in their scrapbooks in California, Iowa, Michigan—people we didn't know and who didn't know us or care anything about the demonstration or, for that matter, the human condition itself, in which they were so steeped that they couldn't stand off and look at it and know it for what it was. "It's a paradigmatic situation," Henry Mackie said, "exemplifying the distance between the potential knowers holding a common-sense view of the world and what is to be known, which escapes them as they pursue their mundane existences."

AT this time (2:45 P.M.), the demonstrators were approached by a group of youths between the ages, I would say, of sixteen and twenty-one. They were dressed in hood jackets, T shirts, tight pants, etc., and were very obviously delinquents from bad environments and broken homes where they had received no love. They ringed the pickets in a threatening manner. There were about seven of them. The leader (and Marie, he wasn't the oldest; he was younger than some of them—tall, with a peculiar face, blank and intelligent at the same time) walked around looking at our signs with exaggerated curiosity. "What are you guys?" he said finally. "Some kind of creeps or something?"

Henry Mackie replied quietly that the pickets were American citizens pursuing their right to demonstrate peaceably under the Constitution.

The leader looked at Henry Mackie. "You're flits, you guys, huh?" he said. He then snatched a handful of leaflets out of Edward Asher's hands, and when Edward Asher attempted to recover them, danced away out of reach while two others stood in Asher's way. "What do you flits think you're doin'?" the leader said. "What *is* this jazz?"

"You haven't got any right—" Henry Mackie started to say, but the leader of the youths moved very close to him then.

"What do you mean, you don't believe in God?" he said. The other ones moved in closer, too.

"That is not the question," Henry Mackie said. "Belief or non-belief is not at issue. The situation remains the same whether you believe or not. The human condition is—"

"Listen," the leader said, "I thought all you guys went to church every day. Now you tell me that flits don't believe in God. You putting me on?"

Henry Mackie repeated that belief was not involved and said that it was, rather, a question of man helpless in the grip of a definition of himself that he had not drawn, that could not be altered by human action, and that was in fundamental conflict with every human notion of what should obtain. The pickets were simply subjecting this state of affairs to a radical questioning, he said.

"You're putting me on," the youth said, and attempted to kick Henry Mackie in the groin, but Mackie turned away in time. However, the other youths then jumped the pickets, right in the middle of Rockefeller Plaza. Henry Mackie was thrown to the pavement and kicked repeatedly in the head, Edward Asher's coat was ripped off his back and he sustained many blows in the kidneys and elsewhere, and Howard Ettle was given a broken rib by a youth called Cutter or something like that who shoved him against a wall and smashed him viciously, even though bystanders tried to interfere (a few of them). All this happened in a very short period of time. The pickets' signs were broken and smashed and their leaflets scattered everywhere. A policeman summoned by bystanders tried to catch the youths, but they got away through the lobby of the Associated Press Building and he returned empty-handed. Medical aid was summoned for the pickets. Photos were taken.

"Senseless violence," Edward Asher said later. "They didn't understand that—"

"On the contrary," Henry Mackie said, "they understand everything better than anybody."

The next evening, at 8 P.M., Henry Mackie delivered his lecture in the upstairs meeting room at the Plamor Lanes, as had been announced in the leaflet. The crowd was very small but attentive and interested. Henry Mackie had his head bandaged in a white bandage. He delivered his lecture titled "What Is to Be Done?" with good diction and enunciation and in a strong voice. He was very eloquent. And eloquence, Henry Mackie says, is really as much as any of us can hope for.

—DONALD BARTHELME

CHERRYLOG ROAD

Off Highway 106
At Cherrylog Road, I entered
The '34 Ford without wheels,
Smothered in kudzu,
With a seat pulled out to run
Corn whiskey down from the hills,

And then, from the other side,
Crept into an Essex
With a rumble seat of red leather,
And then, out again, aboard
A blue Chevrolet, releasing
The rust from its other color,

Reared up on three building blocks.
None had the same body heat;
I changed with them inward, toward
The weedy heart of the junk yard,
For I knew that Charlotte Holbrook
Would escape from her father at noon

And would come from the farm
To seek parts owned by the sun
Among the abandoned chassis,
Sitting in each in turn
As I did, leaning forward,
As in a wild stock-car race

In the parking lot of the dead.
Time after time, I climbed in
And out the other side, like
An envoy or movie star
Met at the station by crickets.
A radiator cap raised its head,

Become a real toad or a kingsnake,
As I neared the hub of the yard,
Passing through many states,
Many lives, to reach
Some grandmother's long Pierce-Arrow
Sending platters of blindness forth

From its nickel hubcaps
And spilling its tender upholstery
On sleepy roaches,
The glass panel in between
Lady and colored driver
Not all the way broken out,

The back-seat phone
Still on its hook.
I got in as though to exclaim,
"Let us go to the orphan asylum,
John; I have some old toys
For children who say their prayers."

I popped with sweat as I thought
I heard Charlotte Holbrook scrape
Like a mouse in the Southern-state sun
That was eating the paint in blisters
From a hundred car tops and hoods.
She was tapping like code,

Loosening the screws,
Carrying off headlights,
Sparkplugs, bumpers,
Cracked mirrors and gear knobs,
Getting ready, already,
To go back with something to show

Other than her lips' new trembling
I would hold to me soon, soon,
Where I sat in the ripped back seat
Talking over the interphone,
Praying for Charlotte Holbrook
To come from her father's farm

And to get back there
With no trace of me on her face
To be seen by her red-haired father,
Who would change, in the squalling barn,
Her back's pale skin with a strop,
Then lay for me

In a bootlegger's roasting car
With a string-triggered 12-gauge shotgun
To blast the breath from the air.
Not cut by the jagged windshields,
Through the acres of wrecks she came,
With a wrench in her hand,

Through dust where the blacksnake dies
Of boredom, and the beetle knows
The compost has no more life.
Someone outside would have seen
The oldest car's door inexplicably
Close from within.

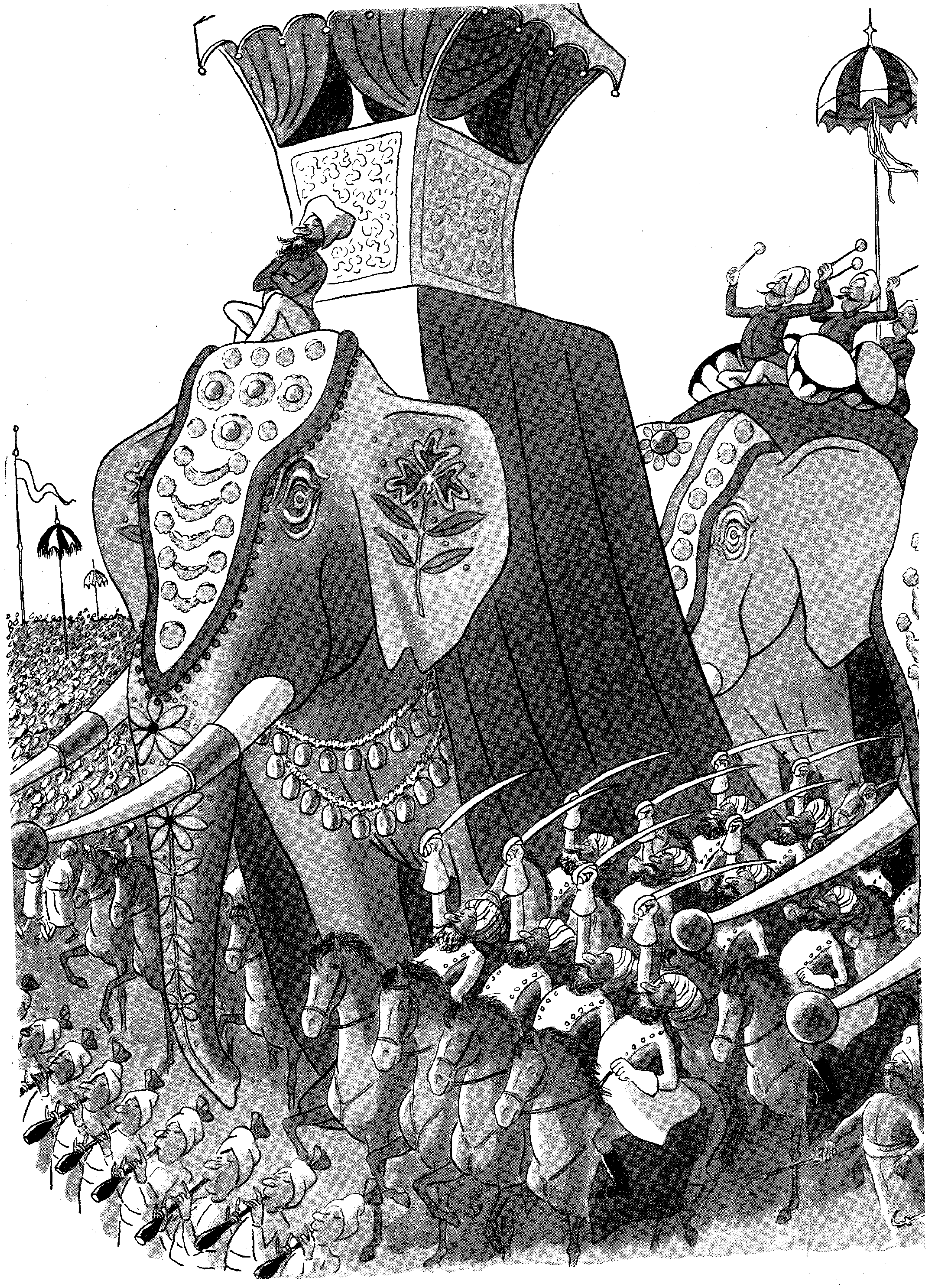
I held her and held her and held her,
Convoyed at terrific speed
By the stalled, dreaming traffic around us,
So the blacksnake, stiff
With inaction, curved back
Into life, and hunted the mouse

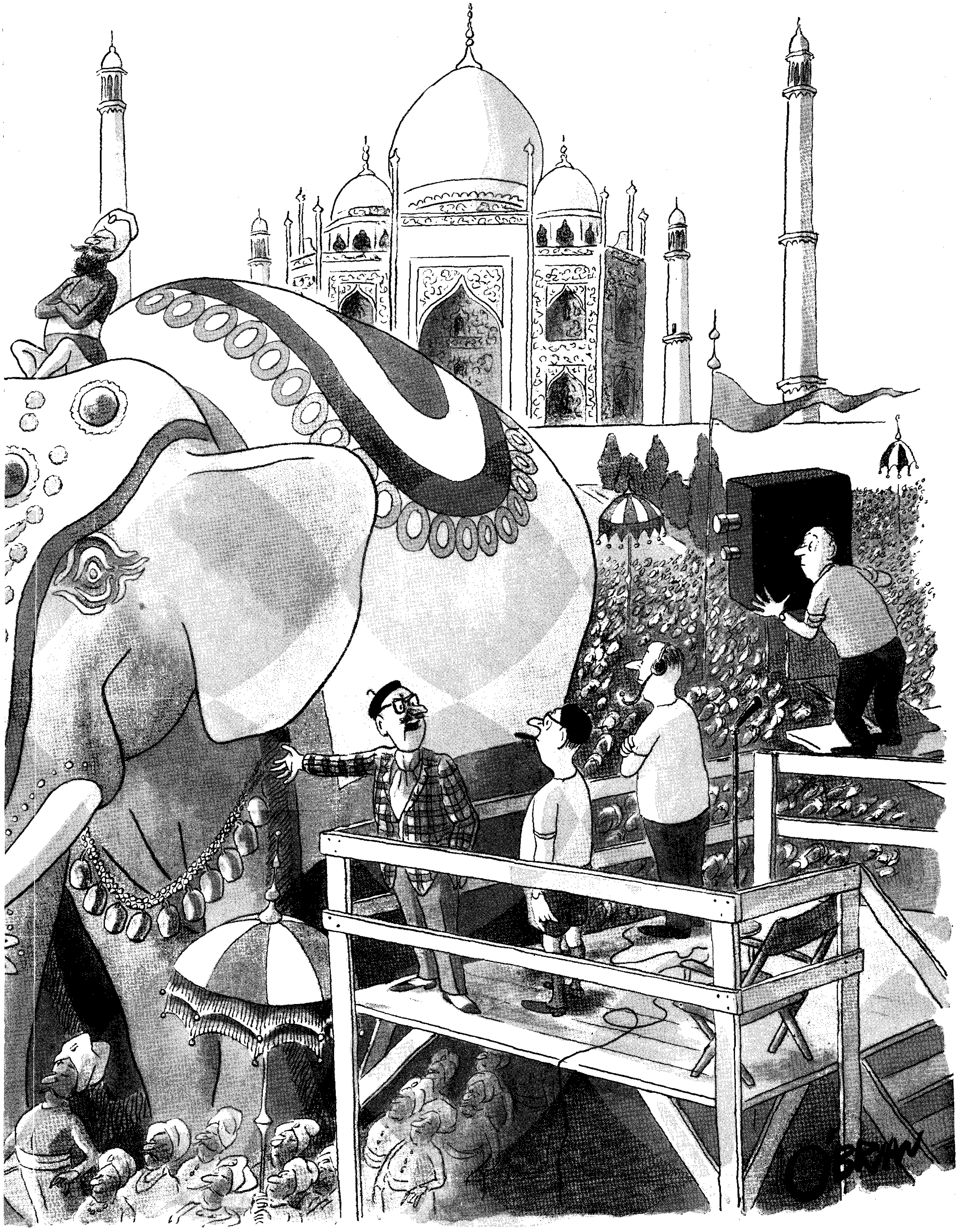
With deadly overexcitement,
The beetles reclaimed their field
As we clung, glued together,
With the hooks of the seat springs
Working through to catch us red-handed
Amidst the gray, breathless batting

That burst from the seat at our backs.
We left by separate doors
Into the changed, other bodies
Of cars, she down Cherrylog Road,
And I to my motorcycle,
Parked like the soul of the junk yard

Restored, a bicycle fleshed
With power, and tore off
Up Highway 106, continually
Drunk on the wind in my mouth,
Wringing the handlebars for speed,
Wild to be wreckage forever.

—JAMES DICKEY





"You call that pomp?"

AN UNMARRIED MAN'S SUMMER

I

THE great age of the winter society Walter Henderson frequents on the French Riviera makes him seem young to himself and a stripling to his friends. In a world of elderly widows his relative youth appears a virtue, his existence as a bachelor a precious state. All winter long he drives his sporty little Singer over empty roads, on his way to parties at Beaulieu, or Roquebrune, or Cap Ferrat. From the sea he and his car must look like a drawing of insects: a firefly and a flea. He drives gaily, as if it were summer. He is often late. He has a disarming gesture of smoothing his hair as he makes his apologies. Sometimes his excuse has to do with Angelo, his hilarious and unpredictable manservant. Or else it is Mme. Rossi, the *femme de ménage*, who has been having a moody day. William of Orange, Walter's big old ginger tomcat, comes into the account. As Walter describes his household, he is the victim of servants and pet animals, he is chief player in an endless imbroglio of intrigue, swindle, cuckoldry—all of it funny, of course; haven't we laughed at Molière?

"*Darling* Walter," his great friend Mrs. Wiggott has often said to him. "*This* could only happen to *you*."

He tells his stories in peaceful dining rooms, to a circle of loving, attentive faces. He is surrounded by the faces of women. Their eyes are fixed on his dotingly, but in homage to another man: a young lover killed in the 1914 war; an adored but faithless son. "Naughty Walter," murmurs Mrs. Wiggott. "*Wicked* boy." Walter must be wicked, for part of the memory of every vanished husband or lover or son is the print of his cruelty. Walter's old friends are nursing bruised hearts. Mrs. Wiggott's injuries span four husbands, counted on four arthritic fingers—the gambler, the dipsomaniac, the dago, and poor Wiggott, who ate a good breakfast one morning and walked straight in front of a train. "None of my husbands was from my own walk of life," Mrs. Wiggott has said to Walter. "I made such mistakes with men, trying to bring them up to my level. I've often thought, Walter, if only I had met *you* forty years ago!"

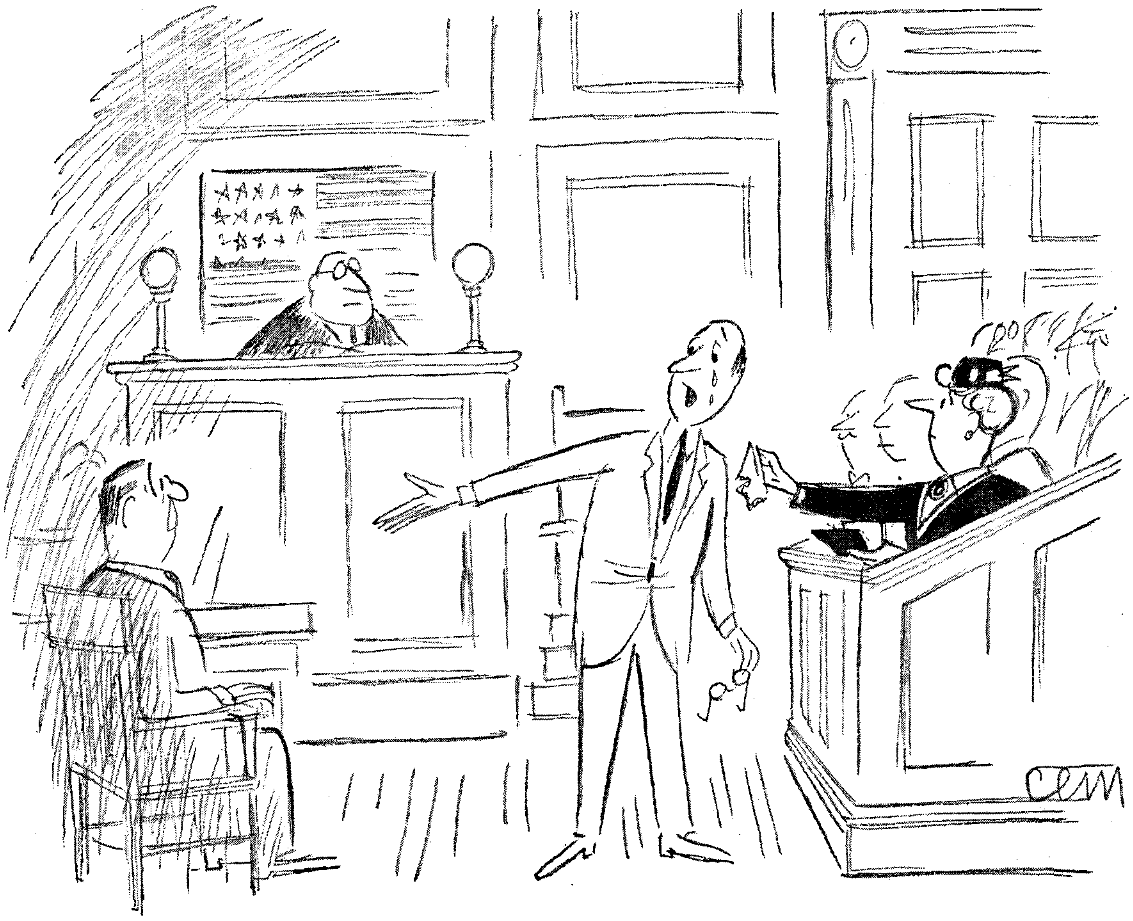
"Yes, indeed," says Walter heartily, smoothing his hair.

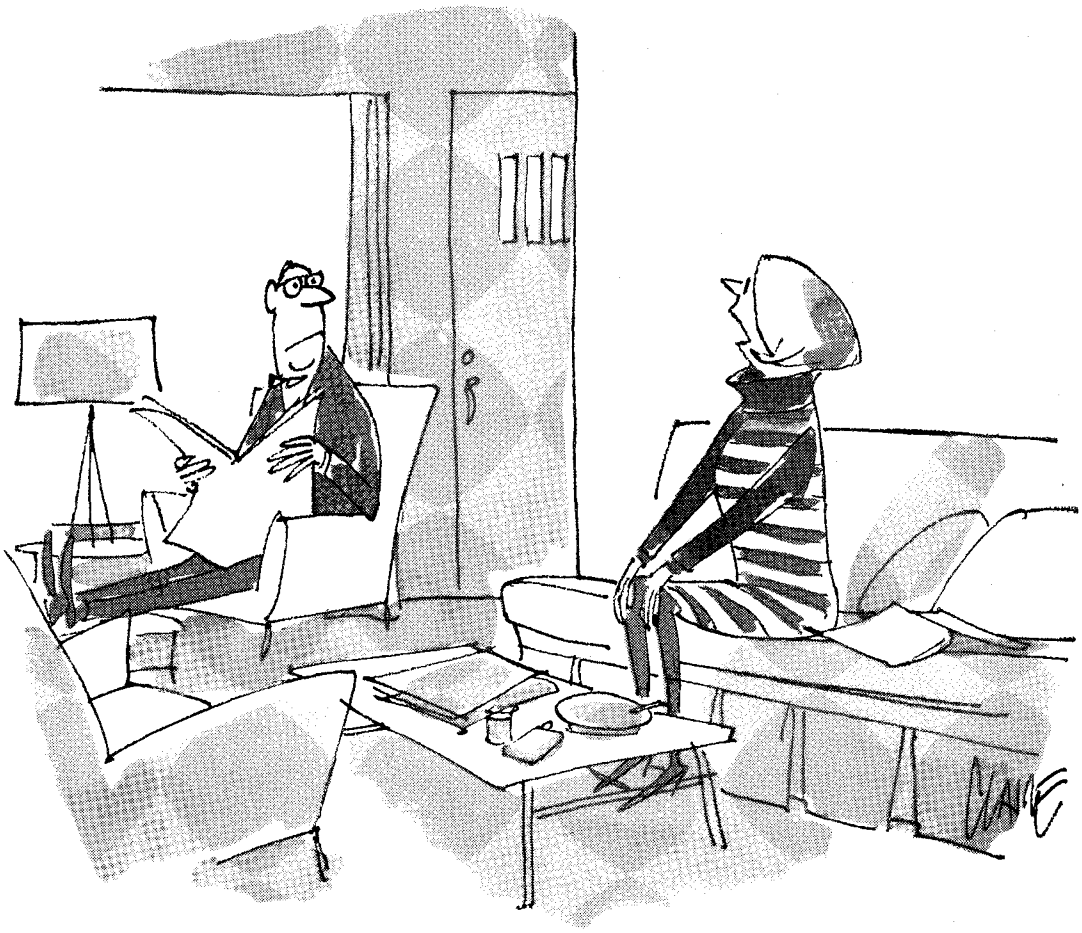
They have lost their time sense in this easy climate; when Mrs. Wiggott was on the lookout for a second husband forty years ago, Walter was five.

"IF your life isn't exactly the way you want it to be by the time you are forty-five," said Walter's father, whom he admired, "not much point in continuing. You might as well hang yourself." He also said, "Parenthood is sacred. Don't go about creating children right and left;" this when Walter was twelve. Walter's Irish grandmother said, "Don't touch the maids," which at least was practical. "I stick to the women who respect and admire me," declared his godfather. He was a bachelor, a great diner-out. "What good is beauty to a boy?" Walter's mother lamented. "I have such a plain little girl, poor little Eve. Couldn't it have been shared?" "Nothing fades faster than the beauty of a boy." Walter has read that, but cannot remember where.

A mosaic picture of Walter's life early in the summer of his forty-fifth year would have shown him dead center, where nothing can seem more upsetting than a punctured tire or more thrilling than a sunny day. On his right is Angelo, the comic valet. Years ago, Angelo followed Walter through the streets of a shadeless, hideous town. He was begging for coins; that was their introduction. Now he is seventeen, and quick as a knife. In the mosaic image, Walter's creation, he is indolent, capricious, more trouble than he is worth. Mme. Rossi, the *femme de ménage*, is made to smile. She is slovenly but good-tempered, she sings, her feet are at ease in decaying shoes. Walter puts it about that she is in love with a driver on the Monte Carlo bus. That is the role he has given her in his dinner-party stories. He has to say something about her to bring her to life. The cat, William of Orange, is in Angelo's arms. As a cat, he is film star, prizefighter, and stubbornness itself; as a personality, he lives in a cloud of black thoughts. The figures make a balanced and nearly perfect design, supported by a frieze of pallida iris in mauve, purple, and white.

The house in the background, the stucco façade with yellow shutters, three





"Why do we always wait until the very last minute to worry about Christmas? Right now is the time to start worrying."

brick steps, and Venetian door, is called Les Anémones. It belongs to two spinsters, Miss Cooper and Miss Le Chaine. They let Walter live here, rent-free, with the understanding that he pay the property taxes, which are small, and keep the garden alive and the roof in repair. Miss Cooper is headmistress of a school in England; Miss Le Chaine is her oldest friend. When Miss Cooper retires from her post fifteen years from now, she and Miss Le Chaine plan to come down to the Riviera and live in Les Anémones forever. Walter will then be sixty years of age and homeless. He supposes he ought to be doing something about it; he ought to start looking around for another place. He sees himself, aged sixty, Mrs. Wiggott's permanent guest, pushing her in a Bath chair along the Promenade des Anglais at Nice. It is such a disgusting prospect that he hates Mrs. Wiggott because of the imaginary chair.

Walter knows that pushing a Bath chair would be small return for everything Mrs. Wiggott has done for him: it was Mrs. Wiggott who persuaded Miss Cooper and Miss Le Chaine there might be a revolution here—nothing to do with politics, just a wild upheaval of some kind. (Among Walter's hostesses, chaos is expected from week to week, and in some seasons almost hourly.) With revolution a certain future, is it not wise to have someone like Walter in charge of one's house? Someone who will die on the brick doorstep, if need be, in the interests of Miss Cooper and Miss Le Chaine? Having had a free house for many years, and desiring the arrangement to continue, Walter will feel he has something to defend. So runs Mrs. Wiggott's reasoning, and it does sound sane. It sounded sane to the two ladies in England, luckily for him. He does not expect a revolution, because he does not expect anything; he would probably defend Les Anémones because he couldn't imagine where else he might go. This house is a godsend, because Walter is hard up. In spite of the total appearance of the mosaic, he has to live very carefully indeed, never wanting anything beyond the moment. He has a pension from the last war, and he shares the income of a small trust fund with his sister Eve, married and farming in South Africa. When anyone asks Walter why he has never married, he smiles and says he cannot support a wife. No argument there.

This picture belongs to the winter months. Summer is something else. In all seasons the sea is blocked from his view by a large hotel. From May to October, this hotel is festooned with drying bathing suits. Its kitchen sends the steam of tons of boiled potatoes over Walter's hedge. His hostesses have fled the heat; his telephone is still. He lolls on a garden chair, rereading his boyhood books—the Kipling, the bound albums of *Chums*. He tries to give Angelo lessons in English literature, using his old schoolbooks, but Angelo is silly, laughs; and if Walter persists in trying to teach him anything, he says he feels sick. Mme. Rossi carries ice up from the shop in a string bag. It is half melted when she arrives, and it leaves its trail along the path and over the terrace and through the house to the kitchen. In August, even she goes to the mountains, leaving Walter, Angelo, and the cat to get on as best they can. Walter wraps a sliver of ice in a handkerchief and presses the handkerchief to his wrists. He is deafened by cicadas and nauseated by the smell of jasmine. His skin does not sweat; most of his body is covered with puckered scars. Twenty years ago, he was badly burned. He reads, but does not quite know what he is reading. Fortunately, his old books were committed to memory years before.

At last the good weather fades, the crowds go away. The hotel closes its shutters. His hostesses return. They have survived the season in Scotland and Switzerland—somewhere rainy and cold. They are back now, in time for the winter rain. All at once Walter's garden seems handsome, with the great fig tree over the terrace, and the Judas tree waiting for its late-winter flowering. After Christmas the iris will bloom, and Walter will show his tottering visitors around. "I put in the iris," he explains, "but, of course, Miss Cooper shall have them when I go." This sounds as though he means to die on the stroke of sixty, leaving the iris as a mauve-and-white memorial along the path. "Naughty Walter," Mrs. Wiggott chides him. "Morbid boy." Yet the only morbid remark he has ever made in her presence went unheard, or at least unanswered: "I wish it had been finished off for me in the last war." That last war, recalled by fragments of shell dug up in Riviera gardens, was for many of his present friends the last commerce with life, if life means discomfort, bad news. They still see, without reading them, the slogans praising Mussolini, relics of the Italian occupation of the coast. Walter has a faded old *Viva* on the door to his garage. He thought he might paint over it one day, but Mrs. Wiggott asked him not to. Her third husband was a high-up Fascist, close to Mussolini. Twenty years ago, she wore a smart black uniform, tailored for her in Paris, and she had a jaunty tasselled hat. She was the first foreign woman to give her wedding ring to the great Italian gold collection; at least she says she was. But Walter has met two other women, one Belgian and one American, who claim the same thing.

II

HE lay in a garden chair that summer—the summer he had not hanged himself, having arranged life exactly as he wanted it—unshaven, surviving, when a letter arrived that contained disagreeable news. His sister and brother-in-law had sold their African farm, were flying to England, and intended to stop off and have a short holiday with him on the way. His eyes were bloodshot. He did not read the letter more than twice. He had loved his sister, but she had married a farmer, a *Punch* squire, blunt, ignorant, Anglo-Irish. Walter, who had the same mixture in his blood, liked to think that Frank Osborn had "the worst of both." Frank was a countryman. He despised city life, yet the country got the better of him every time. In twelve years in Africa, he and Eve had started over twice. He attracted bad luck. Once, Eve wrote Walter asking if he would let some of the capital out of the trust whose income they shared. She and Frank wanted to buy new equipment, expand. They had two children now, a girl and a boy. She hinted that halving the income was no longer quite fair. Walter answered the letter without making any mention of her request, and was thankful to hear no more about it.

Now, dead center of summer, she was making a new claim: she was demanding a holiday. Walter saw pretty clearly what had happened. Although Frank and Eve had not yet been dispossessed in South Africa, they were leaving while the going was good. Eve wrote that no decent person could stand the situation down there, and Walter thought that might well be the truth, but only part of it; the rest of the truth was they had failed. They kept trying, which was possibly to their credit; but they had failed. Five days after the arrival of this letter came a second letter, giving the date of their arrival—August 15th.

BURDENS OF HIGH OFFICE

As they walked out of the Presidential office, Mr. Kennedy took a white handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the boy's nose.—*The Times.*

A President's work is never done,
His burdens press from sun to sun:
A Berlin wall, a racial brew,
A tax-cut bill, a Madame Nhu.
One crisis ebbs, another flows—
And here comes John with a runny nose.

A President must rise and dress,
See senators, and meet the press,
Be always bold, be sometimes wary,
Be kind to foreign dignitary,
And while he's fending off our foes
Bend down and wipe a little boy's nose.

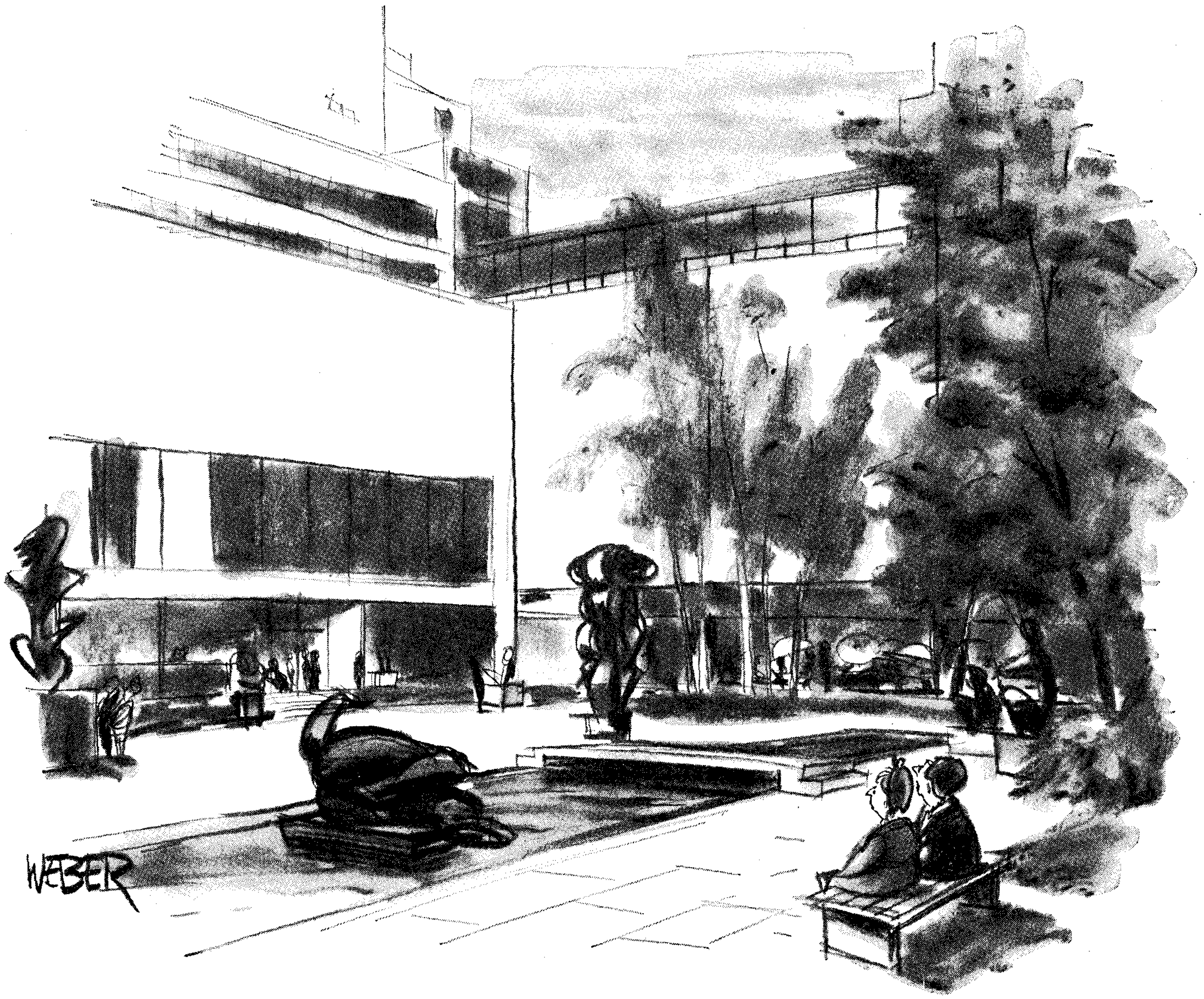
—E. B. W.

• •

On the fifteenth of August, Walter stood upon his terrace in an attitude of welcome. A little behind him was Angelo, excited as only an Italian can be by the idea of "family." William of Orange sat on the doorstep, between two tubs, each holding an orange tree. Walter had not met the family at the airport, because there was no room for them all in the Singer, and because Eve had written a third letter, telling him not to meet them. The Osborns were to be looked after by a man from Cook's, who was bringing to the airport a Citroën Frank had hired. In the Citroën they proposed to get from the airport to Walter, a distance of only thirty-odd miles, but through summer traffic and over unfamiliar roads. Walter thought of them hanging out the car windows, shouting questions. He knew there were two children, but pictured six. He thought of them lost, and the six children in tears.

Toward the end of the afternoon, when Walter had been pacing the terrace, or nervously listening, for the better part of the day, Angelo shouted that he heard children's voices on the other side of the hedge. Walter instantly took up a new position. He seemed to be protecting the house against the expected revolution. Then—there was no mistaking it—he heard car doors slammed, and the whole family calling out. He stared down the path to the gate, between the clumps of iris Angelo had cut back after the last flowering. The soil was dry and hard and clay. He was still thinking of that, of the terrible soil he had to contend with here, when Eve rushed at him. She was a giantess, around his neck almost before he saw her face. He had her damp cheek, her unsophisticated talcum smell. She was crying, but that was probably due to fatigue. She drew back and said to him, "You're not a minute older, darling, except where you've gone gray." What remarkable eyes she must have, Walter thought, and what gifts of second sight; for his hair was *slightly* gray, but only at the back. Eve was jolly and loud. It had been said in their childhood that she should have been a boy. Frank came along with a suitcase in each hand. He put the cases down. "Well, old Frank," said Walter. Frank replied with astonishment, "Why, it's Walter!"

The two children stared at their uncle and then at Angelo. They were not timid, but seemed to Walter without manners or charm. Eve had written that Mary, the elder, was the image of Walter in appearance and in character.



"I'll tell you what's wrong with the Museum of Modern Art. The sandwiches are skimpy."

• •

He saw a girl of about eleven with lank yellow hair, and long feet in heavy sandals. Her face was brown, her lashes rabbit white. The boy was half his sister's size, and entirely Osborn; that is, he had his father's round red face. He showed Walter a box he was holding. "There's a hamster in it," he said, and explained in a piping voice that he had bought it from a boy at the airport.

"They don't waste any time when it comes to complicating life," said Frank proudly.

Angelo stood by, smiling, waiting to be presented. Keeping Angelo as a friend and yet not a social friend was a great problem for Walter. Angelo lacked the sophistication required to make the change easily. Walter decided he would not introduce him, but the little Osborn boy suddenly turned to the valet and smiled. The two, Johnny and Angelo, seemed to be struck shy. Until then, Walter had always considered Angelo someone partly unreal, part of his personal mosaic. Once, Angelo had been a figure on the wall of a baroque church; from the wall he came toward Walter, with his hand out, cupped for coins. The church had been intended from its beginnings to blister and crack, to set off black hair, appraising black eyes. The four elements of Angelo's childhood were southern baroque, malaria, idleness, and hunger. They were what he would go back to if Walter were to tire of him, or if he should decide to leave. Now the wall of the church disappeared, and so did a pretty, wheedling boy. Angelo was seventeen, dumpy, nearly coarse. "Nothing fades faster than the beauty of a boy." Angelo looked shrewd; he looked as if he might have a certain amount of common sense—that most defeating of qualities, that destroyer.

The family settled on the terrace, in the wicker chairs that belonged with the house, around the chipped garden table that was a loan from Mrs. Wiggott. They were sprawling, much at ease, like an old-fashioned *Chums* picture of colonials. They praised Angelo, who carried in the luggage and then gave them tea, and the children smiled at him, shyly still.

"They've fallen for him," Eve said.

"What?" It seemed to Walter such an extraordinary way to talk. The children slid down from their chairs (without permission, the bachelor uncle observed) and followed Angelo around the side of the house.

"They don't love *us* much at the moment," Eve said. "We've taken them away from their home. They don't think anything of the idea. They'll get over it. But it's natural for them to turn to someone else, don't you think? Tell

Angelo to watch himself with Mary. She's a seething mass of feminine wiles. She's always after something."

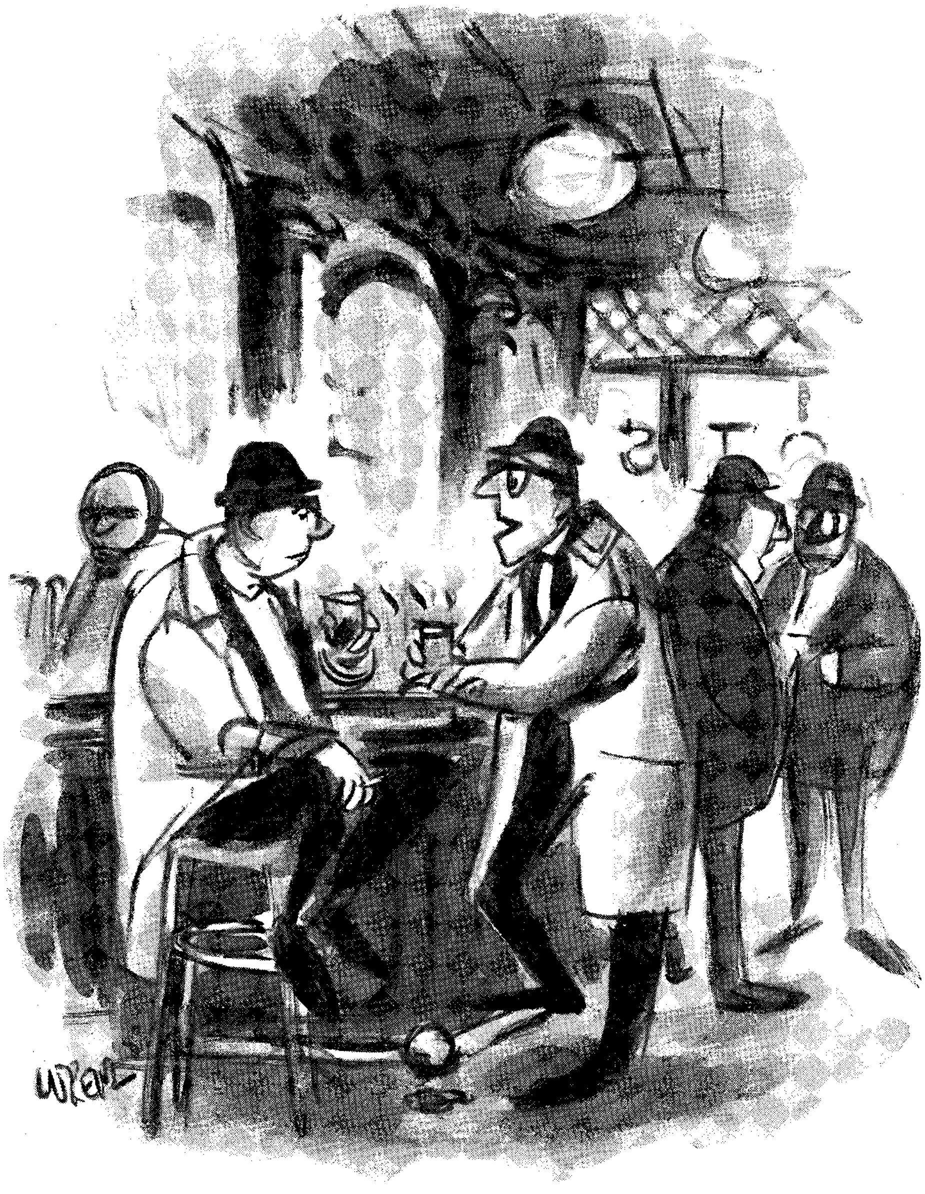
"She doesn't get anything out of *me*," said Mary's father.

"You don't even notice when she does, that's how clever she is," said Eve.

"I told her I'd buy her something at the airport, because Johnny had the hamster," said Frank. "She said she didn't want anything."

"She doesn't want just anything you offer," said Eve. "That's where she's wily. She thinks about what she wants and then she goes after it without saying anything. It's a game. I tell you, she's feminine. More power to her. I'm glad."

"Angelo hasn't much to worry about," said Walter. "I don't think she could get much out of him, because he hasn't got anything. Although I do pay him; I'm a stickler about that. He has his food and lodging and clothes, and although many people would think that enough, I give him pocket money as well." This had an effect he had not expected. His sister and brother-in-law stared as if he had said something puzzling and incomplete. Walter felt socially obliged to go on speaking. In the dry afternoon he inspected their tired faces. They had come thousands of miles by plane, and then driven here in an unknown car. They were still polite enough to listen and to talk. He remembered one of his most amusing stories, which Mrs. Wiggott frequently asked him to repeat. It was about how he had sent Angelo and William of Orange to Calabria one summer so that Angelo could visit his people and William of Orange have a change of air. Halfway through the journey, Angelo had to give it up and come back to Les Anémones. William of Orange hadn't stopped howling from the time the train started to move. "You understand," said Walter, "he couldn't leave William of Orange shut up *in* his basket. It seemed too cruel. William of Orange *wouldn't* keep still. Angelo daren't let him *out*, because he was in such a fury he would have attacked the other passengers. Also, William of Orange was being desperately sick. It was an Italian train, third class. You can imagine the counsel, the good advice! Angelo tried leaving the basket partly open, so that William of Orange could see what was going on but not jump out, but he only screamed all the more. Finally Angelo bundled up all his things, the presents he'd been taking his family and William of Orange in his basket, and he got down at some stop and simply took the next train going the other direction. I shall never forget how they arrived early in the morning, having travelled the whole night and walked from the . . ."



"It's a shame, in a way. A man of Castro's drive and intelligence could have made it to the top in practically any field he chose."

"This is a dreadful story," said Eve, slowly turning her head. "It's sad."

Frank said nothing, but seemed to agree with his wife. Walter supposed they thought the cat and the valet should not have been travelling at all; they had come up from South Africa, where they had spent twelve years bullying blacks. He said, "They were travelling third class."

Mary, his niece, sauntered back to the table, as if she had just learned a new way of walking. She flung herself in a chair and picked up her father's cigarettes. She began playing with them, waiting to be told not to. Neither parent said a word.

"And how was your journey?" said Walter gravely.

The girl looked away from the cigarettes and said, "In a way, I've forgotten it."

"No showing off, please," said Eve.

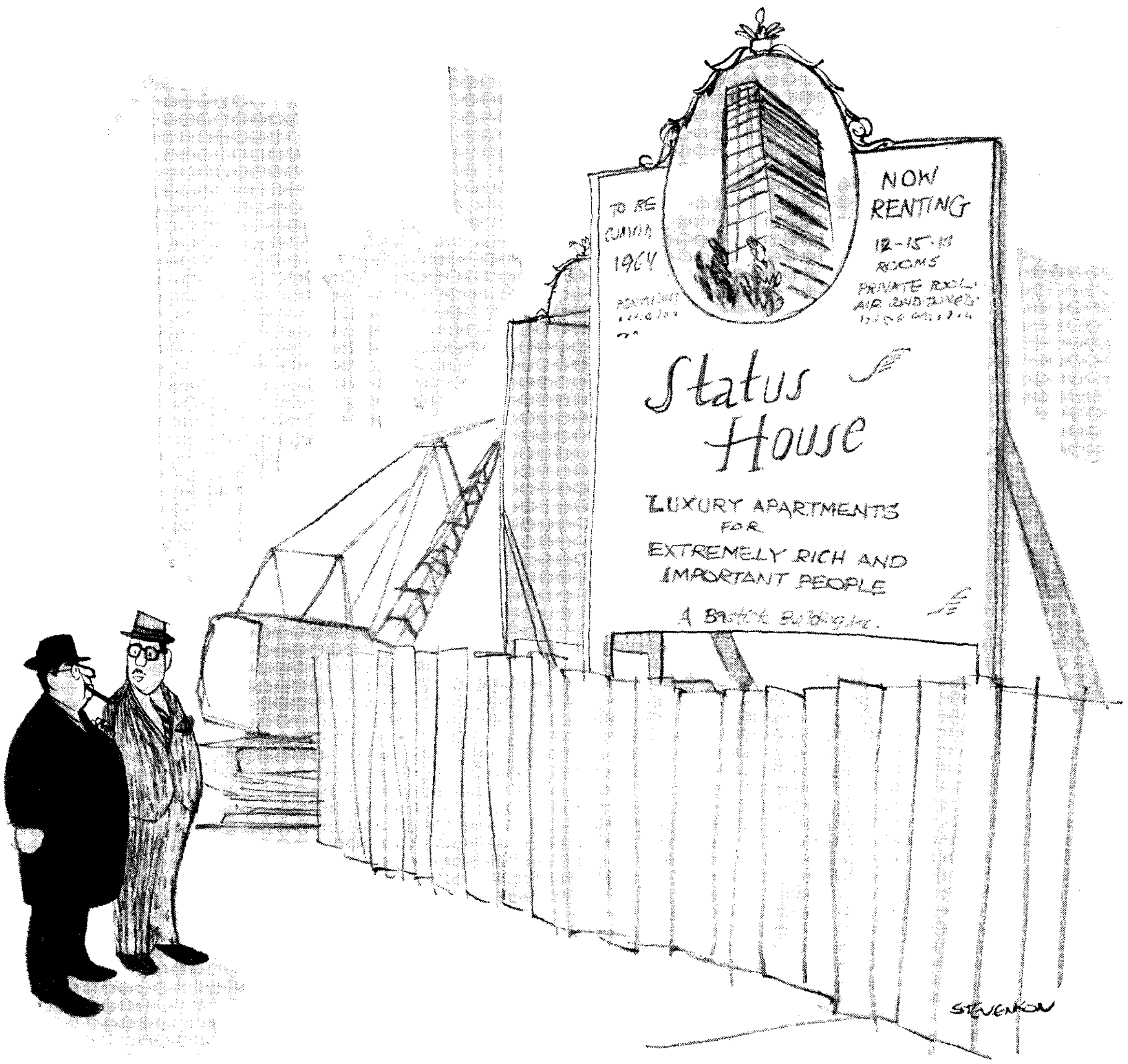
"There's a kind of holiday tonight," said the girl. "There'll be fireworks, all that. Angelo says we can see them from here. He's making Johnny sleep now, on two chairs in the kitchen. He wanted me to sleep, too, but I wouldn't, of course. He's fixing a basket for the hamster up where the cat can't get at it. We're going to have the fireworks at dinner, and then he'll take us down to the harbor, he says, to see the people throwing confetti and all that."

"The fireworks won't be seen from our dining room, I fear," said Walter.

"We're having our dinner out here, on the terrace," said the girl. "He says the mosquitoes are awful and you people will have to smoke."

"Do the children always dine with you?" said Walter.

There was no answer, because William of Orange came by, taking their attention. Mary put out her hand, but the cat avoided it. Walter looked at the determined child who was said to resemble him. She bent toward the cat, idly calling. Her hair divided, revealing a delicate ear. The angle of her head lent her expression something thoughtful and sad; it was almost an exaggerated posture of wistfulness. Her arms and hands were thin, but with no suggestion of fragility. She smiled at the cat and said, "*He* doesn't care. He doesn't care what we say." Her bones were made of something tough and precious. She was not pretty, no, but quite lovely, in spite of the straight yellow hair, the plain way she was dressed. Walter knew instantly what he would have given her to wear. He thought, Ballet lessons . . . beautiful French, and saw himself the father of a daughter. The mosaic expanded; there was room for another figure, surely? Yes—but to have a daughter one needed a wife. That brought everything down to normal size again. He smiled to himself, thinking how grateful he was that clods like Frank Osborn could cause enchanting girls to appear, all for the enjoyment of vicarious fathers. It was a new idea, one he would discuss next winter with Mrs. Wiggott. He could develop it into a story. It would keep the old dears laughing for weeks.



"*A compelling concept, Mr. Bastick. I'll tell you that much.*"

Angelo strung paper lanterns on wires between branches of the fig tree. The children were fogged with sleep, but bravely kept their heads up, waiting for the fireworks he had said would be set off over the sea. Neither of them remarked that the sea was hidden by the hotel; they trusted Angelo to produce the sea as he produced their dinner. Walter's nephew slept with his eyes wide. Angelo's lanterns were reflected in his eyes—pinpoints of cobalt blue.

From the table they heard the crowd at the harbor, cheering every burst. Colored smoke floated across the dark sky. The smell of jasmine, which ordinarily made Walter sick, was part of the children's night.

"Do you know my name?" said the little boy, as Angelo moved around the table collecting plates. "It's Johnny." He sighed, and put his head down where the plate had been. Presently Angelo came out of the house wearing a clean white pullover and with his hair well oiled. Johnny woke up as if he had heard a bell. "Are you taking us to the harbor?" he said. "Now?"

Mary, Johnny, and Angelo looked at Eve. It was plain to Walter that these children should not be anywhere except in bed. He was furious with Angelo.

"Is there polio or anything here?" said Eve lazily. Now it was Walter's turn. The children—all three—looked at him with something like terror. He was about to deny them the only pleasure they had ever been allowed; that was what their looks said. Without waiting for his answer about polio, Eve said the children could go.

The candles inside the paper lanterns guttered and had to be blown out. The Osborns smoked conscientiously to keep mosquitoes away. In the light of a struck match, Walter saw his sister's face, her short graying hair. "That's a nice lad," she said.

"The kids are mad about him," said Frank.

"They are besotted," said Eve. "I'm glad. You couldn't have planned a better welcome, Walter dear," and in the dark she briefly covered his hand with hers.

THE family lived in Miss Cooper's house as if it were a normal place to be. They were more at home than

Walter had ever been. Mornings, he heard them chattering on the terrace or laughing in the kitchen with Angelo. Eve and Angelo planned the meals, and sometimes they went to the market together. The Osborns took over the household food expenses, and Walter, tactfully, made no mention of it. Sometimes the children had their meals in the kitchen with Angelo and the hamster and the cat. But there was no order, no system, to their upbringing. They often dined with the adults. The parents rose late, but not so late as Walter. They seemed to feel it would be impolite to go off to the beach or the market until Walter's breakfast was over. He was not accustomed to eating breakfast, particularly during the hot weather, but he managed to eat an egg and some cold toast, only because they appeared to expect it.

"Change has got to come in South Africa," said Eve one morning as Walter sat down to a boiled egg. The family had eaten. The table was covered with ashes, eggshells, and crumbs.

"Why at our expense?" said Frank.

"Frank is an anarchist, although you wouldn't think it at times," said Eve, with pride.

Married twelve years and still talking, Walter thought. Frank and Eve were in accord on one thing—that there was bad faith on all sides in South Africa. They interrupted each other, explaining Apartheid to Walter, who did not want to hear anything about it. Frank repeated that no decent person could stand by and accept the situation, and Eve agreed; but she made no bones about the real reason for their having left. They had failed, failed. The word rolled around the table like a wooden ball.

So Frank was an anarchist, was he, Walter thought, snipping at his egg. Well, he could afford to be an anarchist, living down there, paying next to no income tax. He said, "You will find things different in England."

"An English farm, aha," said Frank, and looked at Eve.

"Just so long as it isn't a poultry farm," said Walter, getting on with his revolting breakfast. The egg had given him something to say. "I have seen people try that."

"As a matter of fact, it *is* a poultry farm," said Eve. Frank's face was earnest and red; this farm had a history of arguments about it. Eve went on, "You see, we try one thing after the other. We're obliged to try things, aren't we? We have two children to educate."

"I wouldn't want to live without doing something," said Frank. "Even if I could afford to. I mean to say that I'm not brainy and it's better for me if I have something to do."

"Walter used to think it better," said Eve. She went on, very lightly, "I did envy Walter once. Walter, think of the money that was spent educating you. They wouldn't do it for a girl. Ah, how I used to wish we could have exchanged, then." Having said this, she rounded on her husband, as if it were Frank who had failed to give Walter credit, had underestimated him, dragging schoolroom jealousy across the lovely day. Frank must be told: Walter in Hong Kong in a bank. Walter in amateur theatricals, the image of Douglas Fairbanks. He was marvellous in the war; he was burned from head to foot. He was hours swimming in flames in the North Sea. He should have had the Victoria Cross. Everyone said so.

The two children, sitting nearby sorting colored pebbles they had brought up from the beach, scarcely glanced at their courageous uncle. The impossibility of his ever having done anything splendid was as clear to them as it was to Walter. He agreed with the children—for it had all of it gone, and he wanted nothing but the oasis of peace, the admiration of undemanding old women,

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the winter months. If he was irritated, it was only by his sister's puritanical insistence on working. Would the world have been a happier place if Walter had remained in Hong Kong in a bank? Luckily, there was William of Orange to talk about. There was William of Orange now, stalking an invisible victim along the terrace wall. Up in the fig tree he went, with his killer's face, his marigold eyes. "Oh, the poor birds!" Eve cried. "He's after birds!" She saw him stretch out his paw, spread like a hand, and then she saw him detach ripe figs and let them fall on the paved terrace. She had never seen a cat do that before. She said that William of Orange was perfectly sweet.

"He doesn't care what you think about him," said Mary, looking up from her heap of stones.

"You know, darling," said Eve, laughing at Walter, "if you aren't careful, you'll become an old spinster with a pussycat."

Frank sat on the terrace wall wearing a cotton shirt and oversized Army shorts. He was burned reddish brown. His arms and legs were covered with a coating of thick fair hair. "What is the appeal about cats?" he said kindly. "I've always wanted to know. I can understand having them on a farm, if they're good mousers." He wore a look of great sincerity most of the time, as if he wanted to say, "Please tell me what you are thinking. I so much want to know."

"I like them because they are independent," said Walter. "They don't care what you think, just as Mary says. They don't care if you like them. They haven't the slightest notion of gratitude, and they never pretend. They take what you have to offer, and away they go."

"That's what all cat fanciers say," said Frank. "But it's hard for someone like me to understand. That isn't the way you feel about people, is it? Do you like people who just take what you can give them and go off?"

Angelo came out of the house with a shopping basket over one arm and a straw sun hat on his head. He took all his orders from Eve now. There had never been a discussion about it; she was the woman of the house, the mother.

"It would be interesting to see what role the cat fancier *is* trying on," said Walter, looking at Angelo. "He says he likes cats because they don't like anyone. I suppose he is proving he is so tough he can exist without affection."

"I couldn't," said Frank, "and I

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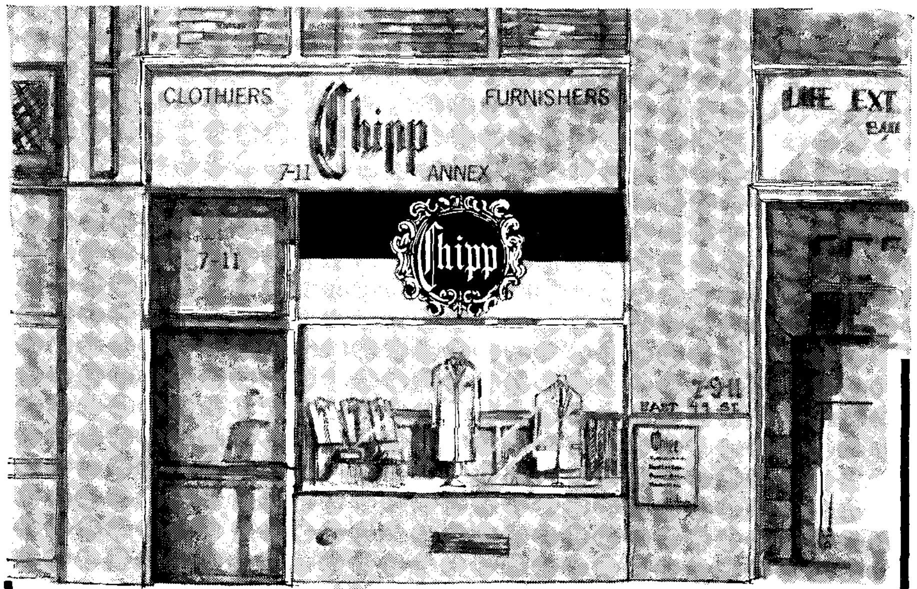

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wouldn't want to try. Without Eve and the children and . . ."

The children jumped to their feet and begged to go to market with Angelo. They snatched at his basket, arguing whose turn it was to carry it. How Angelo strutted; how he grew tall! All this affection, this admiration, Walter thought—it was as bad as overtipping.

THE family stayed two weeks, and then a fortnight more. They were brown, drowsy, and seemed reluctant to face England and the poultry farm. They were enjoying their holiday, no doubt about that. On the beach they met a professor of history who spoke a little English, and a retired consul who asked them to tea. They saw, without knowing what to make of it, a monument to Queen Victoria. They heard people being comic and noisy, they bought rice-and-spinach pies to eat on the beach, and ice cream that melted down to powder and water. They ate melons and peaches nearly as good as the fruit back in Africa, and they buried the peach stones and the melon skins and the ice-cream sticks and the greasy piecrusts in the sand. They drove along the coast as far as Cannes, in the Parma-violet Citroën Frank had hired, sight unseen, from South Africa. He had bought his new farm in the same way. Walter was glad his friends were away, for he was ashamed to be seen in the Citroën. It was a vulgar automobile. He told Frank that the DS was considered exclusively the property of concierges' sons and successful grocers.

"I'm not even that," said Frank.

The seats were covered with plastic leopard skin. At every stop, the car gave a great sigh and sank down like a tired dog. The children loved this. They sat behind, with Eve between them, telling riddles, singing songs. They quarrelled across their mother as if she were a hedge. "Silly old sow," Walter heard his nephew saying. He realized the boy was saying it to Eve. His back stiffened. Eve saw.

"Why shouldn't he say it, if he wants to?" she said. "He doesn't know what it means. Do you want me to treat them the way we were treated? Would you like to see some of that?"

"No," said Walter, after a moment.

"Well, then. I'm trying another way."

Walter said, "I don't believe one person should call another a silly old sow." He spoke without turning his head. The children were still as mice; then the little boy began to cry.

They drove home in the dark. The

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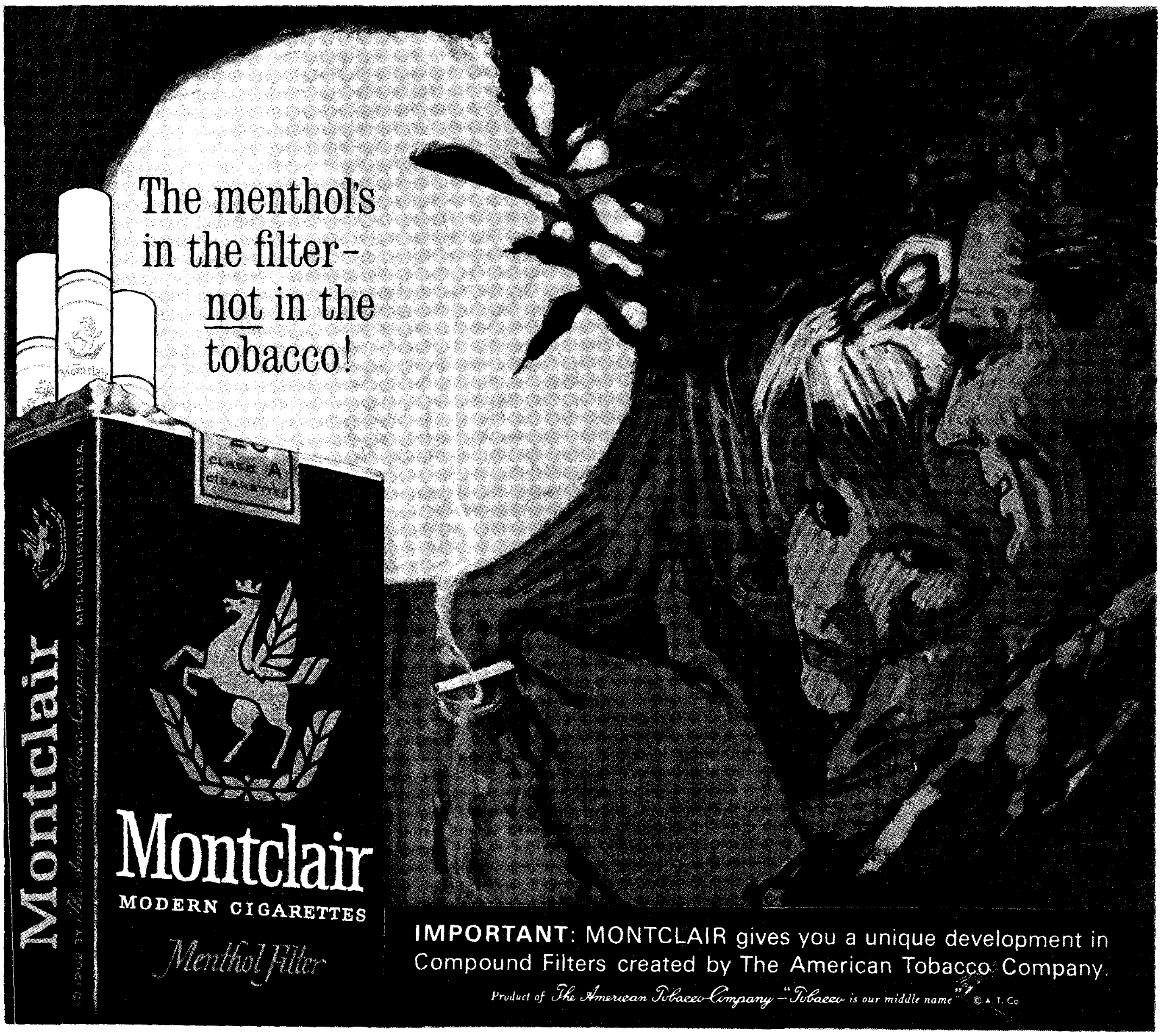
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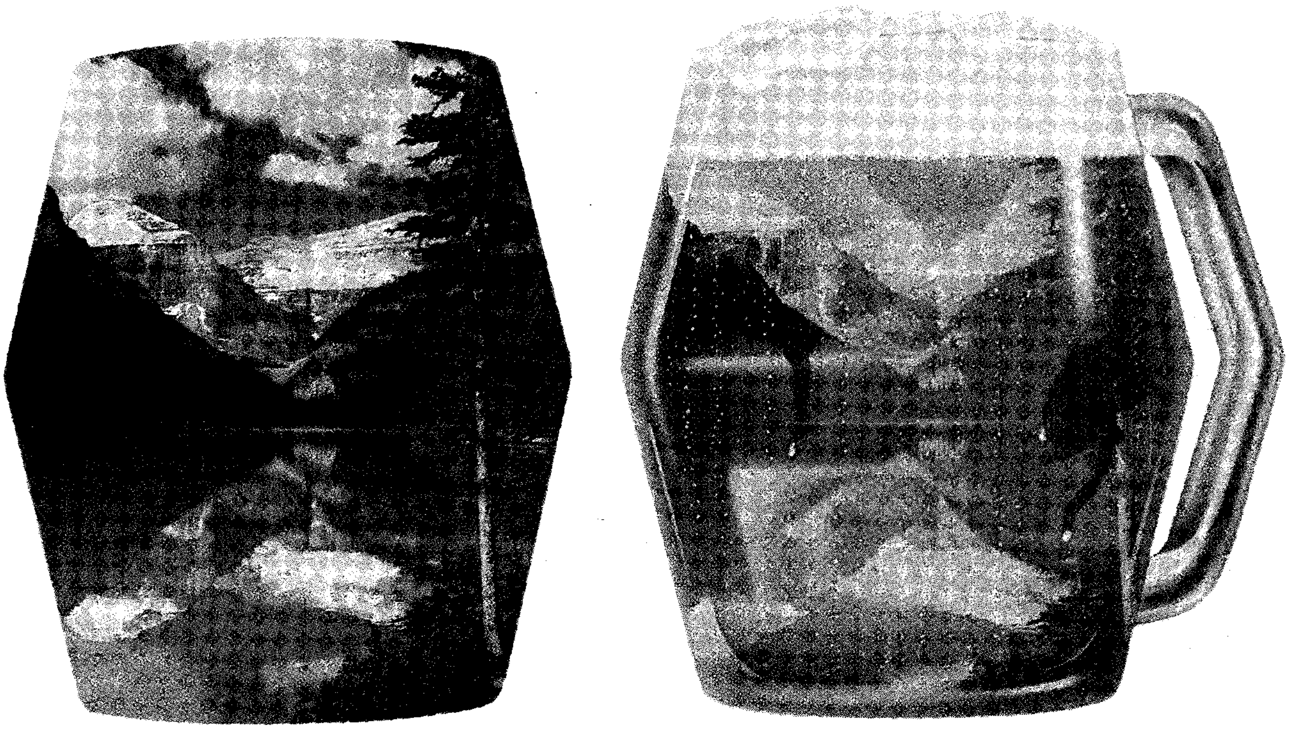

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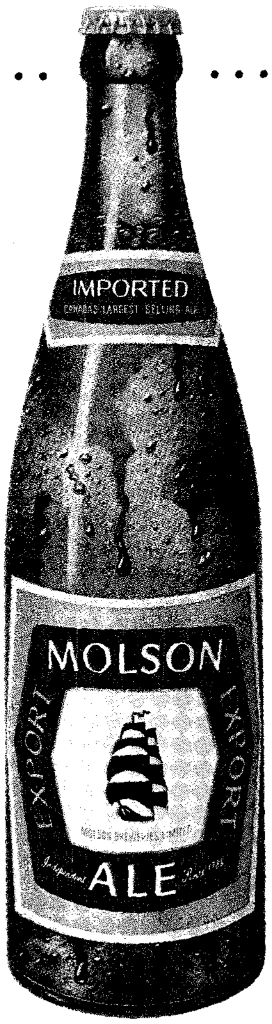
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MOLSON BREWERIES LIMITED, MONTREAL, CANADA children slept, and the three adults looked at neon lights and floodlit palm trees without saying much. Suddenly Eve said, "Oh, I like *that.*" Walter looked at a casino; at the sea; at the Anglican church, which was thirty years old, Riviera Gothic. "That church," she said. "It's like home."

"Alas," said Walter.

"Terrible, is it?" said his brother-in-law, who had not bothered to look.

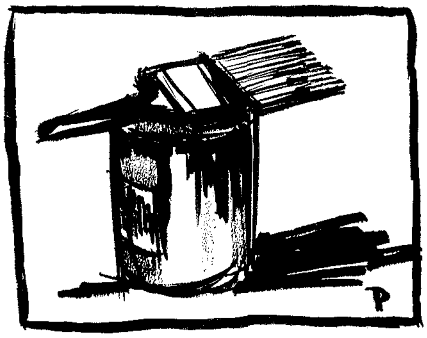
"I think I'll make up my own mind," said Eve. So she had sat, with her face set, when Walter tried to introduce her to some of his friends and his ideas, fifteen years before. She had never wanted to be anything except a mother, and she would protect anyone who wanted protection—Walter as well. But nothing would persuade her that a church was ugly if it was familiar and reminded her of home.

Walter did not desire Eve's protection. He did not think he could use anything Eve had to give. Sometimes she persuaded him to come to the beach with the family, and then she fussed over him, seeing that the parasol was fixed so that he had full shade. She knew he did not expose his arms and legs to the sun, because of his scars. She made him sit on an arrangement of damp, sandy towels and said, "There. Isn't that nice?" In an odd way, she still admired him; he saw it, and was pleased. He answered her remarks (about Riviera people, French politics, the Mediterranean climate, and the cost of things) with his habitual social fluency, but it was the children who took his attention. He marvelled at their singleness of purpose, the energy they could release just in tearing off their clothes. They flung into the water and had to be bullied out. Mauve-lipped, chattering, they said, "What's there to do now?"

"Have you ever wanted to be a ballet dancer?" Walter asked his niece.

"No," she said, with scorn.

One day Angelo spent the morning with them. Frank had taken the car to the Citroën garage and looked forward to half a day with the mechanics there. In a curious way Angelo seemed to re-



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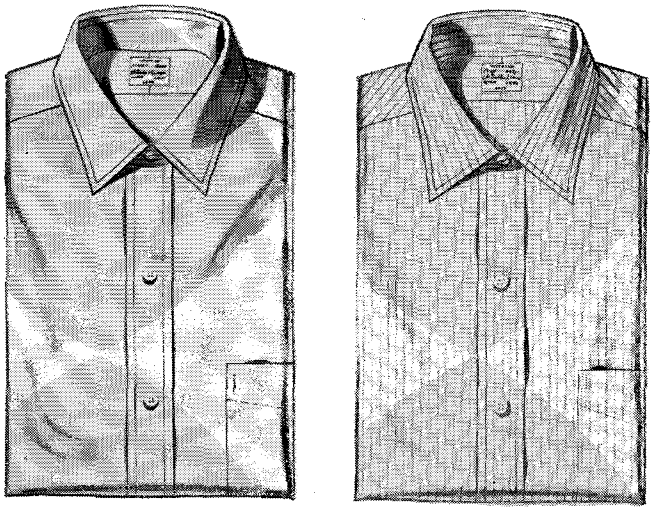

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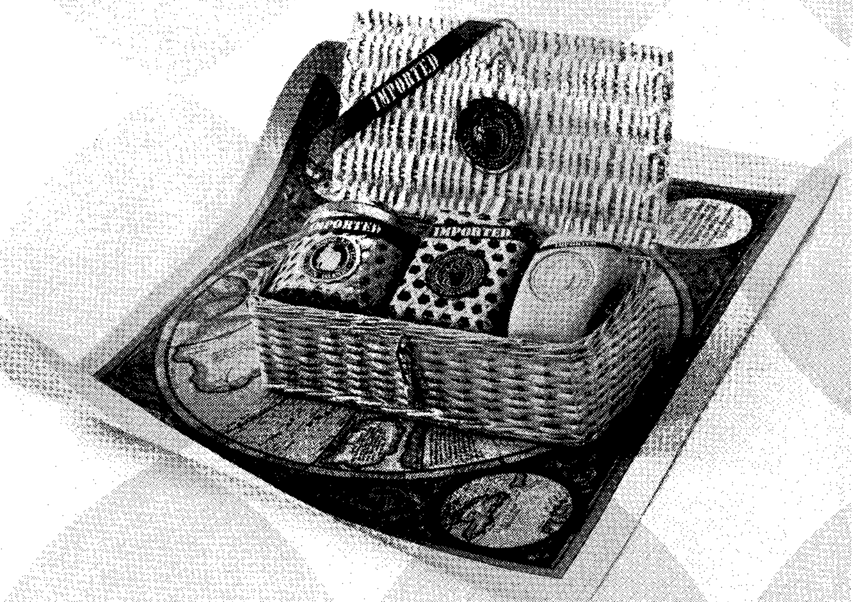

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place the children's father. He organized a series of canals and waterways and kept the children digging for more than an hour. Walter noticed that Angelo was doing none of the work himself. He stood over them with his hand on one hip—peacock lad, cock of the walk. When an Italian marries, you see this change, Walter thought. He treats his servants that way, and then his wife. He said, "Angelo, put your clothes on and run up to the bar and bring us all some cold drinks."

"Oh, Uncle Walter," his niece complained.

"I'll go, Uncle Walter," said the little boy.

"Angelo will go," Walter said. "It's his job."

Angelo pulled his shorts over his bathing suit and stood, waiting for Walter to drop money in his hand.

"Don't walk about naked," Walter said. "Put on your shirt."

Eve was knitting furiously. She sat with her cotton skirt hitched up above her knees and a cotton bolero thrown over her head to keep off the sun. From this shelter her sunglasses gleamed at him, and she said in her plain, loud voice, "I don't like this, Walter, and I haven't been liking it for some time. It's not the kind of world I want my children to see."

"I'm not responsible for the Riviera," said Walter.

"I mean that I don't like your bullying Angelo in front of them. They admire him so. I don't like any of it. I mean to say, the master-servant idea. I think it's bad taste, if you want my opinion."

"Are you trying to tell me you didn't have a servant in South Africa?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean. Walter, what *are* you up to? That sad, crumbling house. Nothing has been changed or painted or made pretty in it for years. You don't seem to have any friends here. Your telephone never rings. It hasn't rung once since I've been here. And that poor boy."

"Poor?" said Walter. "Is that what he's been telling you? You should have seen the house I rescued him from. You should just see what he's left behind him. Twelve starving sisters and brothers, an old harridan of a mother—and a grandmother. He's so frightened of her even at this distance that he sends her every penny I give him. Twelve sisters and brothers . . ."

"He must miss them," said Eve.

"I've sent him home," Walter said. "I sent him for a visit with a first-class

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ticket. He sold the first-class ticket and travelled third. If I hadn't been certain he wanted to give the difference to his people, I should never have had him back. I hate deceit. If he didn't get home that time it was because the cat was worrying him. I've told you the story. You said it was sad. But it was his idea, taking the cat."

"He eyes the girls in the market," said Eve. "But he never speaks."

"Let him," said Walter. "He is free to do as he likes."

"Perhaps he doesn't think he is."

"I can assure you he is, and knows it. If he is devoted to me because I've been kind to him, it's his own affair."

"It's probably too subtle for me," she said. She pulled her skirts a little higher and stroked her veined, stretched legs. She was beyond vanity. "But I still think it's all wrong. He's sweet with the children, but he's a little afraid of me."

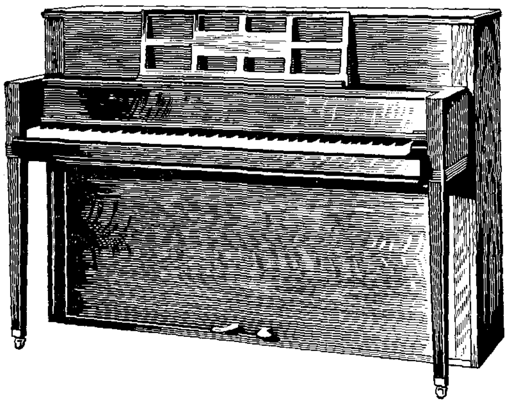
"Perhaps you think he should be familiar with women and call them silly old sows."

"No, not at his age," she said mildly. "Johnny is still a baby, you know. I don't expect much from him." She was veering away from a row.

"My telephone never rings because my friends are away for the summer," he said. "This summer crowd has nothing to do with my normal life." He had to go on with that; her remark about the telephone had annoyed him more than anything else.

Yet he wanted her to approve of him; he wanted even Frank to approve of him, too. He was pushed into seeing himself through their eyes. He preferred his own images, his own creations. Once, he had loved a woman much older than himself. He saw her, by chance, after many years, when she was sixty. What will happen when I am sixty, he wanted to say. He wondered if Eve, with her boundless concern for other people, had any answer to that. What will happen fifteen years from now, when Miss Cooper claims the house?

THAT night, William of Orange, who lost no love on anyone, pulled himself onto the terrace table, having first attained a chair, and allowed Walter to scratch his throat. When he had had enough, he slipped away and dropped off the table and prowled along the wall. Eve was upstairs, putting the children to bed. It was a task she usually left to Angelo. Walter understood he and Frank had been deliberately left together alone. He knew he was about to be asked a favor. Frank leaned over



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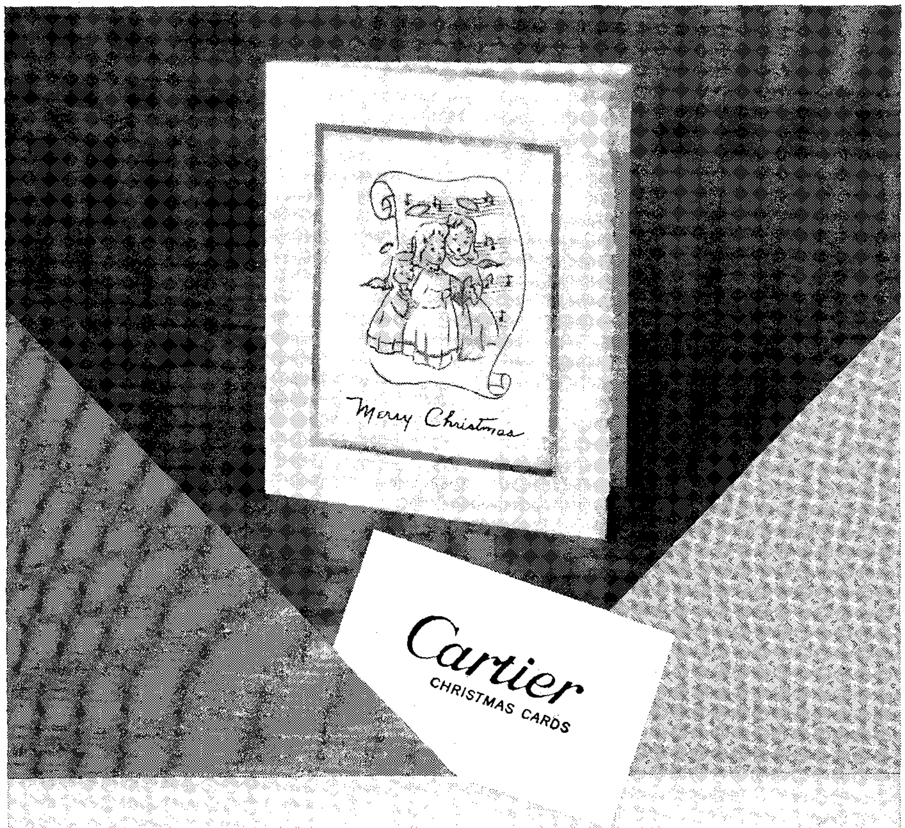

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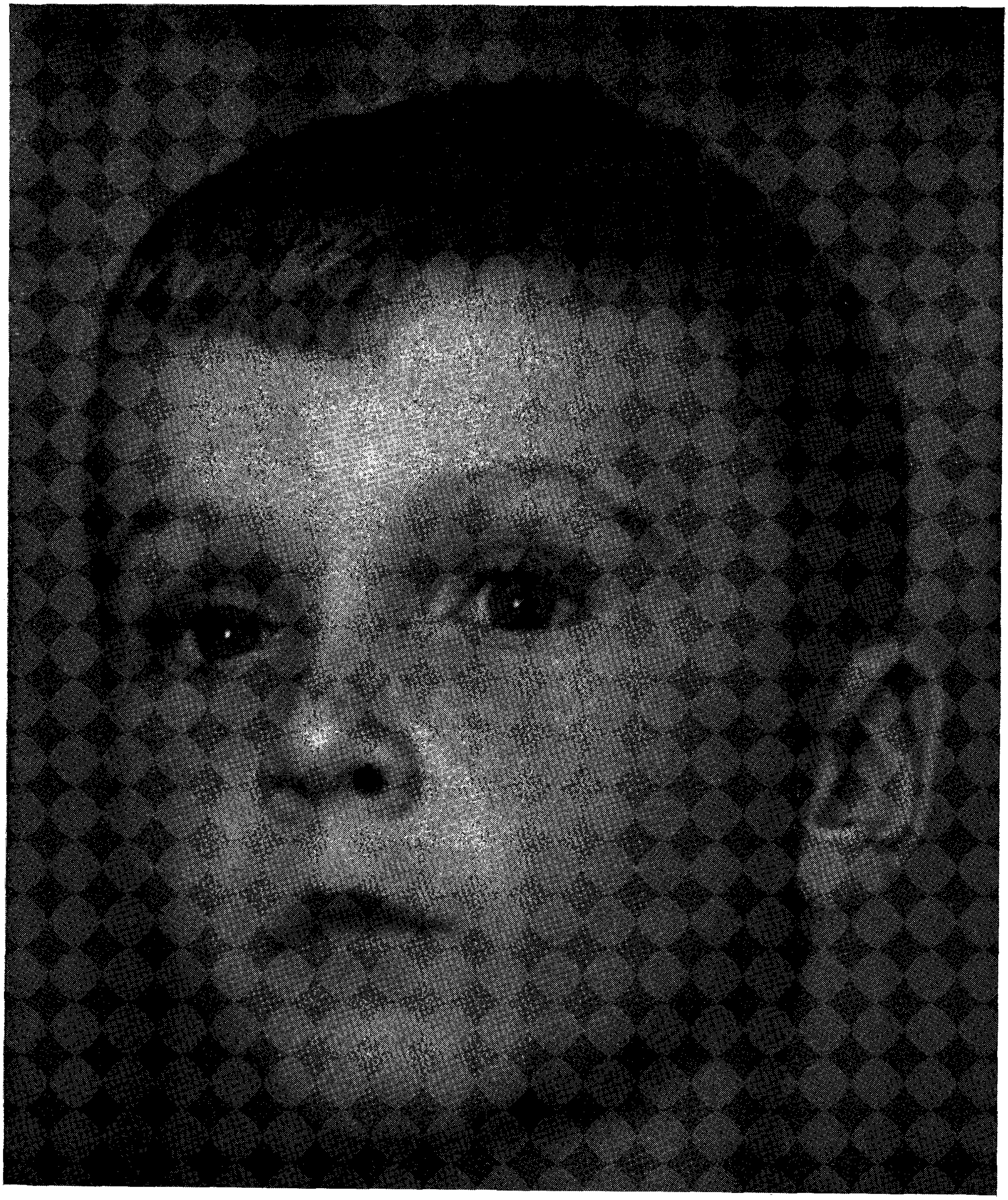

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the table. His stupid, friendly face wore its habitual expression of deep attention: *I am so interested in you. I am trying to get the point of everything you say.* He was easy enough; he never suggested Walter should be married, or working at something. He began to say that he missed South Africa. They had sold their property at a loss. He said he was starting over again for the last time, or so he hoped. He was thirty-seven. He had two children to educate. His face was red as a balloon. Walter let him talk, thinking it was good for him.

"We can always use another person on a farm—another man, that is," said Frank.

"I wouldn't be much use to you, I'm afraid," said Walter.

"No. Well, I meant to say . . . We shall have to pack up soon. I think next week."

"We shall miss you," said Walter. "Angelo will be shattered."

"We're going to drive the Citroën up to Paris," said Frank, suddenly lively, "and turn it in to Cook's there. We may never have a chance to do that trip again. Wonderful for the kids." He went off on one of his favorite topics—motors and mileage—and was diverted from whatever request he had been prodded by Eve to make. Walter was thankful it had been so easy.

UNLOVED, neglected, the hamster chewed newspaper in its cage. The cage hung from the kitchen ceiling, and rocked with every draft. Angelo remembered to feed the hamster, but as far as the children were concerned it might have been dead. William of Orange claimed them now; he threw up hair balls and string, and behaved as if he were poisoned. Angelo covered his coat with olive oil and pushed mashed garlic down his throat. He grew worse; Angelo found him on the steps one morning, dying, unable to move his legs. He sat with the cat on his knees and roared, as William of Orange had howled on the train in his basket. The cat was dying of old age. Walter assured everyone it was nothing more serious than that. "He came with the house," he repeated again and again. "He must be the equivalent of a hundred and two."

Angelo's grief terrified the children. Walter was frightened as well, but only because too much was taking place. The charming boy against the baroque wall had become this uncontrolled bellowing adolescent. The sight of his niece's delicate ear, the lamps reflected in his nephew's eyes, his sister's disapproval of

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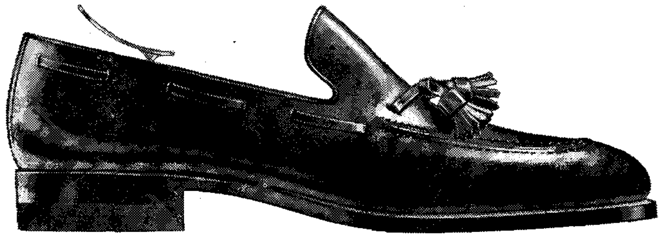

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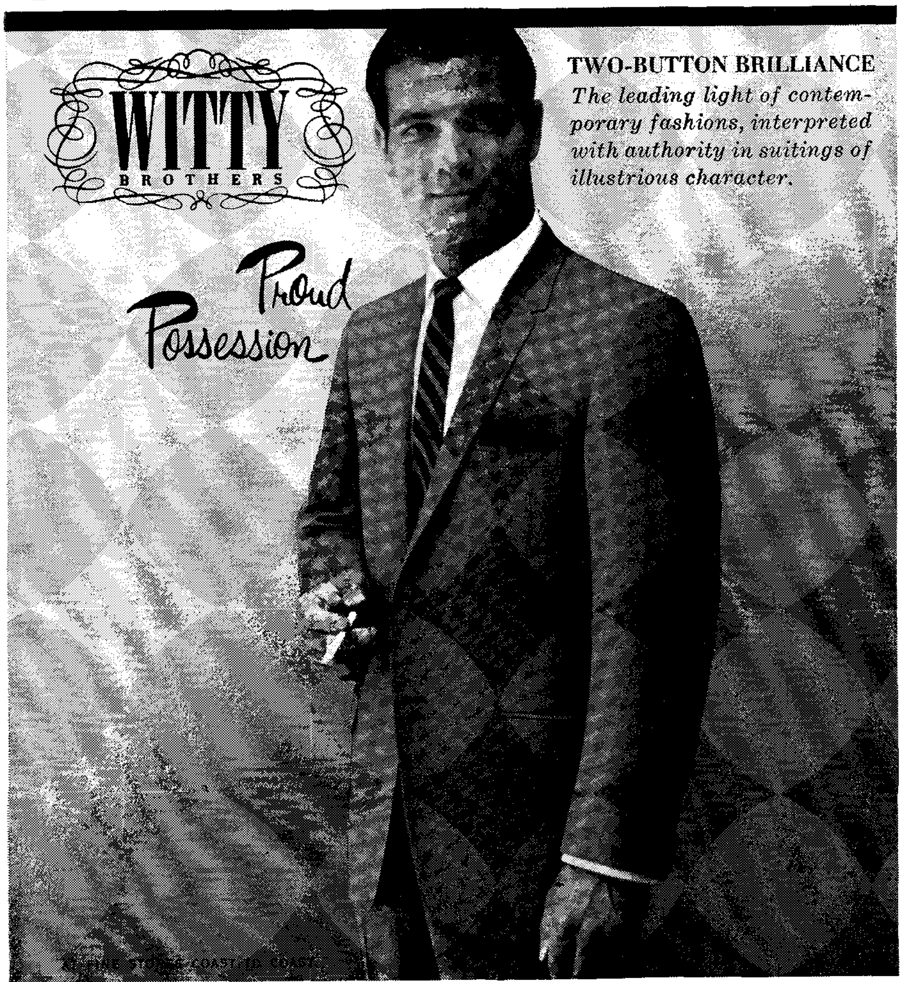
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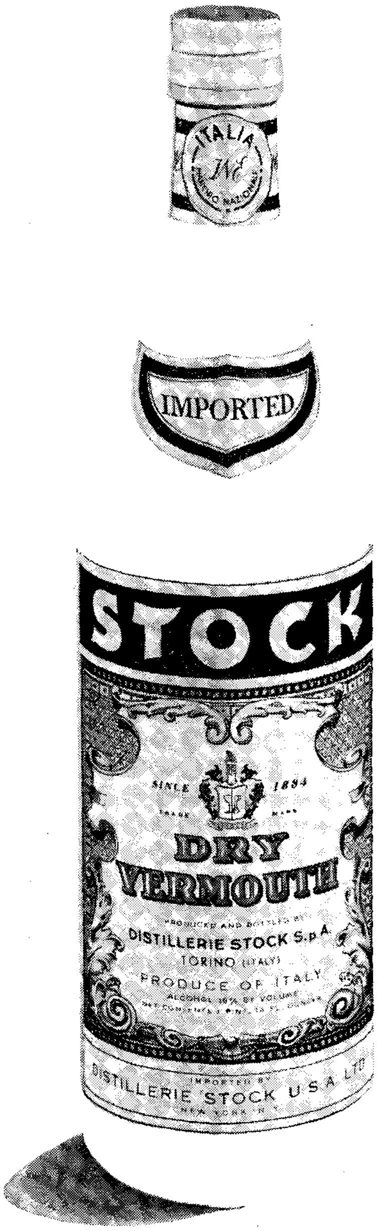

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him on the beach, his brother-in-law's soulless exposition of his personal disaster—each was an event. Any would have been a stone to mark the season. Any would have been enough. He wanted nothing more distressing than a spoiled dinner, nothing more lively than a drive along the shore. He thought, In three days, four at the most, they will disappear. William of Orange is old and dying, but everything else will be as before. Angelo will be amusing and young. Mrs. Wiggott will invite me to dine. The telephone will ring.

The children recovered quickly, for they saw that William of Orange was wretched but not quite dead. They were prepared to leave him and go to the beach as usual, but Angelo said he would stay with the cat. The children were sorry for Angelo now. Johnny sat next to Angelo on the step, frowning in a grown-up way, rubbing his brown knees. "Tell me one thing," he said to Angelo from under his sun hat. "Is William of Orange your father or something like that?" That night the little boy wet his bed, and Walter had a new horror. It was the sight of a bed-sheet with a great stain flapping on the line.

Fortunately for Walter, the family could no longer put off going away. "There is so much to do," said Eve. "We got the Citroën delivered, but we didn't do a thing about the children's schools. I wonder if the trunks have got to London? I expect there hasn't been time. I hope they get there before the cold weather. All the children's clothes are in them."

"You are preposterous parents," Walter said. "I suppose you know that."

"We are, aren't we?" said Eve cheerfully. "You don't understand how much one has to *do*. If only we could leave the children somewhere, even for a week, while we look at schools and everything."

"You had your children because you wanted them," said Walter. "I suppose."

"Yes, we did," said Frank. It was the only time Walter ever saw his easy manner outdistanced. "We wanted them. So let's hear no more about leaving them. Even for a week."

Only one rainy day marred the holiday, and as it was the last day, it scarcely counted. It was over—the breather between South Africa and England, between home for the children and a new home for Eve. They crowded into the sitting room, waiting for lunch. They had delayed leaving since early that

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morning, expecting, in their scatterbrained way, that the sky would clear. The room smelled of musty paper and of mice. Walter suddenly remembered what it was like in winter here, and how Angelo was often bored. His undisciplined relations began pulling books off the shelves and leaving them anywhere.

"Are all these yours?" Mary asked him. "Are they old?"

"These shelves hold every book I have ever bought or had given me since I was born," said Walter. And the children looked again at the dark-green and dark-wine covers.

"I know 'Kim,' " said Mary, and she opened it and began to read in a monotonous voice, " 'He sat, in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun Zam-Zammeh on her brick platform opposite the old Ajaibgher.' "

"I can still see him," said Eve. "I can see Kim."

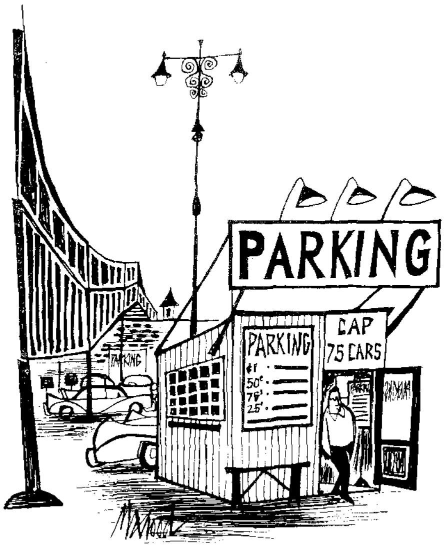
"I can't see him as I saw him," said Walter.

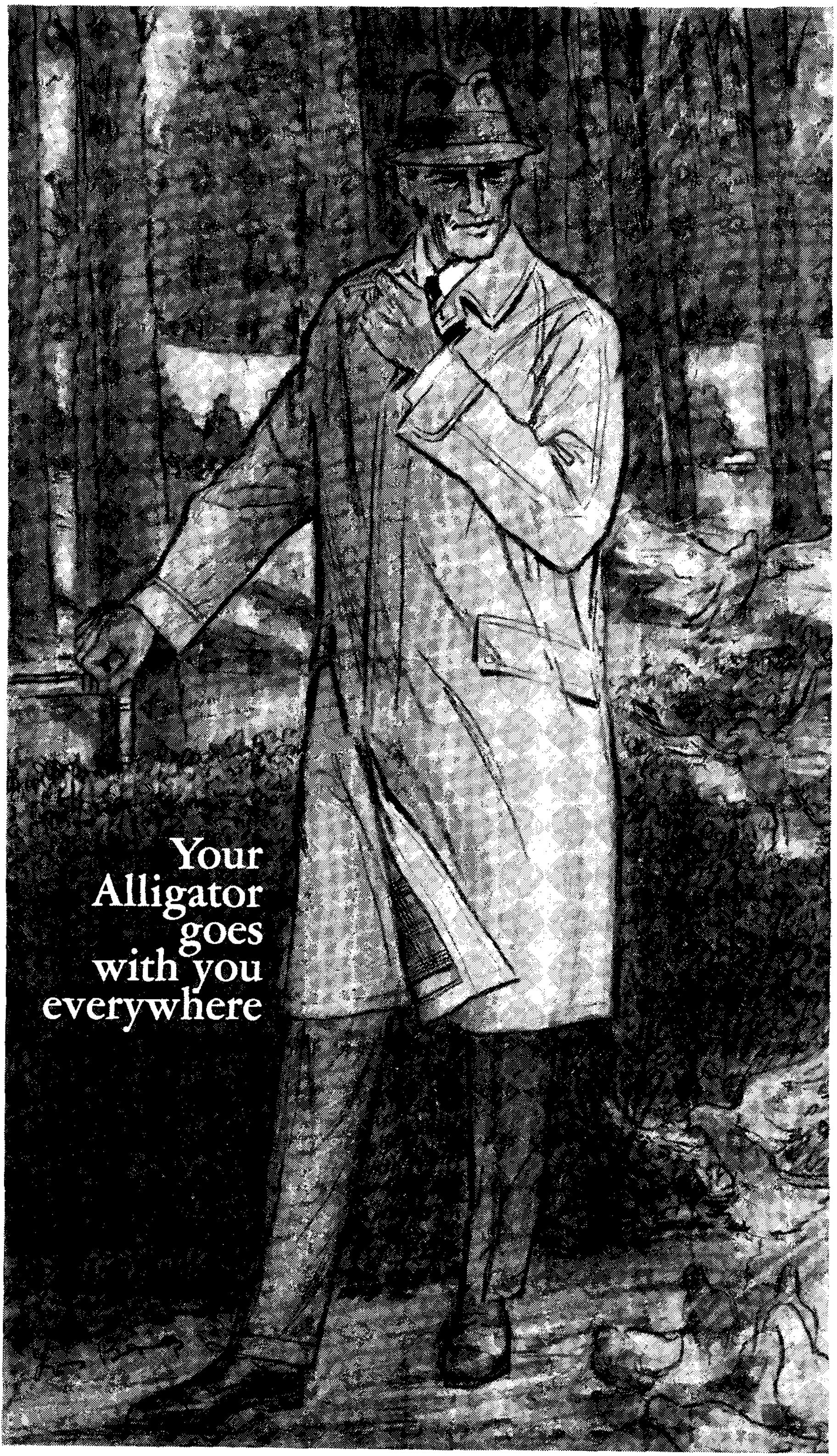
"Never could bear Kipling, personally," Frank said. "He's at the bottom of all the trouble we're having now. You only have to read something like 'Wee Willie Winkie' to understand that."

"Why is the gun 'her'?" Mary asked.

"Because in an English education it's the only thing allowed to be female," said Frank. "That and boats." He hadn't wanted the change; that was plain. For Eve's sake, Walter hoped it was a change for the good.

"This book is all scribbled in," Mary complained. She began to turn at random, reading the neat hand that had been Walter's at twelve: " 'Shows foresight,' " she read. " 'Local colour. More colour. Building up the colour. Does not wish to let women interfere with his career.' That's underlined,





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Uncle Walter," she said, breaking off. " 'A deceiver. Kim's strong will—or *white blood? Generous renunciation.* Sympathetic. Shows off. Sly. Easily imposed on. Devout. Persistent. Enterprising.' "

"That will do," said Frank. " 'Shows off' is the chief expression where you're concerned."

"Those notes were how Kipling was introduced to me, and I used them when I was teaching Angelo," said Walter. "Angelo doesn't like Kipling, either. You can keep the book, if you want it."

"Thank you very much," said Mary automatically. She placed the book more or less where it had been, as if she recognized that this was a bogus gesture.

"Thank you, darling Walter," said Eve, and she picked up the book and stroked the cover, dirtying her hand. "Johnny will love it, later on."

WALTER's first dinner invitation of the autumn season arrived by post eight days after the Osborns had gone. In the same mail were three letters, each addressed by his sister. Eve thanked him for his great kindness; he would never know what it had meant, the holiday it had been. They were in a hotel, and it was a great change from the south. In a P.S. she said they were moving to the new farm soon. The children were their great worry. She went on about schools. The postscript was longer than the body of the letter.

The other two envelopes, although addressed by Eve, contained letters from Mary and Johnny. The boy spelled difficult words correctly, simple words hopelessly, and got his own name wrong.

"Dear Uncle Walter," he wrote. "Thank you for letting us stay at your house." A row of dots led out to the margin, where he had added, "and for Kim." The text of the letter went on, "It was the most exciting, and enjoyable time I have ever had. Please tell Angelo on the way back we were fined for overtaking in a village, but we got safley out of France. I hope the hamster is well and happy. Tell Angelo there are two very small kittens down in the kitchin of the hotel where we now rent two rooms. They are sweat, white, snowballs, also there is a huge golden labridore, he is very stupid. Love from Johny."

The girl's letter had been written on a line guide. Her hand was firm. "Dear Uncle Walter," she said. "Thank you for letting us sleep in your house and

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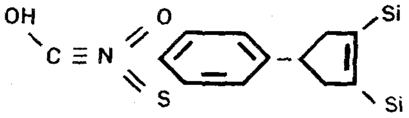

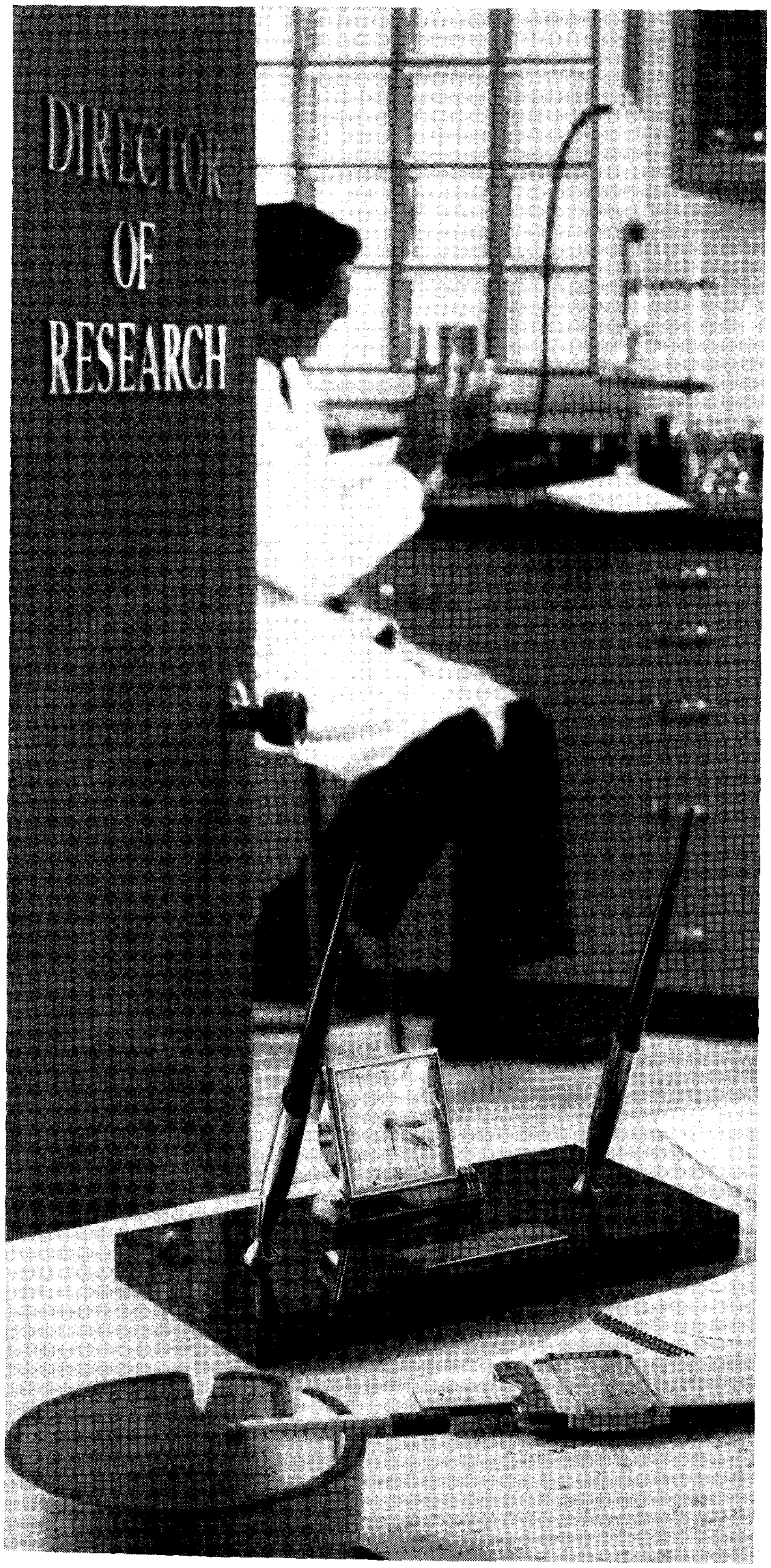

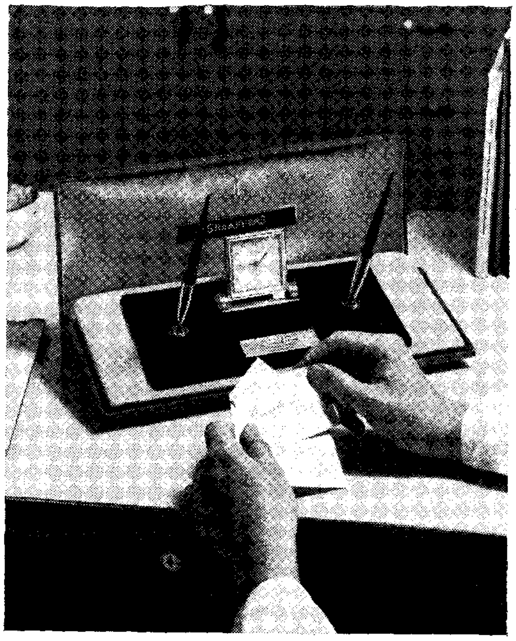

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for everything too. We had a lovely time. Will you please tell Angelo that on the way to Paris Daddy was fined 900 francs for overtaking in a village. He was livid. On Monday I had two teeth out, one on each side. I hope the hamster is healthy. Will you please tell Angelo that our trunks have arrived with my books and he can have one as a present from me, if he will tell me which one he likes best.

Successful Show Jumping
Bridle Wise
Pink and Scarlet
The Young Rider

"These are my favourites and so I would like him to have one. Also, here is a poem I have copied out for him from a book.

FROM THE DREAM OF AN OLD MELTONIAN

by W. Bromley Davenport

Though a rough-riding world may bespatter your breeches
Though sorrow may cross you, or slander revile,
Though you plunge overhead in misfortune's blind ditches,
Shun the gap of deception—the hand gate of guile.

"Tell Angelo we miss him, and William of Orange, and the hamster too. Thank you again for everything. Your affectionate niece, Mary."

Walking to the kitchen with the letters in his hand, he tried to see the passionate child—dancer, he had thought—on the summer beach. But although eight days had passed, no more, he had forgotten what she was like. He tried to think of England then. Someone had told him the elms were going, because of an American disease. He knew that all this thinking and drifting was covering one displeasure, one blister on his pride: it was Mary's letter he had been waiting for.

"These letters are intended for you," he said, and put them in Angelo's hands. "They were addressed to me by mistake. Or perhaps the family didn't know your full name. I didn't know you were interested in horses, by the way."

Angelo sat at the kitchen table, cleaning the hamster's cage. Mme. Rossi sat facing him. Neither of them rose. "Master-servant," Eve had said. She ought to have seen Angelo's casual manner now, the way he accepted his morning's post—as though Walter were the servant. The boy's secretive face bent over the letters. Already Angelo's tears were falling. Walter watched, exasperated, as the ink dissolved.

"You can't keep on crying every time

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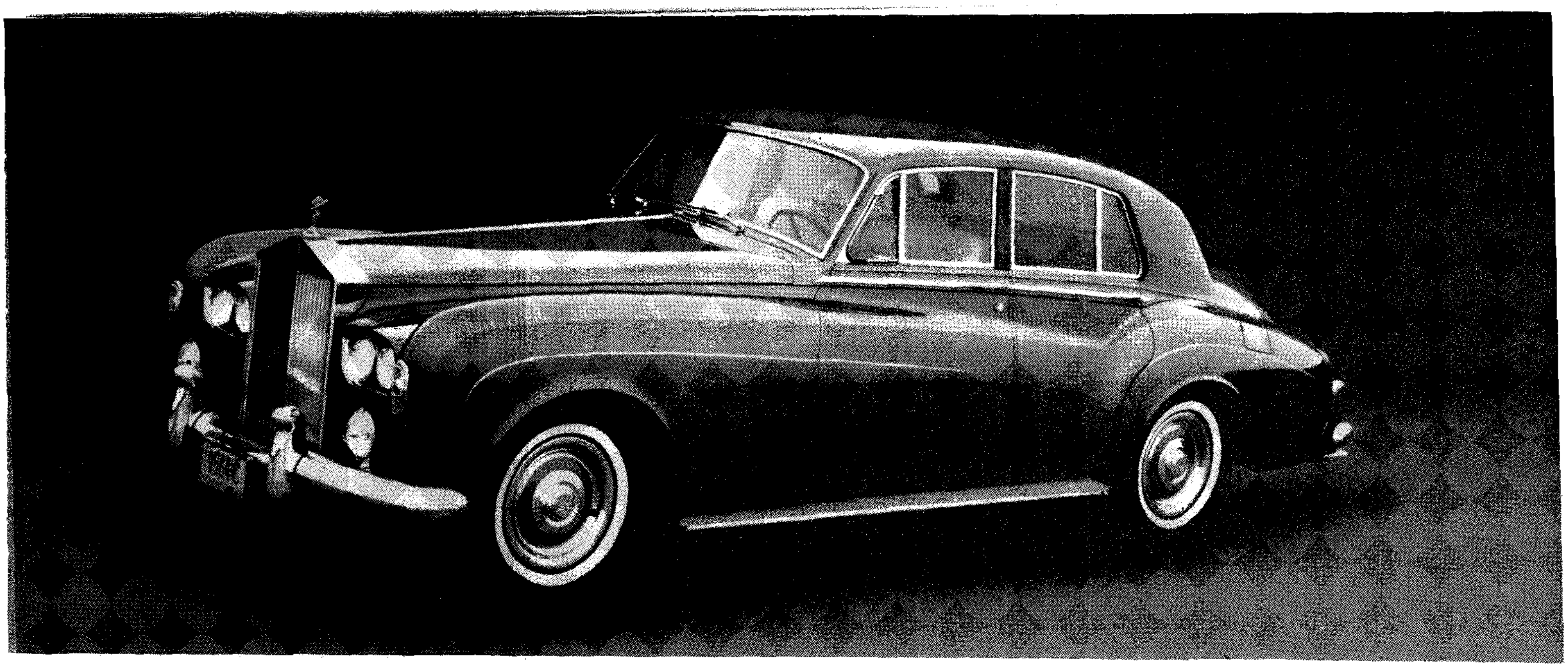

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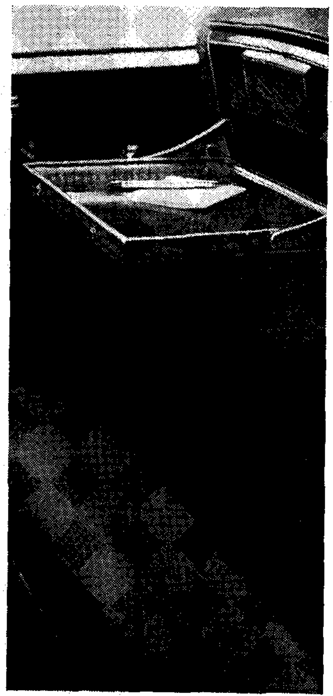

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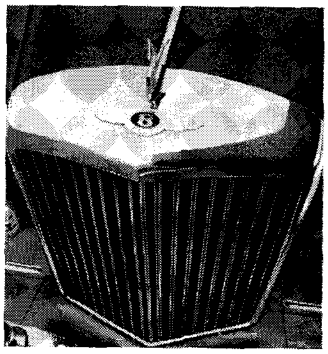

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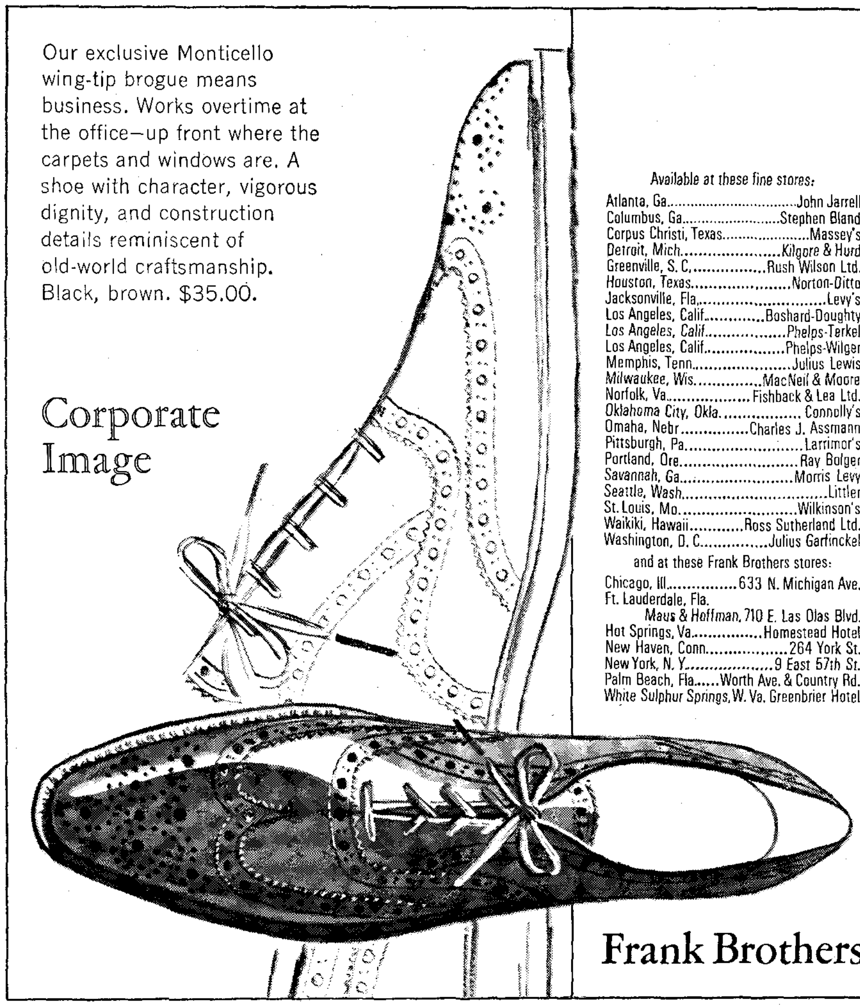

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I mention the children," he said. "Look at the letters now. You won't be able to read them."

"He is missing the family," Mme. Rossi said. "Even though they made more work for him. He cries the whole day."

Of course he was missing the family. He was missing the family, the children were missing him. Walter looked at the boy's face, which seemed as closed and vain as a cat's. "They meant more work for you," he said. "Did you hear that?"

"We could have kept the children," Angelo mumbled. His lips hung open. His face was Negroid, plump. One day he would certainly be fat.

"What, brought them up?"

"Only for one week," said Angelo, wiping his eyes.

"It seems to me you overheard rather a good deal." Another thought came to him: it would have been a great responsibility. He felt aggrieved that Angelo did not take into consideration the responsibilities Walter already had—for instance, he was responsible for Angelo's being in France. If Angelo were to steal a car and smash it, Walter would have to make good the loss. He was responsible for the house, which was not his, and for William of Orange, who was no better and no worse, but lay nearly paralyzed in a cardboard box, demanding much of Angelo's attention. Now he was responsible for a hamster in a cage.

"They would have taken me on the farm," Angelo said.

"Nonsense." Walter remembered how Eve avoided a brawl, and he imitated her deliberately mild manner. He understood now that they had been plotting behind his back. He had raised Angelo in cotton wool, taught him Kipling and gardening and how to wash the car, fed him the best food. . . . "My brother-in-law is Irish," he said. "You mustn't think his promises are real."

The boy sat without moving, expressionless, sly. He was waiting for Walter to leave the room so that he could have the letters to himself.

"Would you like to go home, Angelo?" Walter said. "Would you like to go back and live in Italy, back with your family?" Angelo shook his head. Of course he would say no to that; for one thing, they relied on his pocket money—on the postal orders he sent them. An idea came to Walter. "We shall send for your mother," he said. The idea was radiant now. "We shall bring your old mother here for a visit. Why not? That's what we shall

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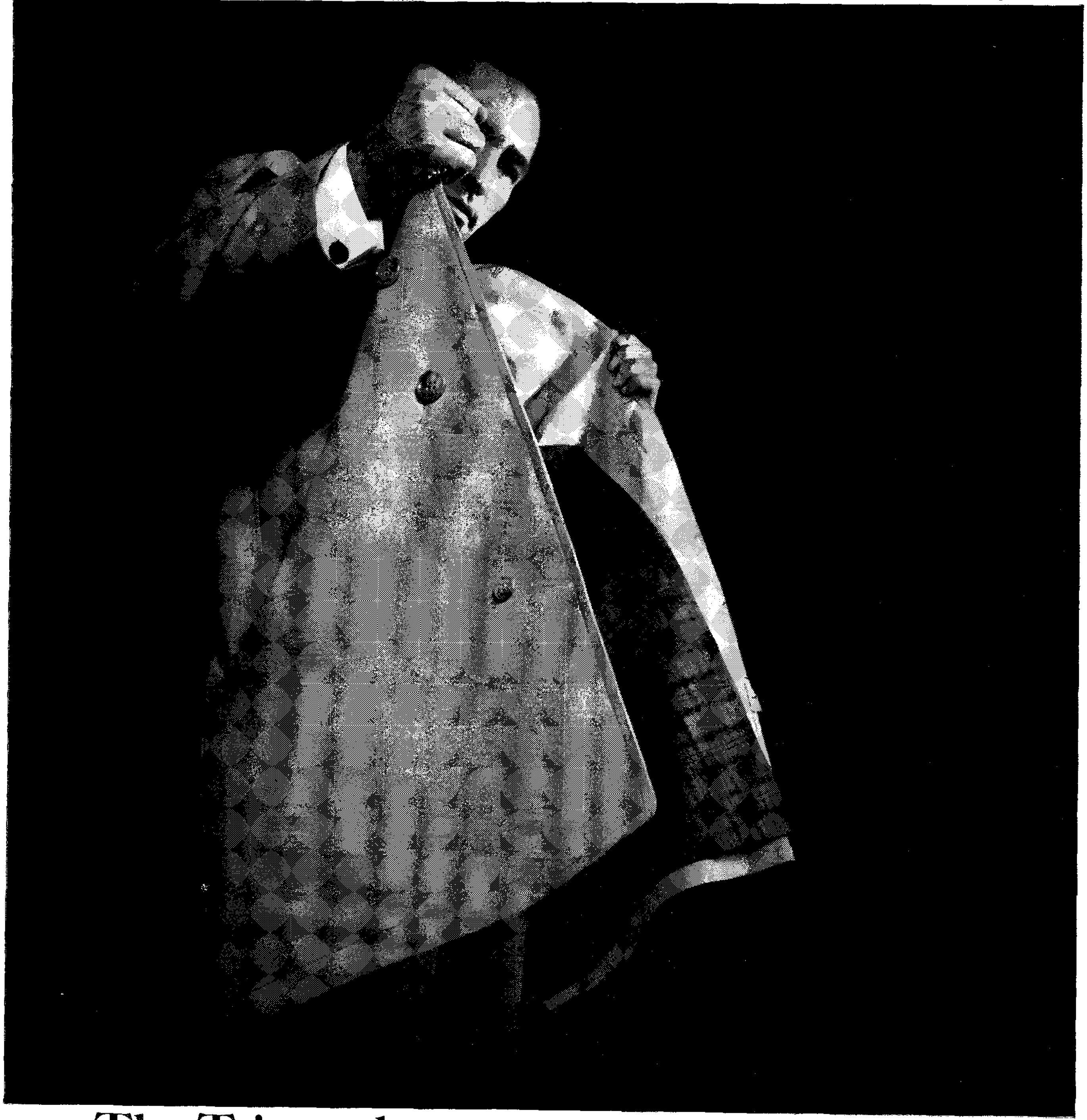

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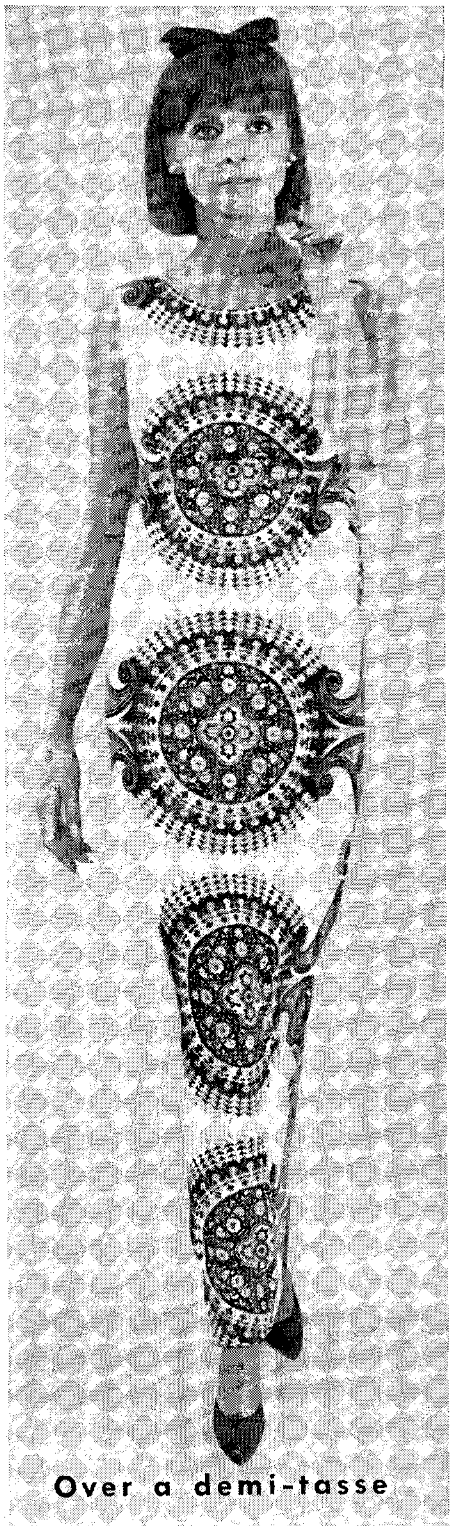

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do. Bring your mother here. She can talk to you. I'm sure that is all you need."

III

"CAN you imagine that lazy boy on an English farm?" said Walter to Mrs. Wiggott. "That is what I said to him: 'Have you ever worked as a farmer? Do you know what it means?'" He blotted imaginary tears with his sleeve to show how Angelo had listened. His face was swollen, limp.

"Stop it, Walter," said Mrs. Wiggott. "I shall *perish*."

"And so now the mother is coming," said Walter. "That is where the situation has got to. They will all sit in the kitchen eating my food, gossiping in Calabrian. I say 'all' because of course she is bound to come with a *covey* of cousins. But I am hoping that when I have explained the situation to the old woman she can reason with Angelo and make him see the light."

"Darling Walter," said Mrs. Wiggott. "This could only happen to you."

"If only I could explain things to Angelo in *our* terms," said Walter. "How to be a good friend, a decent host, all the rest. Not to expect too much. How to make the best of life, as we do."

"As we do," said Mrs. Wiggott, solemn now.

"Live for the minute, I would like to tell him. Look at the things I put up with, without complaint. The summer I've had! Children everywhere. Eggs and bacon in the *hottest* weather. High tea—my brother-in-law's influence, of course. Look at the house I live in. Ugly box, really. I never complain."

"That is true," said his old friend. "No heat in winter. Not an anemone in the garden. Les Anémones, they called it, and not an anemone on the place. Nothing but a lot of iris, and I put those in myself."

—MAVIS GALLANT

•

Clara Collins, 18100 Cave Creek, told deputies today that her dog chased a prowler out of her yard last night.

She said he fired two shots at the fleeing suspect.—*Scottsdale (Ariz.) Progress.*

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•

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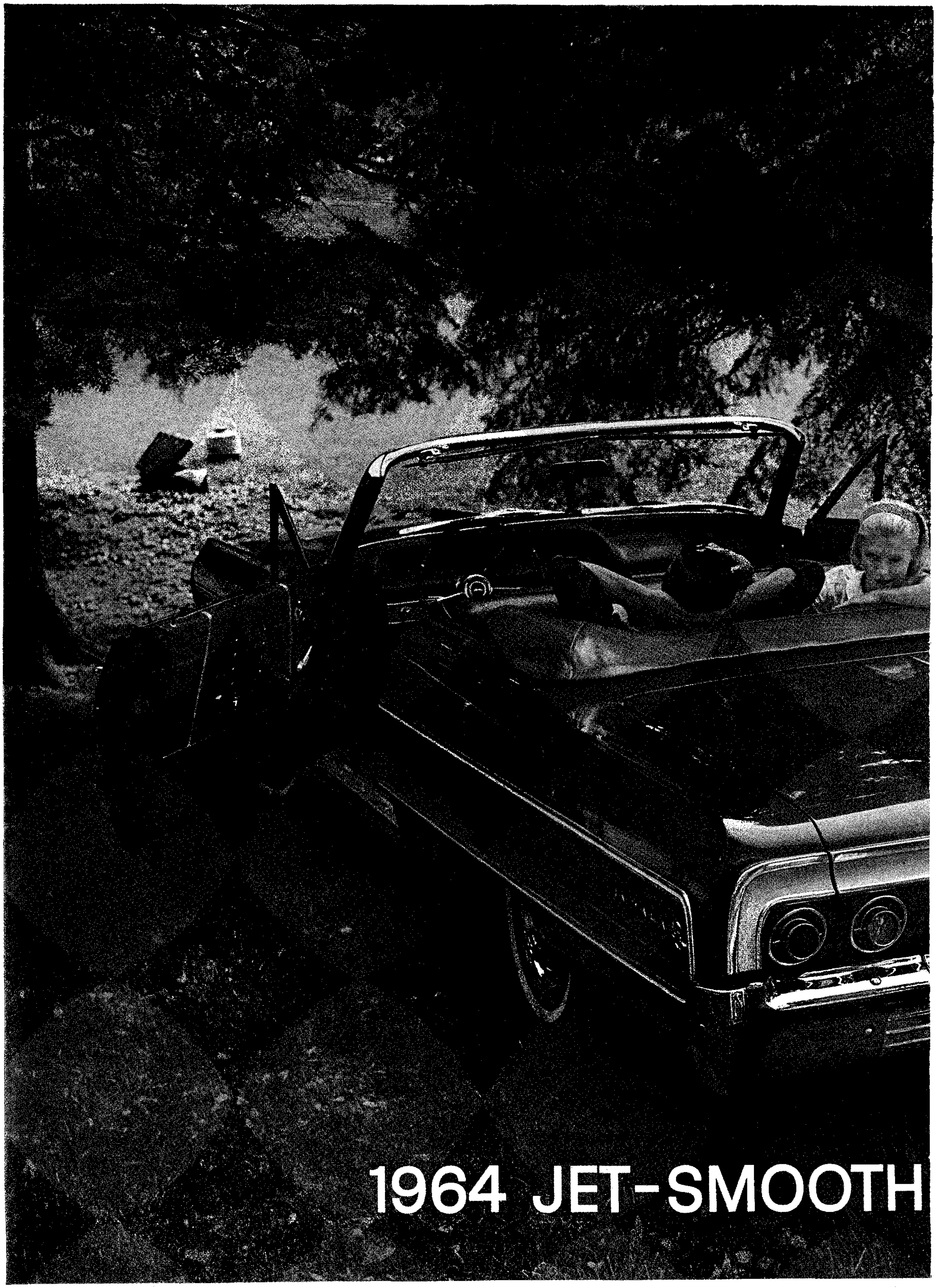
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THE THEATRE

THE THEATRE

BROADWAY SAMPLER

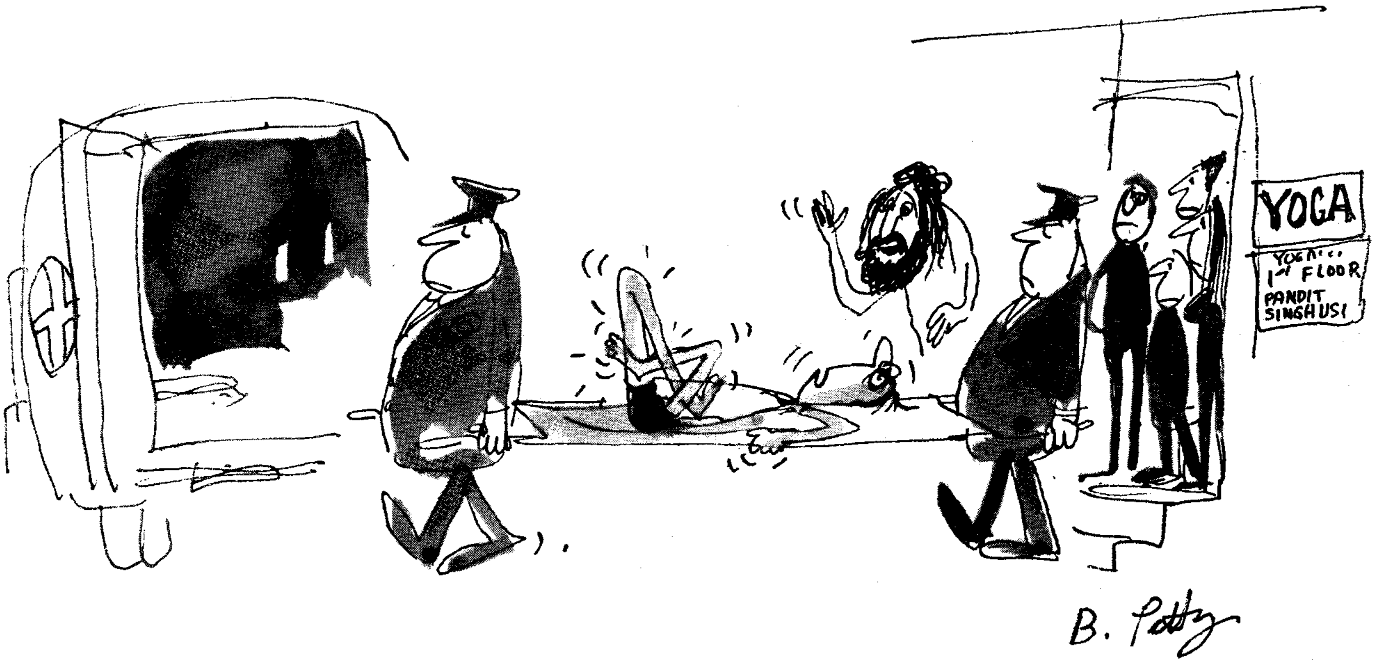
A QUINTET of entertainments came upon us last week, and in their quest for our attention they certainly roved about. At the Booth, for instance, there was "Spoon River Anthology," a remarkable interpretation of Edgar Lee Masters' affectionate and skeptical salute to those who dwell in the Middle West. Though the book was published in 1915, the play is as alive as you and I, revealing, as Masters had it, "Life all around me here in the village: Tragedy, comedy, valor and truth, Courage, constancy, heroism, failure—All in the loom, and, oh, what patterns." To the accompaniment of songs by Naomi Caryl Hirshorn (who sings them onstage with a folksong expert named Hal Lynch), Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, and Charles Aidman—the last being the ingenious soul who thought the whole thing up—see to it that everything Masters was getting at is decisively delivered, and the graveyard in which most of the characters are supposed to be lingering to have a last word seems an interesting place indeed.

I'M not so sure that the Kingdom of Singspielia, where "The Student Gypsy, or, The Prince of Liederkranz" is set, is anywhere near as attractive as Masters' graveyard. To put it more bluntly, this musical by Rick Besoyan, at the Fifty-fourth Street, is actively annoying, in both style and content. Mr. Besoyan, who is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, is bent on spoofing old-fashioned operettas, an undertaking more or less on the order of coming up with the bright notion that women used to look funny in bustles, and although he introduces a song or two that the composers he is mocking might think about for a moment, he never establishes himself as a creator of any consequence. The actors on view are led by Eileen Brennan. She is quaint. And so are they all. And so are they all.

ONCE, many years ago, Robert Benchley, after witnessing a performance by George M. Cohan, proposed the actor for the Presidency. After watching the inventions of the Russian puppet genius Sergei Obratsov, at the Broadway, I'd be glad to propose him for the Presidency of the Presidium of the U.S.S.R. Mr. Obratsov's puppets are so incredibly real that at the end the tendency is to applaud *them* instead of Mr. Obratsov and his assistants. The puppeteer, in fine old vaudeville style, offers everything from performing animals to a cantata in praise of vitamins, and I can assure you that all his turns are right.

WHILE I have absolute empathy with Obratsov, I'm afraid I have little or none with the English playwright Arnold Wesker, whose "Chips with Everything" is at the Plymouth. Mr. Wesker is out to show us what life is like in the Royal Air Force these days, and he certainly establishes it as a fierce proposition, what with clamorous squad drills, tightly drawn caste lines, and generally dishevelled morale. Mr. Wesker can write a dramatic scene, all right, but he never comes close to devising a coherent play, and, for the life of me, I couldn't discover what all the shouting was about. There is a good deal of gamy dialogue, the usual grousing among the enlistees, a touch of homosexuality, and so on. The cast is large and competent.

"HERE'S LOVE," at the Sam S. Shubert, is an adaptation by Meredith Willson of a charming movie called "Miracle on 34th Street." The plot has to do with a bewhiskered ancient who, after being hired to represent Santa Claus at Macy's, comes to the conclusion that he actually *is* St. Nicholas. Mr. Willson, who wrote not only the book but the music and lyrics as well, has put a rather heavy hand on this little fairy tale, but there are a lot of colorful moments—a Macy Thanksgiving Day parade, for example—and the customary big and blaring tunes in which Mr. Willson specializes. Among those pres-



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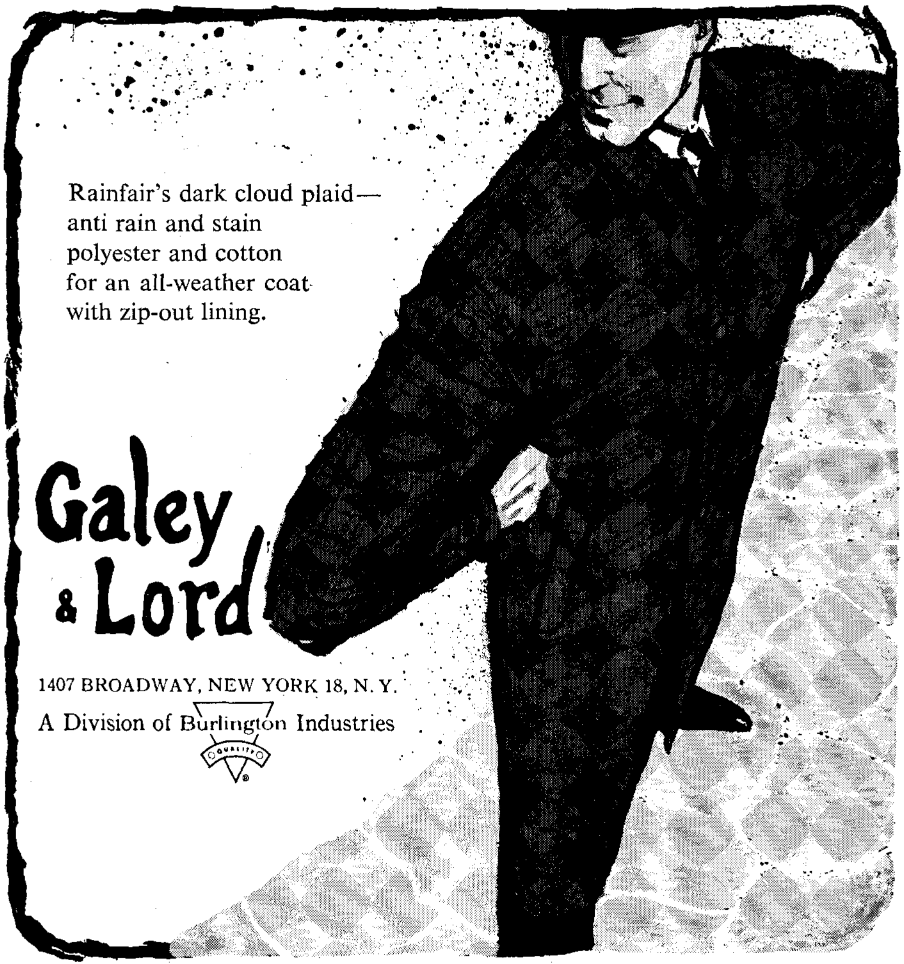
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OFF BROADWAY

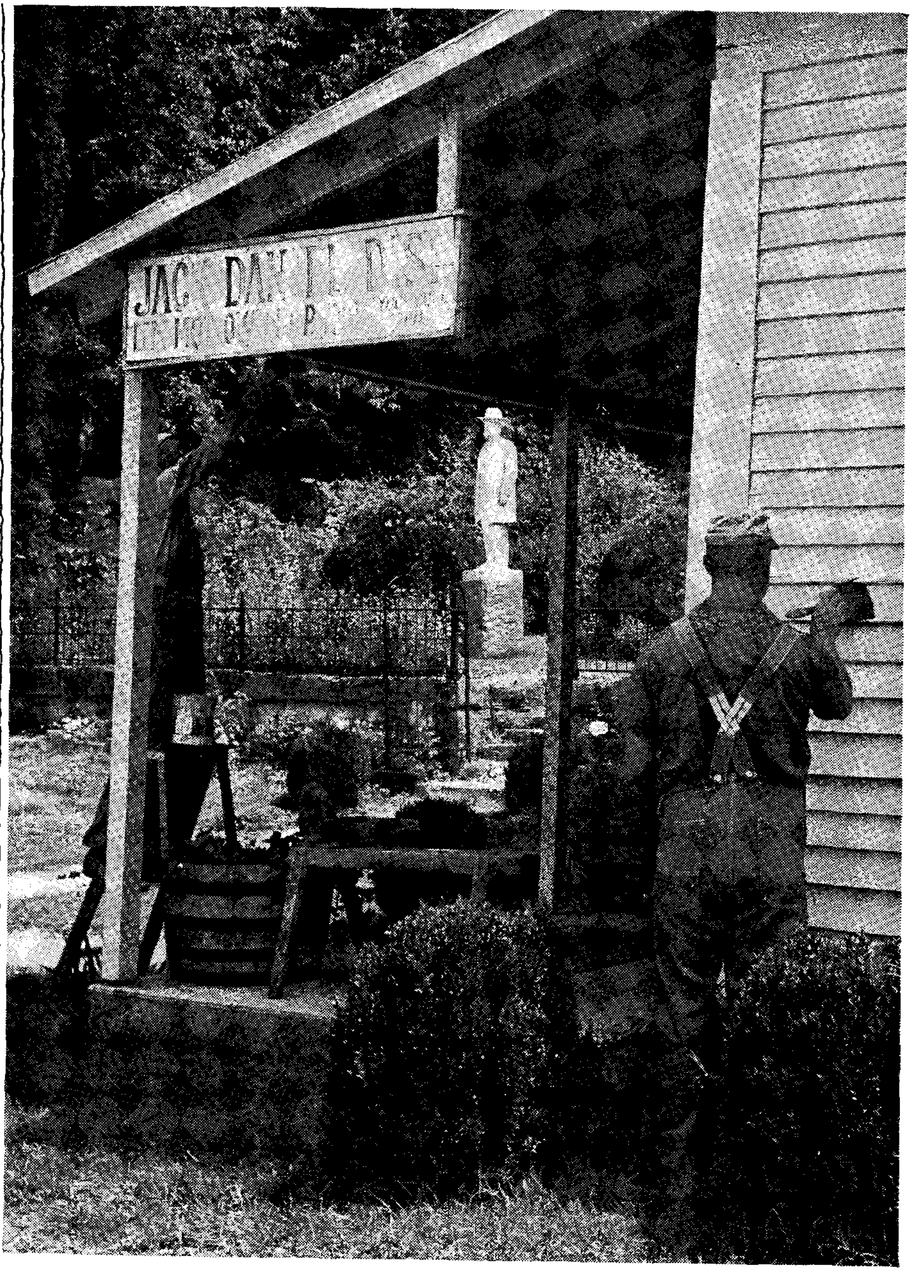
A Study in Stagefright

JOHN CROMWELL'S "Opening Night" and "A Matter of Like Life and Death" are a couple of one-acters that are being performed—and, best news first, performed quite well—at the East End. The action of "Opening Night," which brings Peggy Wood Off Broadway, takes place in the dressing room of an aging and temporarily non-alcoholic star (cut a bit too close for credibility to Laurette Taylor) who is about to go on as Arkadina in "The Sea Gull," and who transforms herself, between the calls of "Half hour!" and "Places, please!," from a bleached-out wreck into a handsome, commanding woman. Along the way, in her behavior and in a conversation that is sometimes reminiscent, sometimes savage or bitchy or silly or funny or maudlin or panicky, she hits every nuance of stagefright. On the receiving end of this conversation is her dresser-confidante-friend, beautifully played by Ruth Gates. One problem here for Mr. Cromwell (and, by extension, for Miss Wood) is having to deal out facts—about the actress's drinking, for example, and the ill feeling that her children have for her, and episodes from her past—that the dresser is bound to know already but that the audience does not. Except for a few lapses, the problem is handled pretty well. The play is, of course, inside stuff—theatre about theatre—which I rather disapprove of on artistic grounds but enjoy all the same. Miss Wood seems to be having, and certainly gives the audience, a good time. As for Miss Gates, she is a constant support to Miss Wood both in and out of character, and, incidentally, makes that foolish old cliché about there being no small parts come true.

"A Matter, etc.," is a sporadically entertaining little fable that is set in an elaborately appointed fallout shelter where an unworldly scientist and his cozy wife have holed up for a trial weekend. In the course of the action, the scientist is revealed as the serpent, almost in spite of himself, in his own Garden of Eden. He is delighted with life underground, or thinks he is, while his wife—chosen, we learn, for her eugenic qualifications from among thousands of contenders—would really prefer to spend her weekends on the beach.

The sketch never quite jells either as a prank or as a play, but the script does provide Frances Sternhagen, James Karen, and a pretty young actress named Marlene Warfield, as a Negro maid who, representing the spirit of reality or sanity or something, invades the sealed-off paradise to hand over a special-delivery package, with enjoyable parts. (I should think that by now Negro actors would be as tired of playing Mental Health as of playing maids.) Miss Sternhagen is very good, and a brief scene in which she goes into and comes out of hysterics could be looked at with profit by every student of acting in town. Don Manfredi's setting, with its double-decker bunks, its silly wire sculpture, and its violin hooked on the wall, is exactly right.

“Color of Darkness” is a series of old-fashioned sentimental vignettes, most of which started out as short stories by James Purdy. The production at Writers Stage is, if not *avant*, at least *moyenne garde*, with scrims that pull back and forth, masks, choruses of conversing voices, gloomy string music behind the poignant bits, and lone players, many of them sobbing or quietly in tears, picked out by spotlights on a darkened multi-level stage, but the general effect, unfortunately, is more precious than stylish. On the evidence here, Mr. Purdy is a man who takes a lugubrious, though not especially penetrating, view of the lives of his fellows. The fellows on display include a fellow who decides to mend his ways by cutting out swearing, smoking, and drinking, and is given a very hard time indeed by his roommate (“I need you for your money; you need me to tell you who you are”); a young fellow whose mother objects to his spending his evenings in a Greek restaurant where someone named Spiro is painting his portrait; a cockeyed matron,



JACK DANIEL'S
Old No. 7
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY

SPRUCING UP JACK DANIEL'S OLD OFFICE is a yearly chore in the Hollow because it's still our favorite sitting place.

We moved into our new office next door to this one ten years ago. But we still like to sit here and listen to the old-timers recall how Mr. Jack declared: “Every day we make whiskey, we'll make it the best we can!” Lem Motlow, Mr. Jack's nephew, was fond of saying that, too. And a sip of our whiskey, we believe, will tell you Mr. Lem's four sons have taken care to carry on that tradition.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

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TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

née McBane, who objects to being called by her married name, which is Klein, and gets beaten up by Mr. Klein; and a war widow who spends her evenings in a bar sadly drinking beer and who confesses to a sympathetic friend that the only boy she ever loved was a crippled classmate in the eighth grade. Darkness is the word, all right. Every once in a while someone says or does something just bright enough to cut through the murk, but not often. The evening opens with a character, self-identified as God, who addresses the assembled cast in rolling, fuzzy periods, such as "Ladies and people . . . surrender to what you are continuing against. . . . By being infinitely repulsive you have continued continuity," and, to be fair, "I am not here to entertain you." Toward the end of the evening, he reappears, having decided to blow up the world, and then, because of some remark that an old lady makes (which I certainly would have noted down if I'd known it would turn out to be so crucial), changes his mind. The actors, under William Francisco's direction, mostly do pretty well, considering. Of the five plays presented, four were adapted by Ellen Violett; Mr. Purdy himself did the fifth. —Edith Oliver

•

Camping in Turkey

The Turkey isn't an enemy of camping. In the contrary to other southern countries people are only coming to your tent on a wave and this only if you wave them away as they signal different from us, so if you want them to come here you have to wave away and the other way round. Also the water-problem is not that big, especially on the European part and the art-historically so interesting West-coast of Anatolia, you find many wells on the way and in the gardens (but however it is better to have 2 water-bottles with you). Apart from some forests at the coast there is very little shadow and the sun likes you very much.

The best thing is to stay on the main-roads which are not asphalted and therefore very dusty but without wholes at least.

You may camp in villages or everywhere you like. Criminality in Turkey is far from the European average.—*International Europe Camping & Caravaning Guide.*

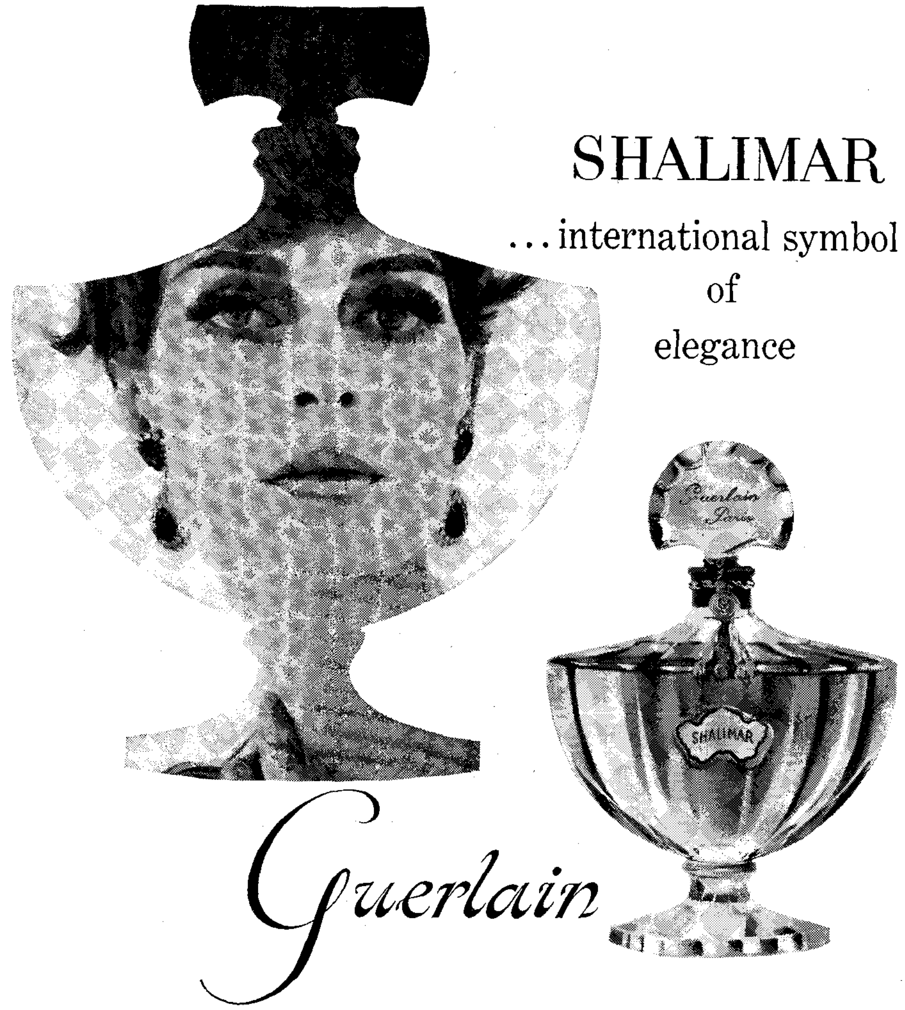
Let's see, now, to wave a thief *away* do you go like *this?*

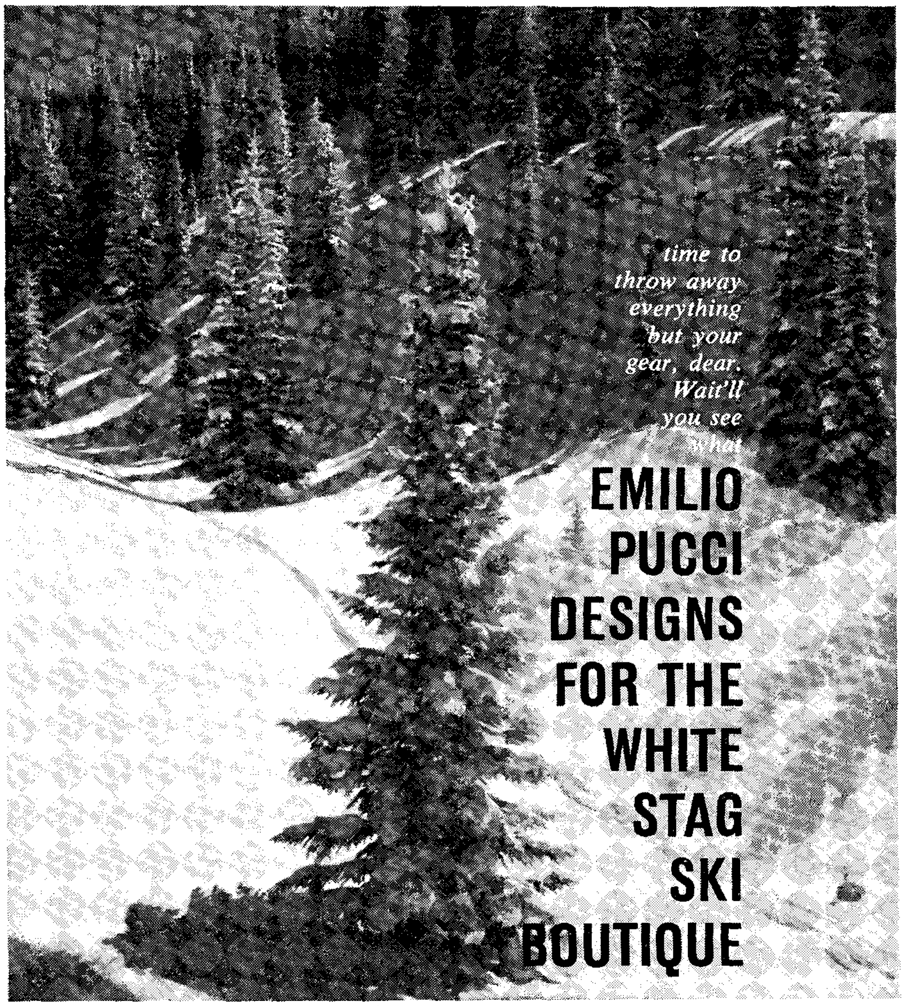
•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Wellesley (Mass.) Townsman*]

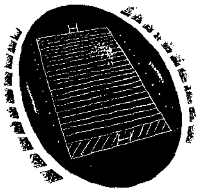
Not to be outdone by other artists, John Totten and his banjo along with several friends and their banjos will provide an instrumental interlude which itself should be worth the price of admission (which by the way is free).




time to throw away everything but your gear, dear. Wait'll you see what
EMILIO PUCCI DESIGNS FOR THE WHITE STAG SKI BOUTIQUE

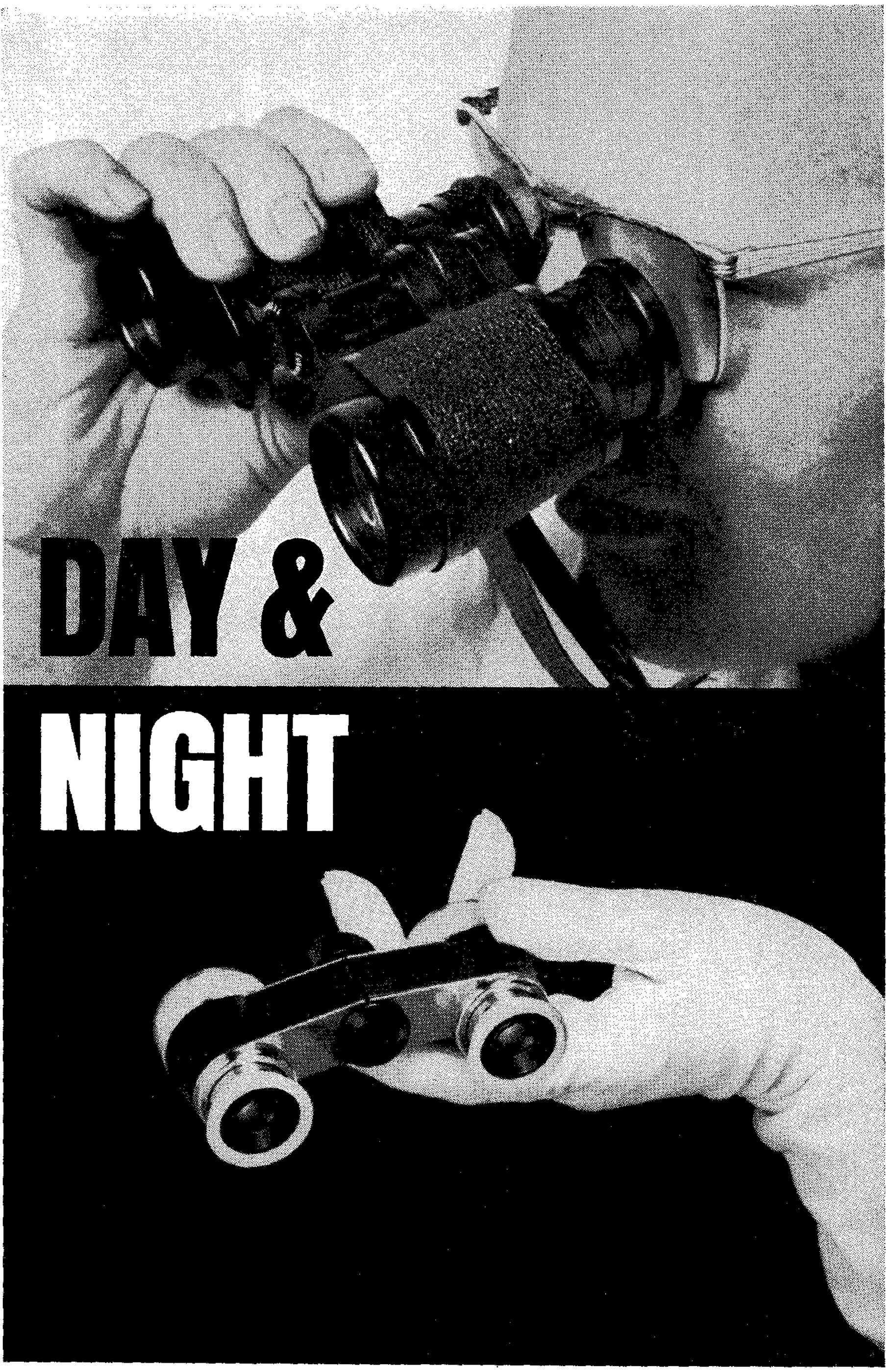
FOOTBALL

Descent from Olympus



I WAS quietly minding my own business, dreaming I dwelt in the marble halls inhabited by the New York Giants and their new young cousins, the New York Jets, and enjoying their titanic way of life, when—a couple of weeks after they began laying waste the countryside—along came the more or less amateur college-football season and my annual return to the ineffective innocence of *our* world. The grimness of this reality was considerably assuaged, let it be hastily added, by the arrival in this vicinity—which is my name for Philadelphia—of Dartmouth last weekend. Gone from its platoons of skilled hands is Don McKinnon, last year's center, and gone is Bill King, last year's running and passing quarterback, but still present is Tom Spangenberg, a runner whose built-in radar tells him exactly where the way is free, and still present is the seemingly automatic extrasensory perception that has every man in the squad alert and on battle station whatever the temporary emergency. Teams that have gone through thirteen football games without defeat can become tense as they contemplate the inexorable law of diminishing returns, but Dartmouth merely drowses for a spell in the afternoon sun, suddenly awakens for a brace of rapid touchdowns, and then dips into its drowse again. It may be that Dartmouth has thus arrived at the secret of *almost* perpetual motion. A lot of that motion is Kelly, this year's King, who passes with his predecessor's nonchalant perfection but as yet has not displayed his predecessor's supernal ability to run. Dartmouth being what it is, I expect that this ability will arrive in due—it might be fatal to Dartmouth if it were overdue—time. Saturday's temporary emergency was Pennsylvania. It may sound silly to say that a team that is beaten 28–0 looks better than it has for two or three years, but the fact is that Pennsylvania does indeed look better than it has for two or three years.

Further assuagement of grim reality was offered by Army—I mean the Army that sifted easily through Boston University and the University of Cincinnati (the scores don't matter; it was the ease that counted), not the Army that (by this time lacking the damaged Smith and Johnson in its backfield)



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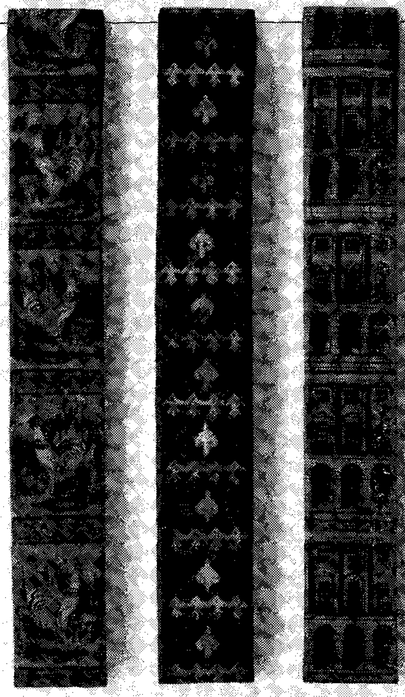
rooster



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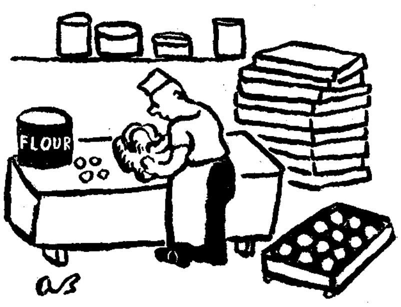
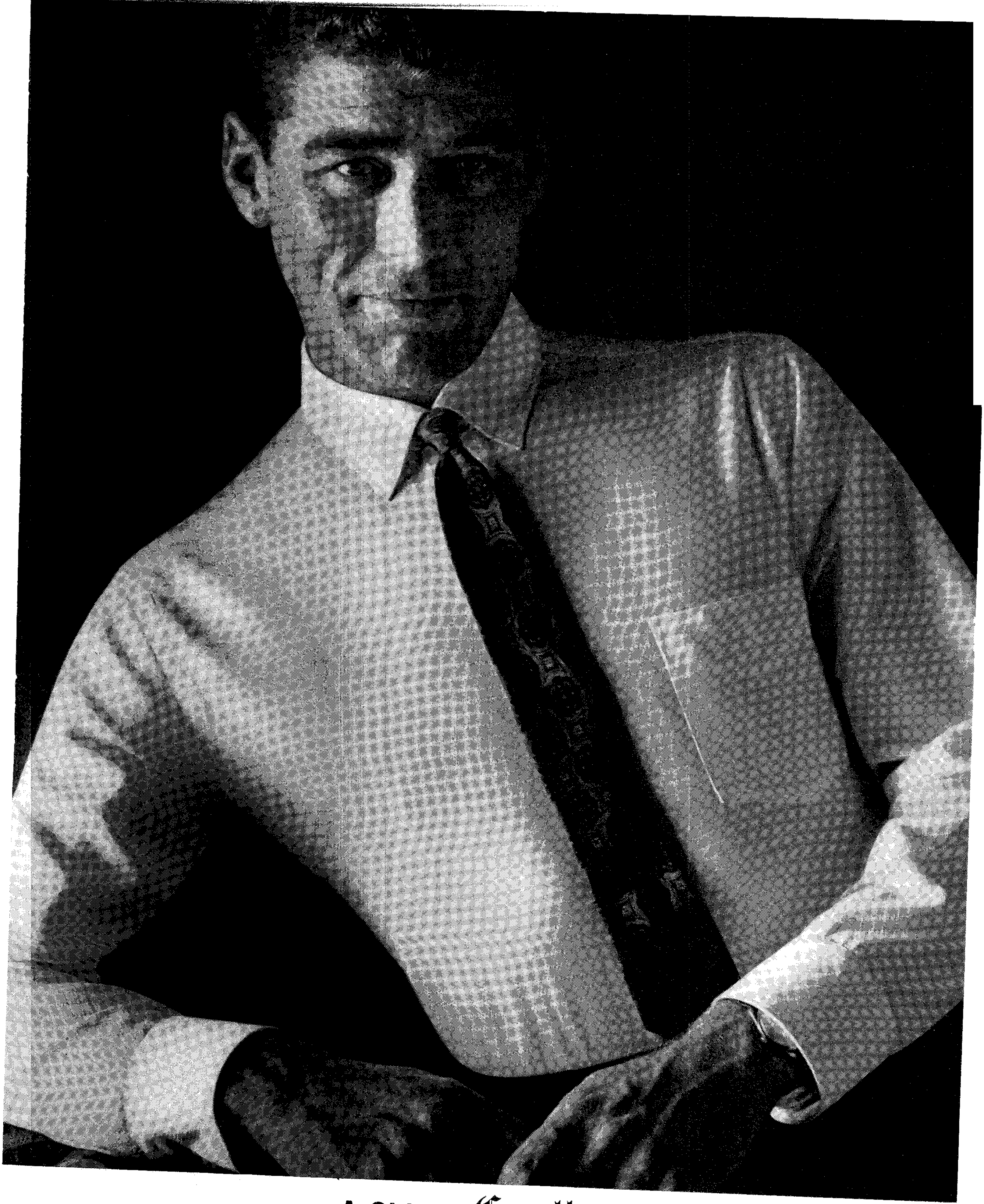
went out to Minneapolis on Saturday to fumble the ball (Army always comes down with the fumbles in its third game of the season) to Minnesota, which had a grand old time of it, 24–8. And there are a few good things to be said about Princeton, though the team came under this department's eye when it was dealing with Rutgers, a literally sophomoric outfit this fall. Rutgers, a distressed area because so many useful men graduated in June, has been reduced to playing seven-man football (no ends, no passer, no runner); anyone should look good against this sort of opposition, and that was what Princeton, a ten-man team (no passer), did. One good thing about Princeton is the inclination of the line, a conglomeration of reconstructed backs and last season's second-stringers, to prance into the enemy backfield and knock everybody flat. This tendency made it impossible for Rutgers to get anywhere at all, and impossible for Columbia's Roberts, whose sole superior at passing (I'd better say in the Ivy League) may be Wood of Cornell, to get far enough in the match in which, last Saturday, Princeton beat Columbia, 7–6. Another good thing is the junior who goes under the coruscating name of Cosmo Iacavazzi; now that a change of rules governing substitutions has made a man who can play both offense and defense doubly valuable, he glitters not only as a runner who can gain five yards where it is not possible to gain any but as a linebacker and as a destroyer who can overtake nearly any broken-field runner. One more good thing is Gogolak, a United States citizen of just one month's standing, whose affinity for field goals and points after touchdown borders on magic, to say nothing of bordering on the affinity of his older brother, who on Saturday kicked three points and a fifty-yard field goal in aid of Cornell as it defeated Lehigh, 24–0.

"ALL HAIL" is the phrase for Navy, which beat Michigan, 26–13, on Saturday, and maybe will beat everybody else, and for Brown, the nearly forgotten basement of the Ivy League,





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which looked sprightly indeed against Yale (12–7). "Help wanted" is the phrase for Yale, another ten-man team (no passer). "Wow" is the phrase for minute Massachusetts, which, after holding down Harvard to a 0–0 count the week before, demolished Bucknell, 21–0, even though Bucknell had lost by only two points to Dartmouth. "Hully gee" is the phrase for minute Amherst, which weighed in with a hundred-yard touchdown run in beating American International, 41–16, and especially for Delaware, which in the course of beating Gettysburg, 64–18, passed and ran five hundred and five yards. Delaware is hereby penalized five hundred and ten yards for unnecessary ambition. —J. W. L.

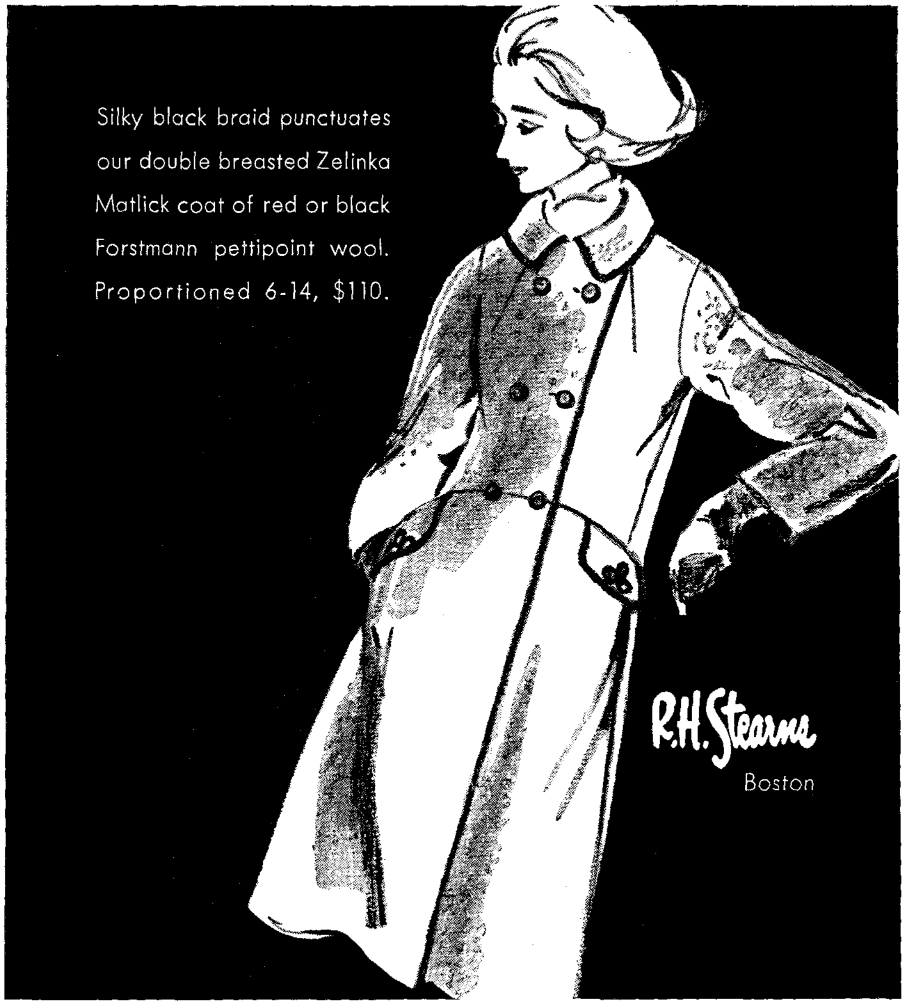
•

A DAY TO REMEMBER IN BOSTON

[*Seminar program sponsored by the Boston Advertising Club. A fifty-dollar fee covered the entire day.*]

SEMINAR: COMMUNICATION

1. The role of the emergent Marketing Concept upon profit optimizations by the reduction of risks.
2. The role of Communication in the corporate mix.
    - *a.* Its historic role.
    - *b.* Need for criteria which can be objectified, measured and evaluated.
    - *c.* The validation of communications role.
3. Criteria for determining the most efficient and effective communication budget.
    - *a.* Objectives and goals versus costs and results.
    - *b.* The interaction between the corporate budget and the individual product budgets.
    - *c.* Optimization in allocation among alternative products—local optimization the key to overall optimization.
4. Criteria for maximizing communication productivity within a fixed budget.
    - *a.* Principles for determining creative strategy and creative tactics.
    - *b.* Principles for determining strategic and tactical methods of reaching specific audiences.
        - 1) The problem of evaluating communication alternatives.
        - 2) The optimum media mix.
    - *c.* Principles for selective reinforcement of the corporate communication program.
        - 1) Reinforcement of more productive segments of the total market.
        - 2) Reinforcement through merchandising and promotion.
5. The internal communication problem related to optimization of the corporate program.
    - *a.* Differential sophistication among management strata.
    - *b.* Cultural lag and resistance to change.
    - *c.* The relationship between the generalist decision maker and the communication specialist.



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It's not a matter of being proper. It's unnecessary. For when most Englishmen ask for gin, they expect to get Gordon's. After all, its distinctive dryness and delicate flavour have been a part of English life for 194 years. Americans, however, have been enjoying Gordon's for a somewhat shorter span of time. So it is wise (and proper) to specify Gordon's by name. Your first sip of a Gordon's martini will tell you why it's the biggest selling gin over here as well as in England and the rest of the world.

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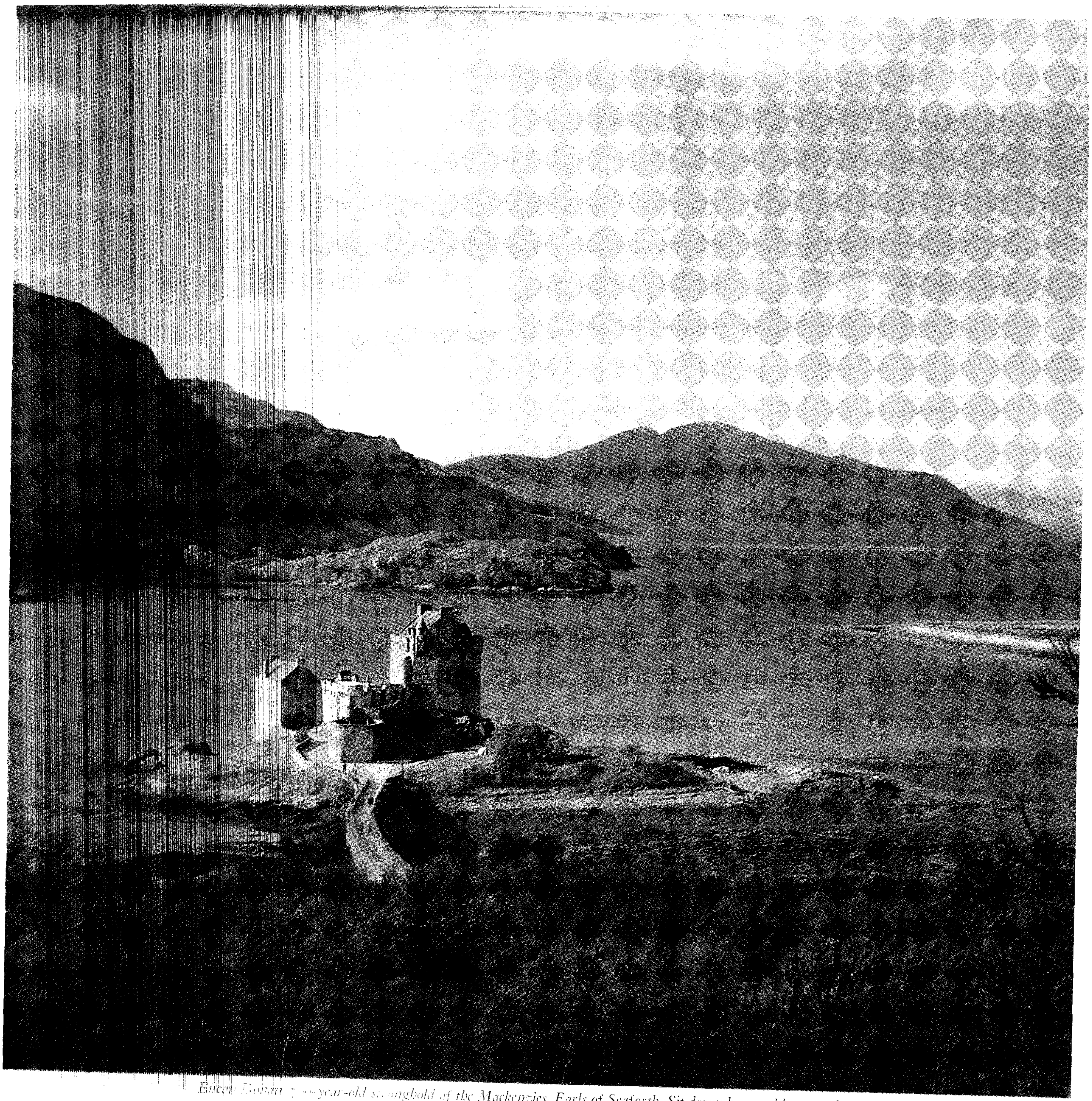

Eilean Donan: 7[illegible]-year-old stronghold of the Mackenzies, Earls of Seaforth. Sit down here and let your dreams do the wandering.

Promise yourself at least two days of unabashed idleness on your trip to Britain

A CASTLE basks in the sun. A small Scottish breeze ripples across the loch. It is afternoon in the Highlands.

As you travel around Britain, sights like this may tempt you to forget your schedule and *loaf*. Go ahead. Britain offers umpteen ways to take it easy.

Rent a car *and* chauffeur—and you never need look at a map or signpost. Cost? About $75 for two days—but you can share it with a couple of friends.

Rent a boat and tour Britain's rivers and canals. Two days of cruising cost about $65 for four people. You live on board, dangle your toes in the water, and glide from village to village.

Village cricket is the professional idler's dream. You sit by the local pub, drink beer, and watch others being energetic. Trees whisper, spectators snooze, and the church clock counts the hours till teatime.

You can idle in London, too. Luxury hotels have *enormous* bathtubs. Your shoes are shined while you sleep. And your maid wakes you with a cup of tea, then brings you breakfast in bed.

For idling advice, see your travel agent. Britain is only 6½ hours by air or 5 lazy sea-days from New York.

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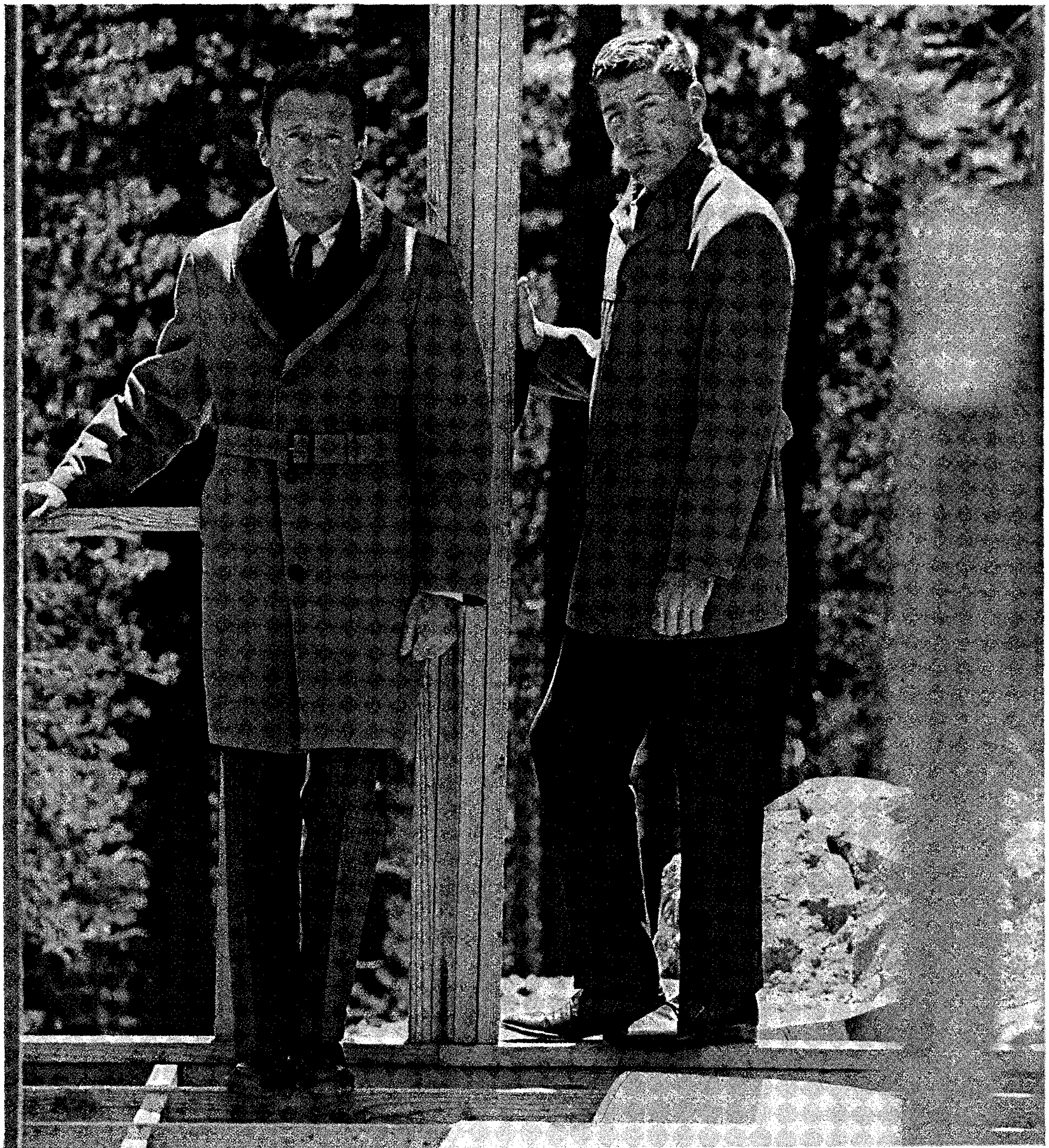

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DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

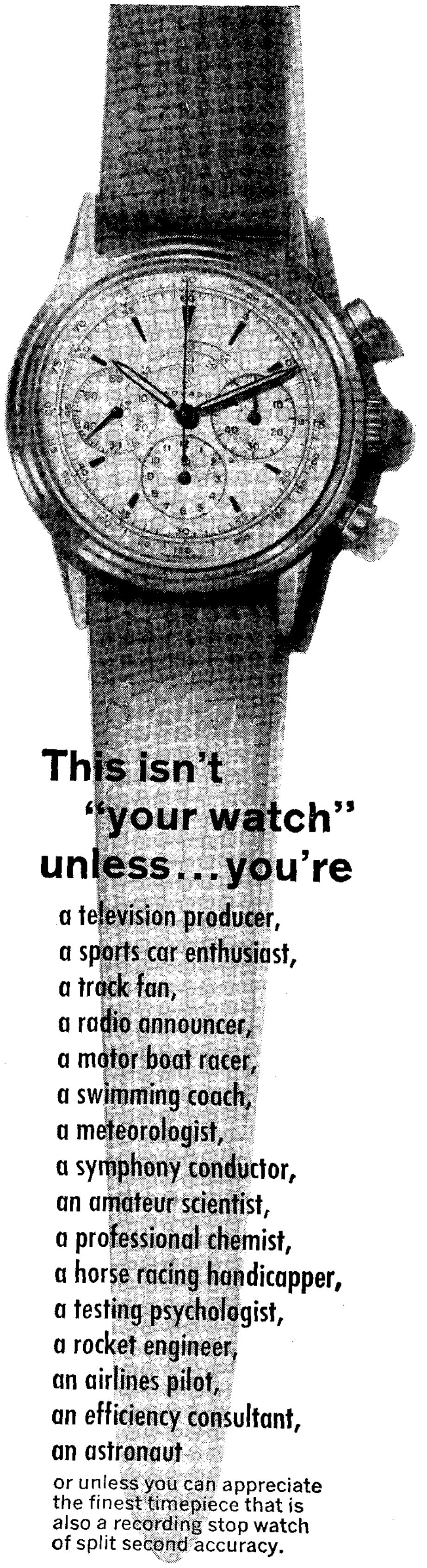
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THERE is no question about it—a uniform is a comforting thing. The little basic black dress with its inevitable string of pearls is a safe-and-sane example, all right, being both becoming and darned practical, though there are outspoken designers who call it cowardly. In my essay last week, I was going on about the numbers of really expensive and *extreme* uniforms put forth by our downtown manufacturers—proof that many of our fashionable women don't care if duplicates are all around as long as they are wearing The Norell, The Chanel, The Galanos, The Givenchy of the season. But I didn't say anything about the efforts of small custom shops and certain adjuncts of our big retail stores to preserve individuality of a sort, either by cajoling manufacturers into making some of their favorite designs in special fabrics or by working out changes of detail. Bergdorf Goodman's solution has been to beguile Seventh Avenue manufactories into using specially dyed materials that cater to B.G.'s current love for shades ranging from rose through plum to purple—to be worn at any time of day. The really offbeat stuff, unless it is custom-made by young adventurers in the business, usually appears in boutiques, yet the large emporiums that do have boutiques are cautiously employing "at home," "casual," and "informal living" to describe clothes that may approach the eccentric. It occurs to me that the shops might have adopted this scheme of nomenclature to lure the customer into a fashion-can-be-fun attitude.

BENDEL's second floor has now been dubbed Bendel's Fancy, and fancy it is. Racks of clothes and all other evidences of commerce are absent; instead, there is a small reception hall and a lot of ample dressing rooms all around it, for meditation while clothes are brought to you by handmaidens. It seems to me a lonely way of life, sort of like sitting around waiting for "The Doctor will see you now, Miss," because there's no chance of looking across a salon and getting ideas from seeing what other women are buying. Or am I thus concurring in the theory that American women are sheep? Anyway, Bendel has likewise persuaded Seventh Avenue to make established designs in fabrics that nobody but Bendel will have. Among the good providers is Sarmi, with his own dazzling prints on Italian velveteen for slightly gathered long skirts, topped by his high-rising satin belts and his strapless contrasting tops. One skirt may be plum, with persimmon patterns on it (many of the patterns have a medieval look), and the top will be aqua. And Jane Derby, to name another, has concocted a whole collection just for Bendel. But to find real adventure go to the boutique, which is next to the elevators on the second floor, just waiting for nonconformists. Suède is ad infinitum in this town, but in this boutique there are suits from France of blond or brown *pigskin*, with little-boy three-button jackets, not to mention old-fashioned hand-crocheted Afghan knit-work (vivid two-inch squares on black), such as cardigans and full-length coats (real wild), and a Chanel type of suit, from France, in black silk chenille, with crusty pale gold edging its cardigan and its pockets. This is $450, which proves that boutiques are coming up in the world of prices as fast as motels are. John Weitz has made up a fireside outfit (for fireside *chats*?) that involves a white silk shirt and a gathered short skirt of hamster—real hamster. For blatant boudoir appeal, Scaasi has concocted a white lace peignoir with sleeves and an open neck, to be worn over white lace pajamas that have an attached top of coral satin. Hmm!

THAT'S nothing, though. Rentner breaks out, for Saks Fifth Avenue's Park Avenue Room (another chapel dedicated to the informal living that has so recently been discovered), a one-piece jumper suit of white crêpe with a cowl neck and long sleeves, as well as a long coat of sheer crocheted wool in pale apricot (kind of like some English bed jackets), with a self ruffle all around the edges as it descends to the floor. For contrast, there are burly sweaters of hand-knit mohair from Italy; a true maverick in this assortment of mavericks has a cowl buttoned on around the shoulders, and sleeves that are supposed to dangle. These items run between $35 and $75. (It's nice to get back to earth.) Anything but dizzy, however, are the things made for Saks by our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more youthful designers. One is a knockout all-purpose costume from Rudi Gernreich. It combines a skimp of a white wool dress with a full-length reversible coat of two-faced camel's hair—natural on one side, white on the other—that wraps casually across and has kimono sleeves. Vera Maxwell is represented by a suit with a slender, long-waisted Norfolk jacket, all done in a heathery Scotch tweed; Donald Brooks, Rentner, and Talmack are represented by mannerly little black dresses that are saved from complete safeness by daring necklines; Brooks is represented by a bias dress that makes me think of Vionnet nightgowns of the nineteen-twenties, its cowl drape at the top exposing the shoulder tips.

AND while I am on the subject of slick little blacks with stirring décolletages, I should say something about Lee Hano and her brand-new shop, on the second floor of 698 Madison Avenue, at 62nd Street. (Her phone, not yet in the book, is Plaza 2-3399.) She has batted her big brown eyes at people like Paul Whitney and Talmack, persuading them to produce stuff for her that will please rich little girls who Go Places. A Talmack stunner is shown here in black velvet with an extremely deep scoop neck (it'll be in linens, too, later); Whitney's champion black velvet goes in for a slashing V neckline in front; Sarmi's black crêpes, both short and long, have string straps that descend to the waist in back. In the black-and-white field we find Dior-New York's dance dress—tiny squares and occasional blobs of black cut velvet on white satin that is gathered on the black velvet band around its high neck. There are shoulder straps in back. Mrs. Hano has picked up quite a few one-of-a-kind daytime notions downtown, and has plenty of things that embody slight changes from The Uniform—by Zuckerman, Norell, Galanos, Monte-Sano, and so on. The sizes are as petite as her shop—mostly 6 to 10, though she will reluctantly show 12, or even 14. (As a matter of fact, nearly every place I've so far talked about at all caters to sizes 4 to 10 or 12.)

AMONG the individualists whose clothes are not copied all over the lot are Bob Bugnand (the stuff, designed in Paris, is made there to your measurements) and Eleanora Garnett (ditto in Rome). Both also have ready-to-wear things handy (especially Garnett), in case the size and color are to your liking. Among Bugnand's day suits

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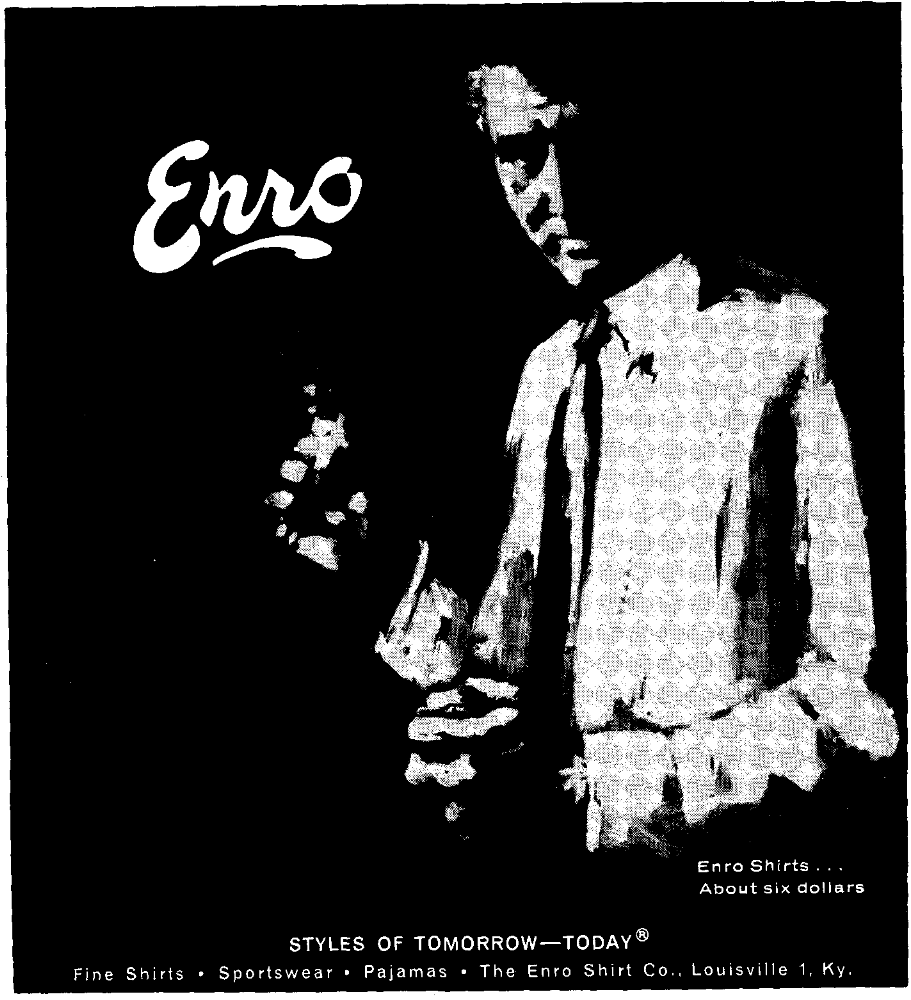
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About six dollars
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Pride x 3

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Chester Barrie clothing reflects the spirit of the people who make it.

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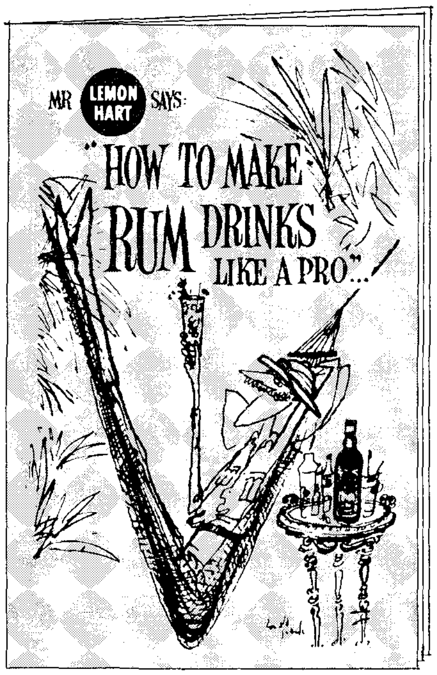
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are a couple of honeys with jackets in slender windbreaker formation—four buttoned pockets, and a windbreaker band at the hipbones. The first of these, done in black wool, has a lining of thin wool in a vast, diagonally checked black-and-white pattern; the blouse has a fold collar. The other jacket is of tan tweed flecked with red; wool in a tiny red-and-green check makes the jumper top, which is attached to the skirt (tan tweed, too), and red hand-knit makes the oversized turtleneck and long sleeves. Sleeves and turtlenecks of heavy knit appear elsewhere—for one, on a slender coat dress of two-faced (gray and gray-and-white checked) wool. The fascinating touch, though, is the reversible poncho that can go over it (collarless, with a slanting single pocket); buttons go down each side from the wrists to the hem. Quite a thing. Wool in a savage black-and-white check is the basis of a more demure street outfit with a waist-length collarless jacket and a black suède blouse with a collar of black mink. Evening wouldn't be evening at Bugnand without beading, but beading is not universal; his most slithery sinuosity is of unadorned black crêpe, all on the bias, with long, tight sleeves, a high cowl neck in front, a prim fastening behind the neck, and *then* a narrow V cut down to the waist. He returns to his more familiar form in an at-home bateau-neck dress of black wool, for there are jet danglers on the bell sleeves and at the hem, so you really jingle when you walk—to warn the mice, I presume. He has also turned out some of the most décolleté tops in a season that is full of such things—for instance, short-sleeved, beaded boleros scooped out deep in front, often over dresses with the same sort of neckline. This is the case with a bolero of beaded cream velvet and a dance-length dress of cream crêpe, which has an Empire waist and Kate Greenaway gathers below. (It's wise to have an appointment here; Templeton 8-0750.)

I WAS talking, in my preachment a week ago, about winter suits with overjackets warm enough to serve as topcoats. Eleanora Garnett has several, which she calls motoring suits. The jackets go comfortably below the hips. Some are slender, such as one of dirty-green tweed with a hood-cowl neck and a matching two-piece dress beneath. Certain jackets have smock backs, because the Signora likes backs to be full, no matter how trim the front. A seven-eighths-length coat of pepper-and-salt tweed (we've moved on to more con-

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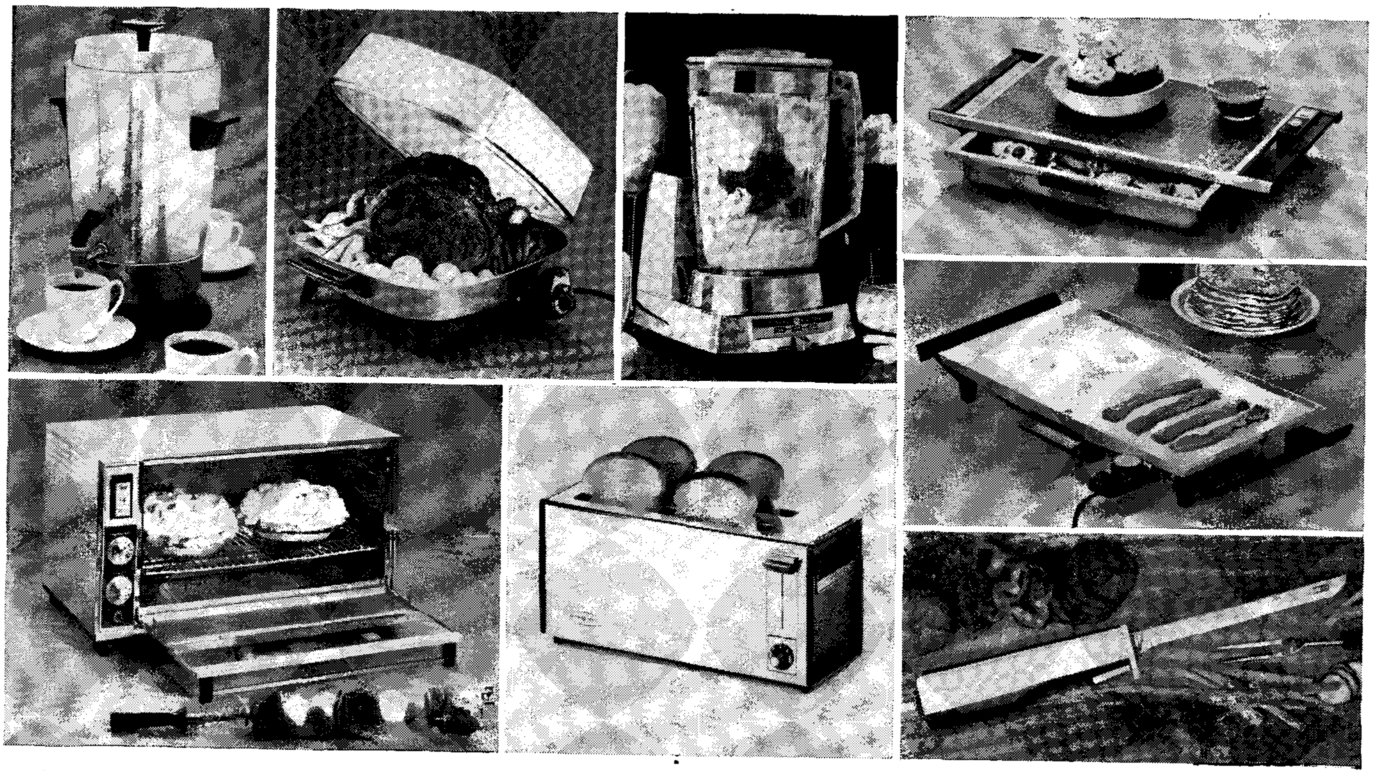

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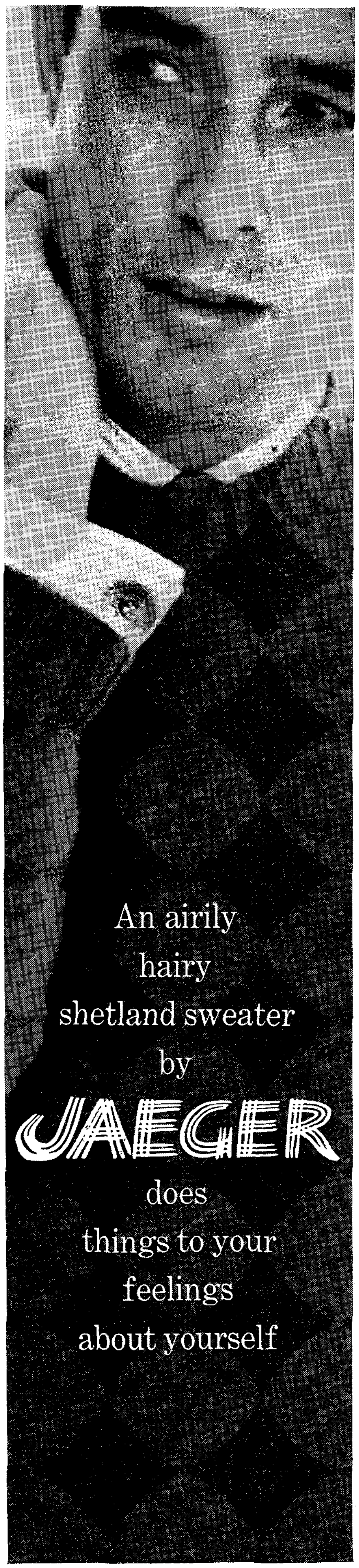
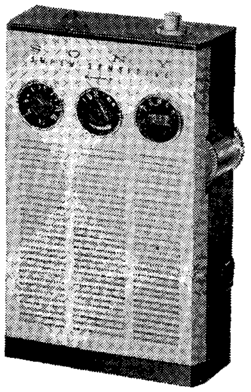


Jaeger imports are in many fine stores in the USA. Enquiries to F. A. MacCluer Inc, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, NY; and in Canada to Wellington Walker Ltd. Prestcott, Ontario.

ventional styles now) has deep folds behind the upper arms to make it swing out in the rear; it covers a matching short-sleeved, U-necked dress. Next is a Garnett that is typical because it affirms her enduring love for snug, nipped waistlines beneath bloused upperworks. This is shown in black mohair wool, and it has kimono sleeves, to make the nip-in more emphatic; a tiny shoulder cape ends in points at each side in front. Another job, of black velvet, with kimono sleeves starting from the high, belted waist, accompanies a wrapped coat of wool (pumpkin is its hue) with dolman sleeves tapering to the wrists. Garnett, too, admires two-faced wools, and she does a coat in cream and deep guanaco with wide slashed lapels and a full back; its companion is a bloused dress of cream crocheted wool with twin brown and cream rope belts. These are just a few goodies out of a big collection.

IF you see a cluster of women outside Betty Metcalf's recently arrived shop at 779 Madison Avenue (66th Street), they are probably customers looking at bolts of material in daylight, along with swatches of other fabrics that would be complementary to the main event—a Kelly-green tweed coat with long scarf ends, say. Metcalf customers are apt to build wardrobes in stages. One prefers mixed blues and greens; swatches of bottle-green worsted, peacock ottoman, turquoise velveteen, and so forth are therefore on hand. (Miss M. likes to mix textures, too.) I saw a reversible coat of heavy wool that is Parma violet on one side and has a Parma-and-beige check on the other. It's slim and it has a petal collar. A citified dress of violet tweed and a countrified one in beige can go along with it, and it can be made even more versatile with a tweed skirt and a variety of overblouses. One of the pet jackets here, to be made up in tweed or brocade or velvet or anything else, has a button below each breast for the closing, and an easy curve amidships that suggests a riding habit, though it flips out in back. It's to be worn with skirts of whatever length. (So far, *all* this Metcalf stuff is to order, and there are many models and sketches to give the customer ideas.) The color sense here is terrific and the fabrics are overwhelming. Take the charcoal velvet, quilted in wriggling up-and-down lines, that is about to be made up into an evening trench coat that may go over a sliver of a dress in thin silver lamé. The boutique stuff here (made in Italy to Miss Metcalf's specifications) can be overwhelming, too. I adored an



On the beam

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outfit that starts with tight pants of a brown-and-black checked knit with black suède patches on the knees; more patches are visible on the elbows of the extra-long sweater top. And I was fond of her velvet pants in the Black Watch tartan, topped by a white shirt and a black velvet hacking jacket. She is also using white cashmere knit (with real body; not slimpsy at all) for the more "informal" outfits, such as a pair of pants that has that extra-long sweater top, plus a band of gold knit and a band of gray knit at the bottoms of the sleeves and the trousers. A long shirtwaist dress of the cashmere has a turnover collar, a three-button tab, and long cuffed sleeves. Metcalf is definitely of the fashion-is-fun school, for people who love color and have ideas of their own or who can field any ideas that are batted to them.

NO greater contrast can be found than the offerings of Ed Baynard, of 322 East 59th Street. To begin with, you must have an appointment (Plaza 2-0180), for three's a crowd in his tiny place. He glowers at the thought of safe little black dresses and pearls, but on the other hand he is apoplectically against brocades, beading, buttons and bows, and nearly any patterns except small checks or stripes. All his work is custom. He specializes in pure Shape, with imperceptible seams supplying the willowy grace. He's what amounts to a cult among young matrons who want everything to be a buildup for their radiant faces, and who accordingly prefer grays and blacks and murky greens in smooth wools. He is currently working out a wardrobe that will glorify not only the customer's face but the customer's jewels, the clothes to stay happily in the background for both. Long, slender sleeves predominate here, and I think highly of the definite upward jut he

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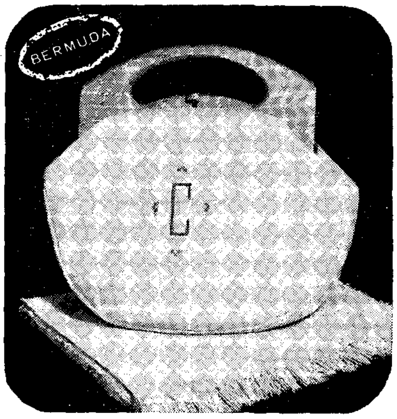
gives the shoulder tips. He holds that knees are ugly, and his skirts are likely to descend an inch or two below the cap. The long, easily curved jacket of a perfectly beautiful suit has concealed snap fasteners going up the front all the way to the tiny collar; the skirt has irregular strip seaming (very narrow gores, a favorite trick of his), and there's a long-sleeved blouse of chambray with a little scarf. But Baynard isn't for everybody. Some women would look as meek as hen pheasants in his clothes and simply sink into the protecting landscape.

A Spang-New custom-and-boutique venture has cropped up at 130¼ (*there's* an address for you!) East 65th Street. It's called Marcello, because the partners are Rita Angelo and Louis de Luca, see? The carpets weren't completely down when I visited the place, so I haven't even word-of-mouth reports about their fitting and tailoring, but what I saw (some forty models, fifteen for the boutique) looked great. What they do is this: They have muslins in sizes 6 to 14 for each model (it's beginning to look as if this week's entire dissertation is, except for Metcalf's stock in trade, directed solely toward the Leans and the Petites). These are fitted to you after the fabric has been chosen; the shop then makes the outfit according to the muslin measurements, after which there's one more fitting. The choice of fabrics is limited, because most of the marvellous lengths of imported goods the owners have picked up will make only one suit, and so will disappear quickly. These people favor a neckline that is wide and lifts slightly all around; for suits, they like skirts to be narrow down the hips and then to swing out in overlapping box pleats. I noticed with pleasure a dress of gray flannel that is all soft folds alongside a V neckline, and I think that women who love capes (and that is a sorority all its own, which even claims some little women) should look at the one with a military split-in-front standup collar; it's broad-shouldered and swingy, but it settles firmly on the figure because of a charming trick: set-in-sleeve seam *detail* coming over the shoulders and descending to the hem. I like this one best in wool. The custom coats are around $200; the boutique things range from $45 to $110, and that includes such standbys as little black worsted sheaths, all bias, with cowl necklines, not to mention long jackets, lined with hairy white artificial wool, to go over ski pants. Everything is designed and made on the premises, and *joie de vivre* guides



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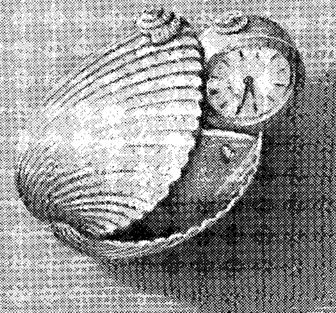

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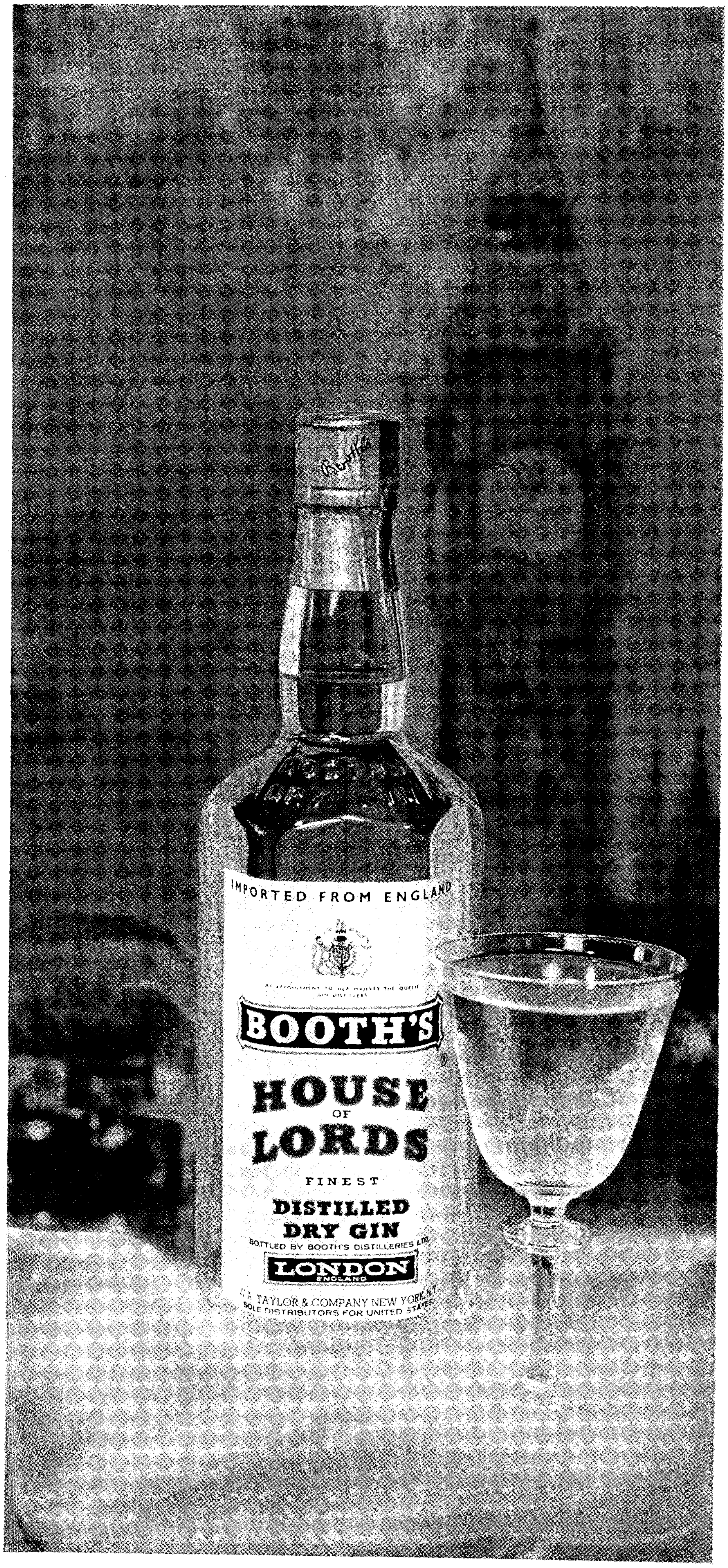
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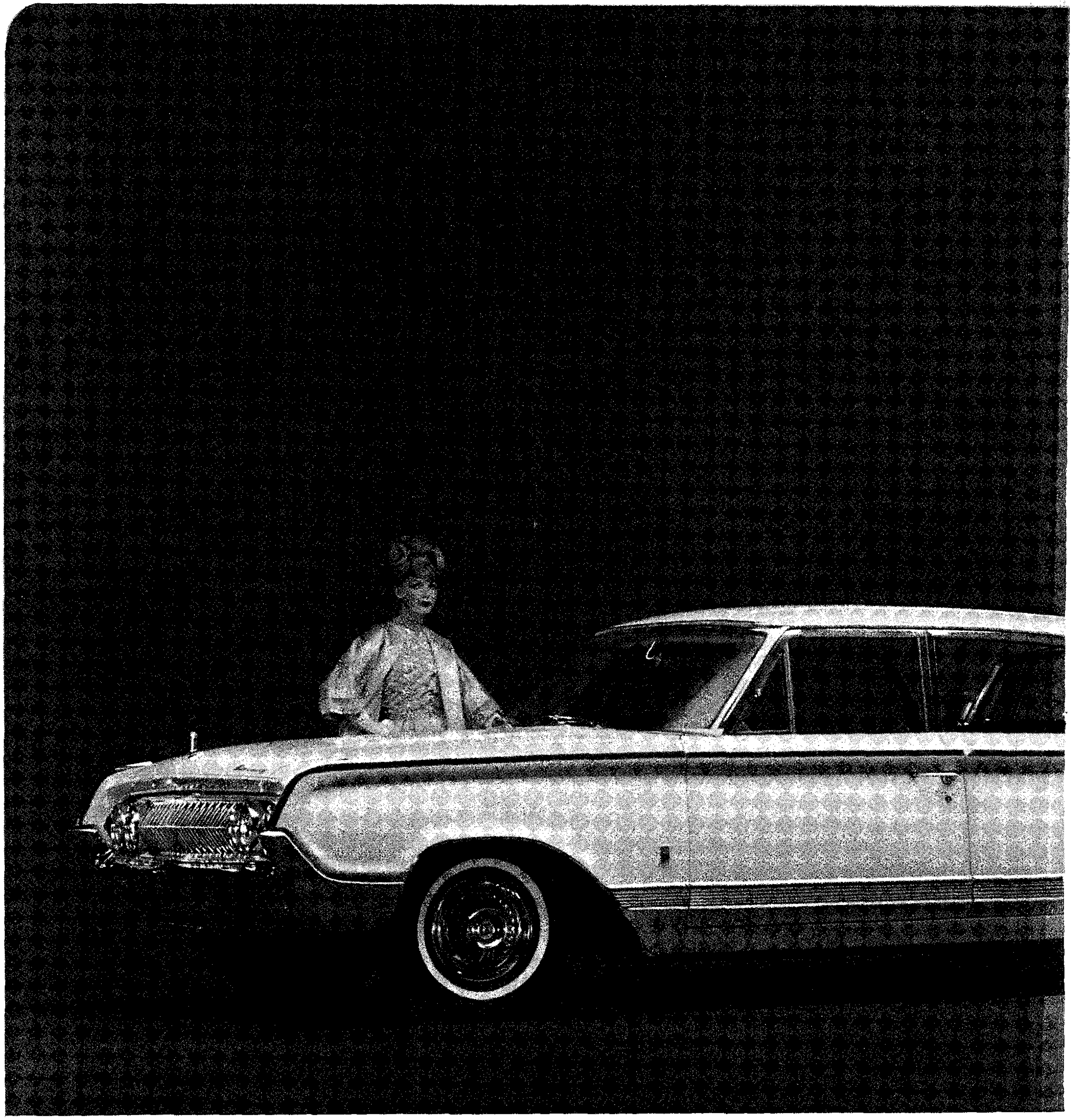

Mercury presents the newest, most luxurious entry in the medium-

The Park Lane is a new series of Mercurys—the most luxurious of all the '64 Mercurys. They were specially built for the medium-price car buyer who wants more than the usual—a whole lot more.

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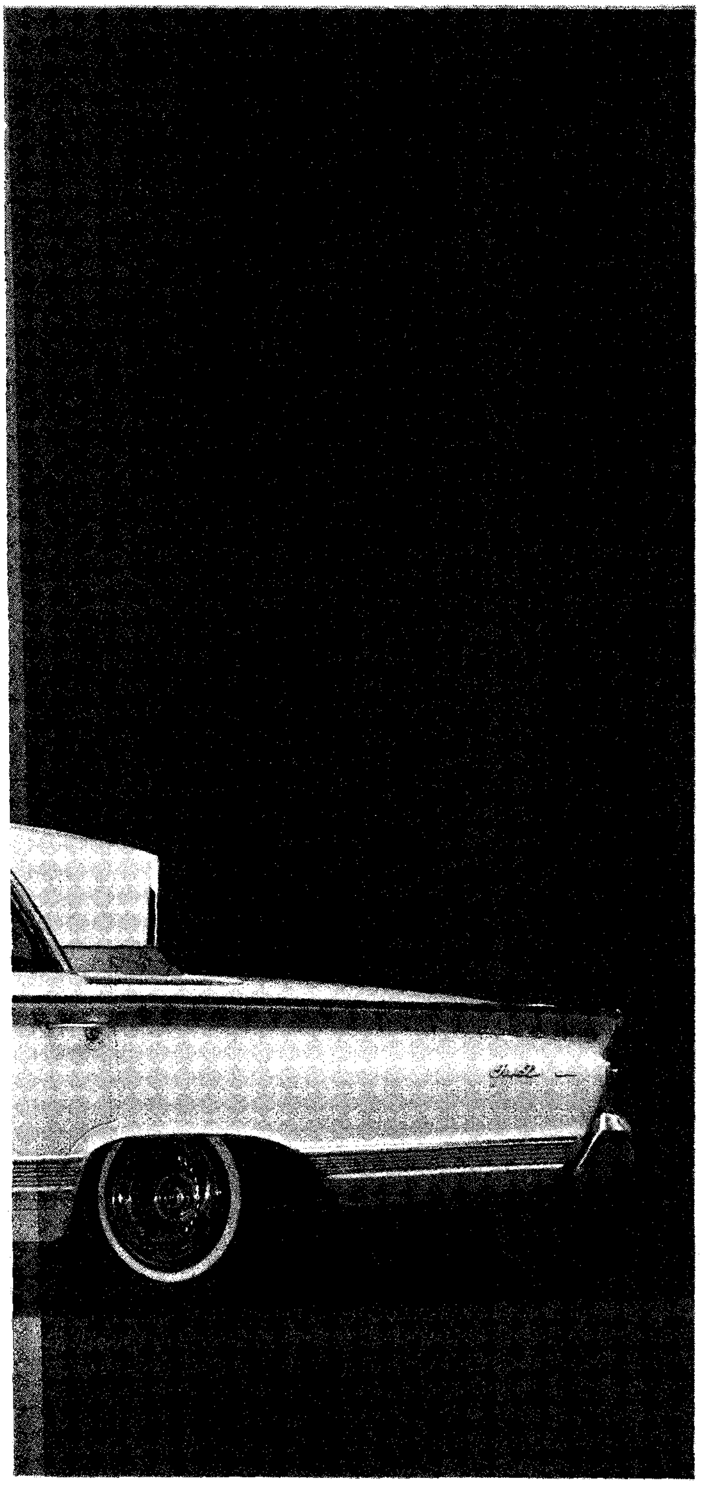

price field . . . the Park Lane

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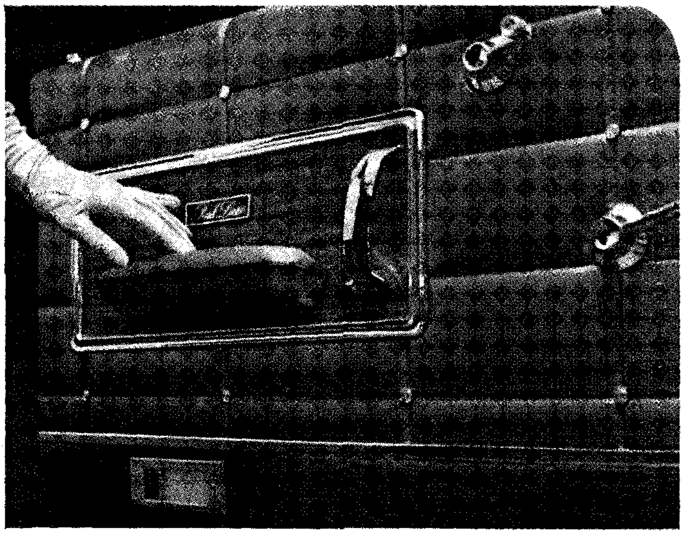
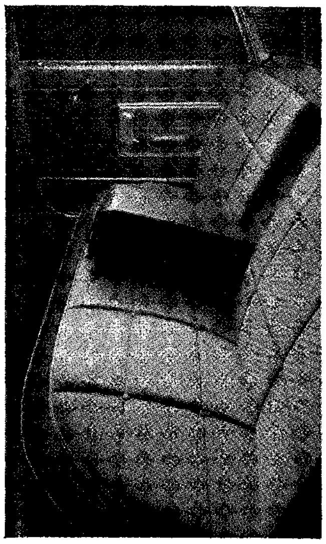


Unusual luxury

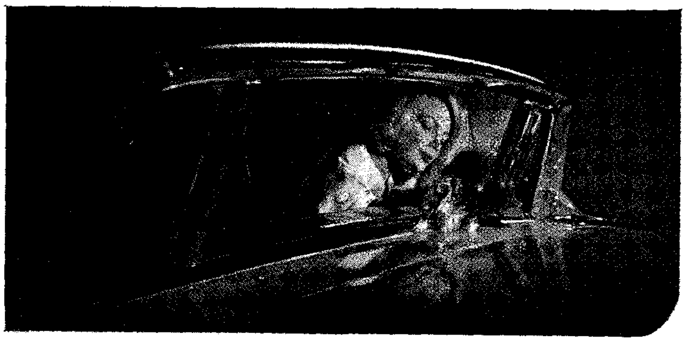


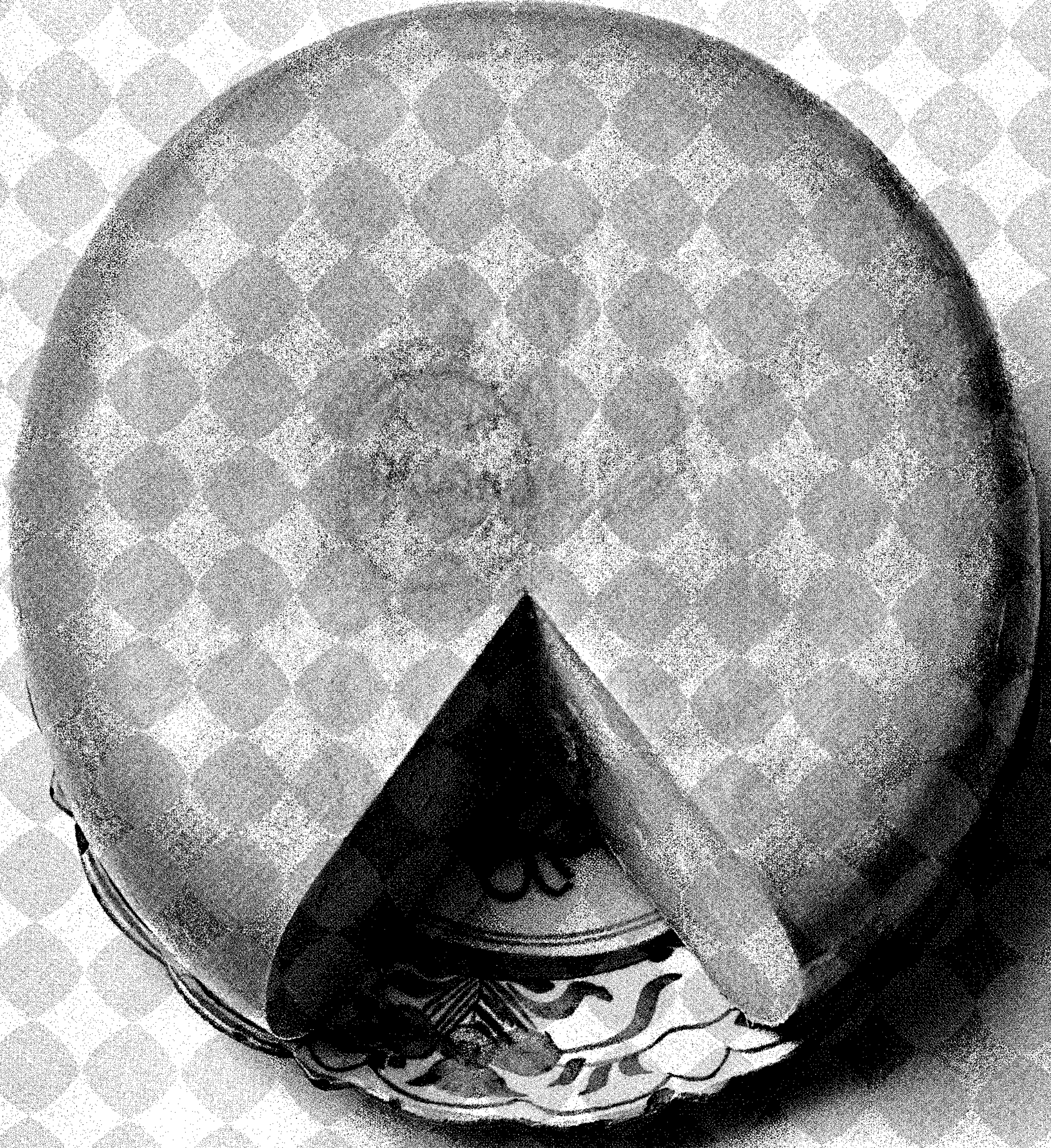
Unusual room

Unusual features

Unusual power

The unusual is standard in this medium-price car





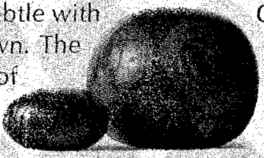
In 1272 the Dutch created a mild sensation

It happened in central Holland near the town of Gouda. That's what the Dutch named their mild sensation: Gouda Cheese.

It happened because the grass is always greener there, and because the Dutch know how to gentle a cow. Give a pampered cow the richest grass, and she will give the sweetest milk. Such milk was and is the soul of genuine Gouda Cheese.

Since that 1272 version, the Dutch have discovered every refinement for their cheese. Now they know Gouda mellows with age, so they put it away for months on a wooden shelf. They give it a salt bath, because salt strengthens the texture and sharpens the taste. Someone even invented teakwood molds to keep the cheese in the best of form.

Genuine Gouda is a firm, even-textured cheese. It is mild and subtle with a piquant flair all its own. The Dutch like a great slice of it on black bread for breakfast. The more timorous prefer the cheese by hand or cracker, in salads or casseroles.



Big Gouda is a great, yellow, wheel-shaped cheese. Baby Gouda is a little wheel in red. That other Holland cheese is round, red Edam—the perfect blend of whole and delicate skimmed milk. All wear the Dutch Girl Emblem, your guarantee that they come from the original land of milk and cheese. Holland.

CHEESE OF HOLLAND

the sketch pads and the scissors and the needles.

LAST week, I did what I thought was a monumental swing through the season's de-luxe ready-to-wear, but now I realize that certain sorts of unclassifiable things were left out, and I have the hants. So I'll proceed to exorcise some of these glorious spooks, to wit:

Plenty has been said, for one thing, about the winter vogue for pastels, but I should have said more, myself, about the white suits and costumes. Towering among them is Zuckerman's full-length cardigan coat of white tweed with inch-wide padding all along the hem, to be worn over a short-sleeved dress, also of white tweed, with a snug little curved belt in back. The coat is lined with black muskrat. (At Evelyn Byrnes.) And there is Mr. Z.'s Chanel type of suit of white tweed, flecked with black, that has an inch-wide band of black braid on the pockets and around the hem of its cardigan (Hattie Carnegie and Lee Hano), and a supreme winter suit by Monte-Sano (Saks Fifth), in a basket-weave white wool; the three-quarter jacket, which has a dolman back, is lined by white India lamb. A two-piece collarless suit goes underneath. . . . Next, we have full-length fur-lined coats. Suzanne Augustine's (Bonwit Teller) is of a deep-tan basketweave wool lined with guanaco, and a welt seam goes around it below the shoulders; a tan wool dress with an elongated waistline accompanies it. I was equally charmed by Monte-Sano's reversible coat (yellowish-tan tweed backed by ocelot) with the sleeves bulging below the shoulders. And by Raelson's reversible coat (sable-dyed possum and black wool). Lord & Taylor has these two, as well as one of the best of the fuzzy mohair plaid coats, this by Dior-New York. (Saks Fifth has this last item, too.) It's a roomy thing, with huge cowl folds ascending from the shoulder blades to the ears and more folds downward in front. . . . Coat dresses? Ah, there's a reversible one of wool in Hattie Carnegie's ready-to-wear French selection that bowled me over—charcoal on one side, a small charcoal-and-white check on the other. The charcoal side has double-breasted buttons to below the hips and is very curvy; the checked side has an oval neck and a leather belt. A scarf goes with the outfit. Carnegie also has a Winston coat dress that resembles a long-tunic deal unless you choose to remove a four-inch band of stitched black satin at the hem; the dress part is of the same wool (in a moderate

for man
the hungry sinner,
since eve ate apples
much depends
on dinner.
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much, too,
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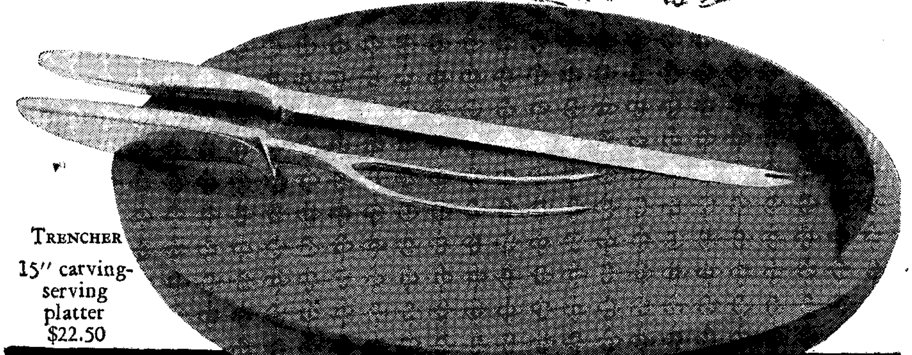

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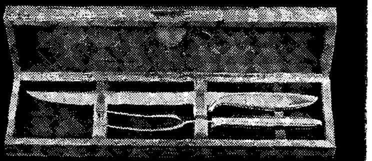

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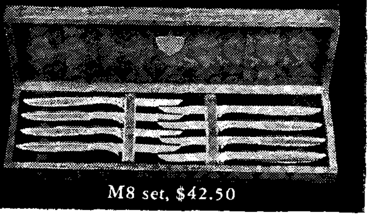

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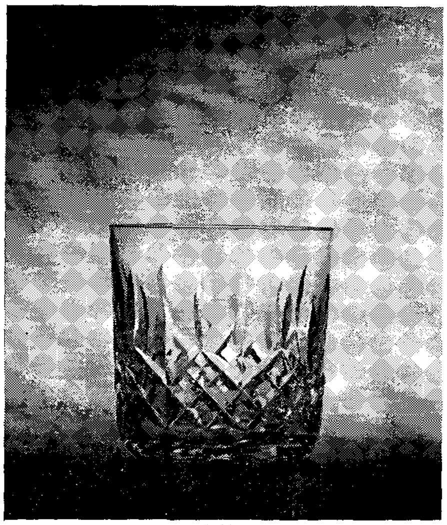

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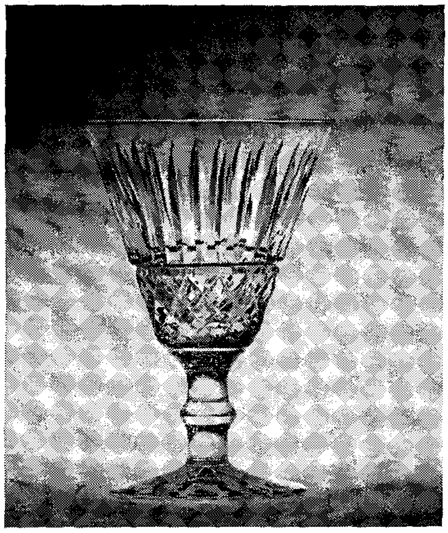

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black-and-white check) that makes the coat, with black satin binding on the high, standaway neck, which has a black bow, and black buttons down the front. . . . One of those black-and-white penguin dresses I spoke of a week ago is made by Geoffrey Beene, and it's on Bonwit's fourth floor—white stippled rayon crêpe down the front and deep black raglan sleeves that taper to the wrist; $125. . . . An oddment that appealed to me is by Trigère. It gives the effect of a very short bolero costume with a very snug wide cummerbund beneath. The underpart *is* swathed tight around the waist, all right, but it ascends into a halter neck. De Pinna showed the outfit to me with the bolero and skirt in a black-and-white flecked wool on which there was a huge beige overcheck. The cummerbund blouse was of tan suède. Bergdorf likes the thing best with a blouse of beige velveteen. . . . And I went for two suits (Bendel) with shirtwaist-type tops—Zuckerman's one of silver Litex, with an easy open neckline, and Ilie Wacs' one of mohair in a black-and-tan check half an inch tall, with the same sort of casual, open-throated look, a big box pleat in the front panel of the skirt, and side pockets.

Now, thank the Lord, my conscience is clear. I hope that all this treatise is, too. —Lois Long

THIS AND THAT

A Winter's Tale

THERE was a time, I've heard it said (you know how rumors get around), when ready-to-wear meant ready-to-wear, and *not* that the clothes you think you are buying off the rack are actually all in pieces in a rose-covered factory in Outer Mongolia, awaiting only a letter from New York instructing the foreman to have a pink dress in your size sewed together and shipped off by the monthly oxcart. Jonai, a shop at 12 East 53rd Street, must have a rose-covered factory no more distant than Connecticut, for the girls there are saying that any of the suits and dresses, all simple and polite and correct, can be in the wearer's hands a week or ten days after she picks the color and the fabric. It will help, though, if she's between size 8 and size 18, and it's important that she have between $195 and $255 in the bank. Among the suits are three-piece experiments in oyster-white sheer basketweave wool, with slender skirts, more or less fitted hipbone-length jackets, and blouses (these are of black surah, to match the three buttons that latch the

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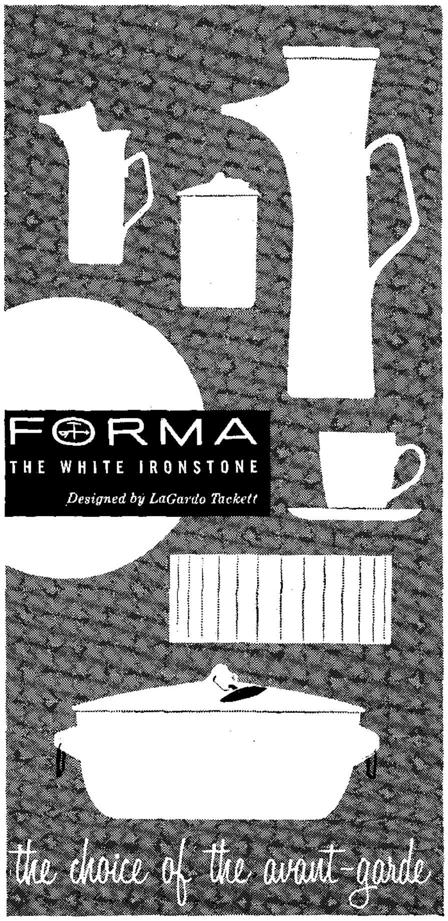

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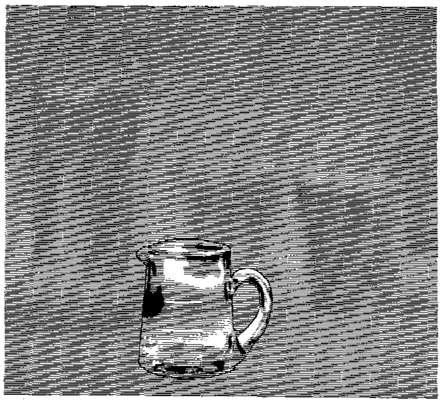
jackets). A mad inventor has added detachable bows at the front of the neck (bateau) of the blouses, and when the bows are removed the neck droops into a cowl, but only in front. I know not how. Cowl collars that go all the way around are assigned to dresses of cinnamon wool with a mink hair here and there in it; box pleats range alongside the inverted pleats in the skirts; contour belts of brown calf (how now, brown calf?), with strips of the wool interlaced, encircle the waist. Ladylike are the décolletages of tailored frocks of moss-green wool crêpe with brief bows, from which blue and green puffballs depend, at the throat; low indeed are the back waistlines of day dresses (pea-green wool crêpe is the material this time) that are draped up over the diaphragm in front. The skirts of these last are narrow but wraparound, so it will be possible to get in and out of cabs without a derrick. The stoles (wool crêpe again) that go with them are attached by a series of loops and buttons. For evening, sleek seven-eighths tunics of Bianchini black silk crêpe go over even sleeker short or long underskirts. Two bows flutter at the back of low square décolletages that rise to swathe the collarbone.

ROBERT LEADER, who, as all of us surely know by now, has two havens—at 146 East 54th Street and at 782 Lexington Avenue (61st)—contributes wool challis shifts with pushup balloon sleeves. They're in Shocking pink, marine blue, emerald, or black, to mention just a few of the colors; $90. On-with-the-dance sleeveless and scoop-neck dresses of red wool challis in a wild and wonderful multihued print (unicorns, lions, birds, and flowers, but no bees) come to $100. Quite beautiful and urbane two-piece dresses, of French all-year-around cotton suiting that looks like sheer wool, start off with sleeveless tops that offer a variety of necks. They are of black cotton with green peonies, or of Shocking-pink, poison-green, or turquoise cotton in an ivory lace print; the skirts are either slim or bouffant. One-piece Empire dresses of black or beige French silk damask in a tulip print offer a variety of necks as well as of skirts—straight all the way around, straight in front and full in back, or full all over. Matching triangular shawls are really double layers of the silk. The dress sizes run from 6 to 14.

THE boutique of Charles of the Ritz, in the Ritz Tower, has gathered together well-behaved at-



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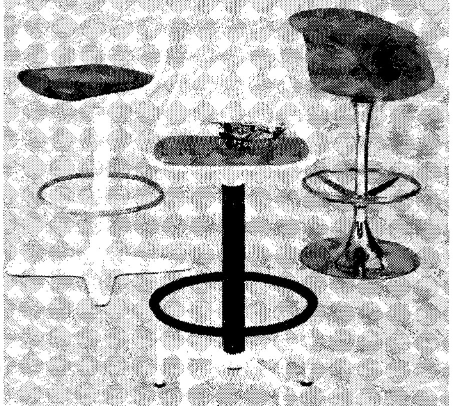

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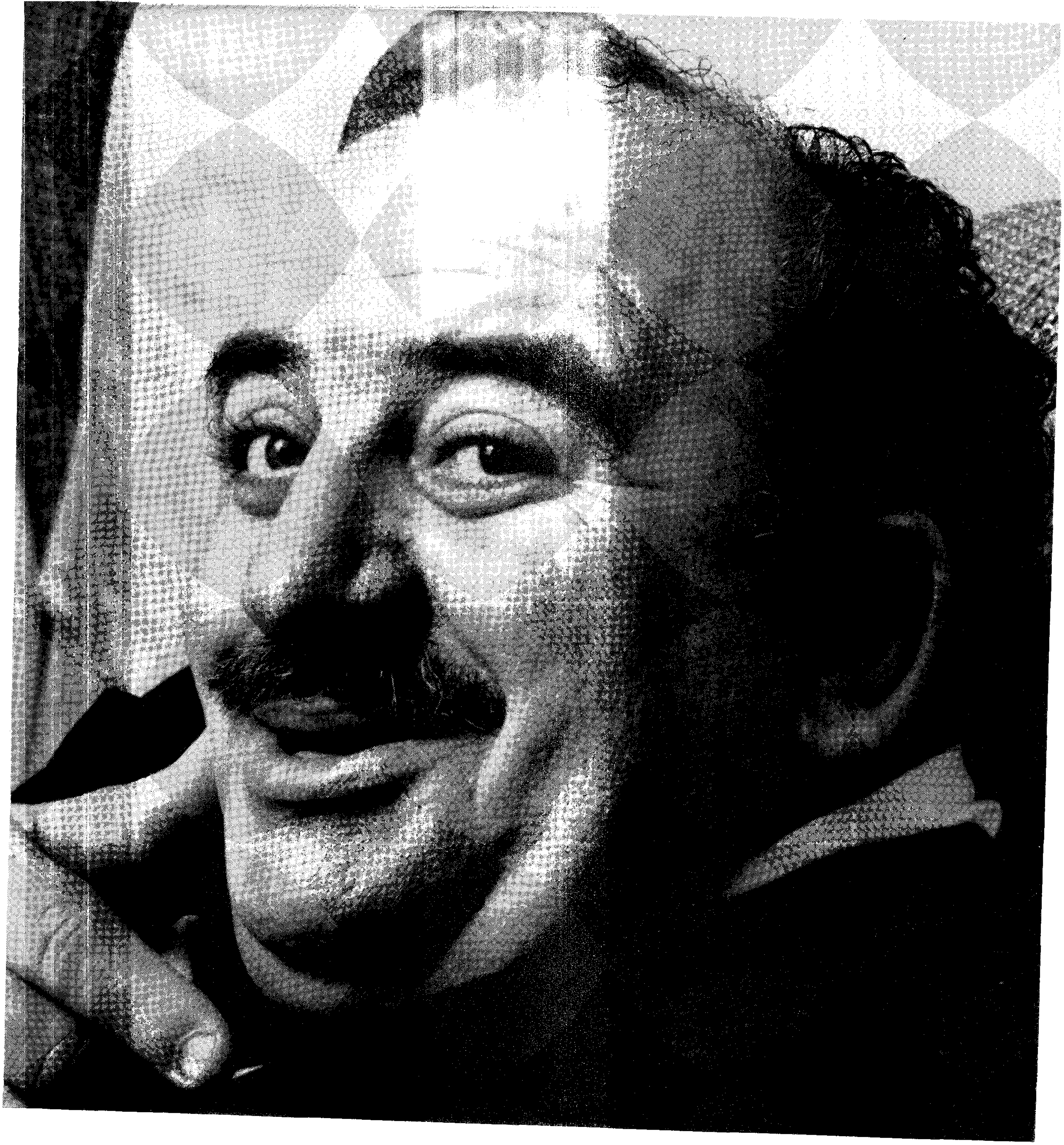

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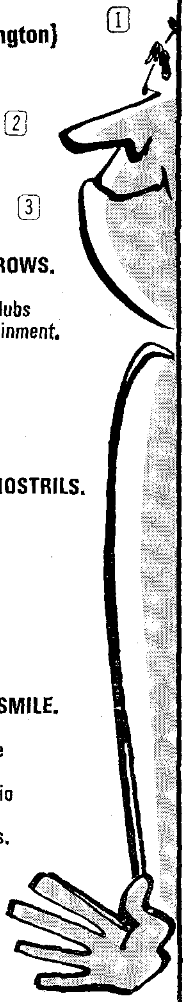

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home clothes of wool challis, such as one-piece silk-lined hostess pajamas with bell-bottom trousers. These are rife with green leaves and purple-and-white anemones, or rife with turquoise dahlias, giant pink daisies, tan, pink, and red tulips, and stuff like that. They're $160. Among the two-piece outfits are combinations of long shirred skirts of white challis on which vivid pink or peacock-blue cabbage roses appear, as well as vast bows front or back at the waist (whichever is more becoming), with sleeveless bodices (high or low necks) in just as vivid pink or blue peau de soie lined with green China silk. Ensembles in white wool challis that goes in for a Paisley flower design begin with long, scoop-neck gowns that have slender box-pleated skirts. Ruby, aquamarine, and topaz beads stud their short-sleeved boleros.

THE I. Miller establishment at 734 Fifth Avenue (57th) would like everyone to think about the shoes in its new Galleria, because they're from England and Italy, and because the staff is prepared to discuss them in English, French, Italian, German, Dutch, and Spanish. (The Esperanto girl is still waiting for her visa.) The prices—$25 to $40—lose nothing in *any* translation. Little-girl pumps with ballet-dancer toes and baby-Louis heels are of claret or black kid, and the three-leaf-clover cutouts on the vamps are laced with matching satin bows. Tailored shoes of black kid, with the same toes and heels, bear small oval buckles of black suède laced with strips of the kid. Sling-back pumps on similar lines but mounted on slimmer heels are all alternating strips of brown suède and calf, and there are brown shoe buttons on the outer side of the vamps. For evening, the next-best thing to glass slippers is white satin ones with sharp toes and sling backs. Pointed tabs of peekaboo white nylon mesh rise and shine over the insteps.

THE Village supplies the rest of the clothes this trip, and it should be said that Village hours are maintained at most of the shops we're about to encounter, which means late to rise and late to bed. The stroll begins with Fred Leighton, who has moved his *tienda* (a word I just picked up) to 177 Macdougal Street (8th). From Colombia come *ruanas*, voluminous cape stoles that can be draped this way and that way. One-of-a-kind prints do the work, such as cream silk with red poppies as big as umbrellas, challis irregularly striped in red and Shocking pink, and

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polished yellow cotton with irises. Silk or nubbly wool or batiste, each in a solid shade, is the lining, and $22.50 or $32.50 is the cost. The scoop-neck bodices worn by the Indians in Panama have been transplanted, in scarlet cotton printed with royal-blue sunbursts or in pea-green wool with royal-blue flowers and green leaves. Mexico, an old Leighton resource, contributes waist- or hip-length bodices of unbleached cotton embroidered with wildly colored flowers and birds and alive with silk tassels down the front.

SÉCHOIR, over at 22 Greenwich Avenue (10th), is interested in loose dresses in sizes 8 to 14—or smaller, if you can wait a bit—of crinkled cotton crêpe from Switzerland. Their span of life can be all day and into the night; the span does depend, though, on the necklines. Black is the favorite hue; $30 is the price. Shifts with boat necks and below-the-elbow sleeves arise out of hand-woven Persian cotton in a native print; two-piece dresses arise out of a blend of domestic mohair and wool in solid colors. These last have poncho tops, butterfly sleeves, and narrow skirts gathered on elasticized waistbands. For going out nights there are other two-piecers (straight skirts and hip-length blouses), of puckered Indian silk in a black-and-red dappling.

A SPRINT away is 189 West 10th Street, where Jam Today is engrossed in coat dresses that button up the front or button up the back, depending upon how the wearer chooses to wear them—a new kind of reversible, that's what they are. Red or olive mohair-and-wool is the material, $38 is the cost, and around the house is where they can also be worn, as robes. Shirtwaist dresses of white sheer wool bearing a colossal Paisley print have what amount to chest-waist belts (of black leather the width of a sliver), for they're way up on the bosom. Beige crêpe makes long-sleeved dresses whose separate cowl collars can be converted into hoods, and taupe-and-beige brocade makes their companion sleeveless smock coats. Long fortune-teller dresses of mustard wool crêpe are for later on in the season—as late as Arbor Day, I guess, since Oriental-looking trees are printed on them. They're finished off with whirligig skirts that have maroon fringe along the hem.

JAMES HOLTON, a bit of a shop tucked away at 193 West 4th Street, turns out little-girl dresses with demure necks, pushup sleeves, and gathers beneath

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short-waisted bodices. Plum or black wool crêpe, or else red sheer wool with a calico pattern in beige, is the building material; $37.50 to $45. More adult shifts are made of sheer wool in a white-and-black print. Short or long two-piece dresses, for dinner on the town, are of white Eyelash, a Swiss silk dotted with bits of fringe; wine cabbage roses and green leaves almost hide the white.

THE Green Frog, at 15 Christopher Street, which is in the business of dressing small girls, thinks that jumper dresses in a bronze-green cotton-and-Orlon are a good idea. Red calico shirts fill in the front. Simple dresses with drawstrings at the throat and ruffled cuffs at the elastic wrists are of olive calico, and they're a delight. For schoolgirls there are jumper dresses of navy denim with huge patch pockets outlined with red stitching. Matching schoolbags are lined with red cotton. Turtleneck sweaters of hand-knit wool are on hand—half red and half pink, half black and half gray, and so on. Hooded hand-knit cardigans in tweedy patterns are royal-and-black or emerald-and-pale-blue. One week is required for the cardigans.

GEORG JENSEN, at 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd), which long ago expanded from just silverware into a department-store curriculum, is reverting to type with some hand-wrought modern silver jewelry by a Swedish designer. Short bangle necklaces of square silver wire may be trimmed with hook-on pendants of pale-blue Venetian crystal or gray-and-rust beach pebbles. The necklaces and pebbles are $11 each, the crystal pendants are $7.75. More elaborate collars, of flat silver, are accompanied by rock-crystal pendants as large as ice cubes; $315 *in toto*. Several silver necklaces sport a pear-shaped smoked-topaz pendant arranged to dangle at the back of a shoulder, so that even someone sitting *behind* you at the theatre can be aware of your splendor; $250. Silver Swedish wedding combs for high hairdos send forth a shower of rock-crystal dewdrops; $400. —M. M.

•

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN (AP)—The United States government has approved the appointment of Dr. Abdul Majid as Afghan ambassador in Washington. Dr. Majid, 52, was caught by a fishing boat near Tokyo.
—*Asbury Park (N.J.) Evening Press.*

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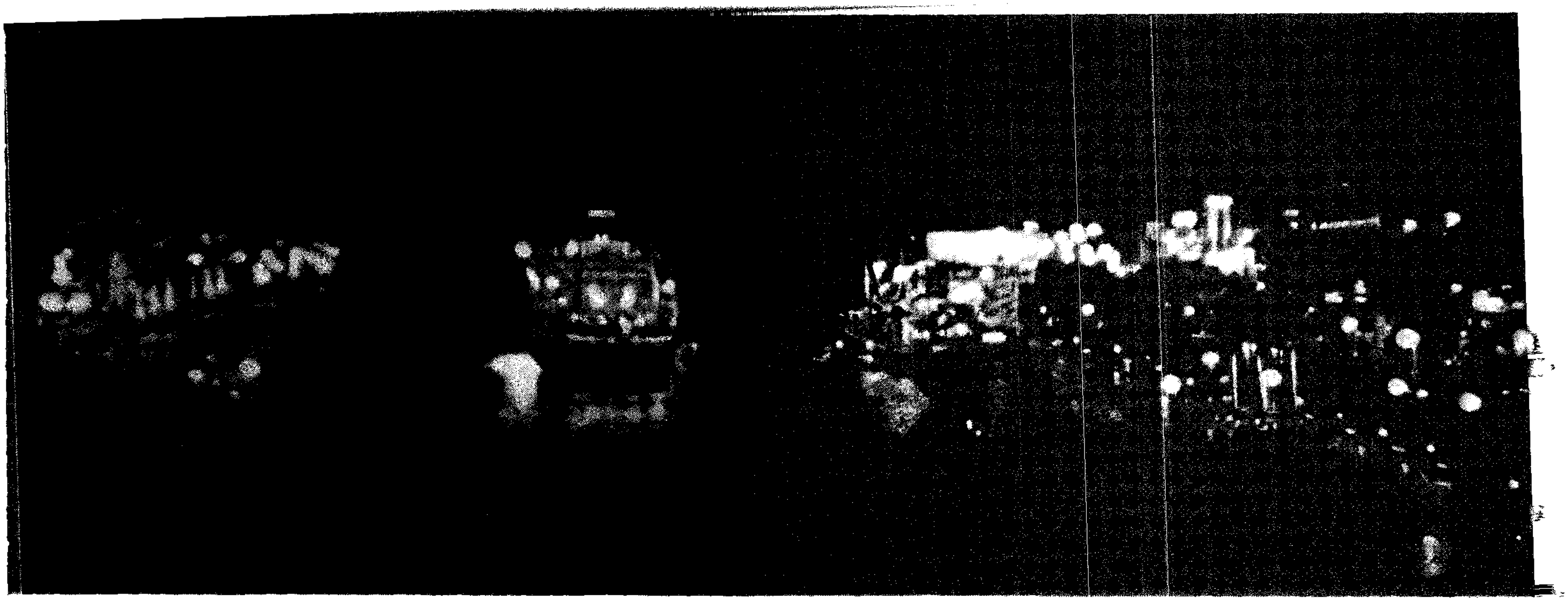

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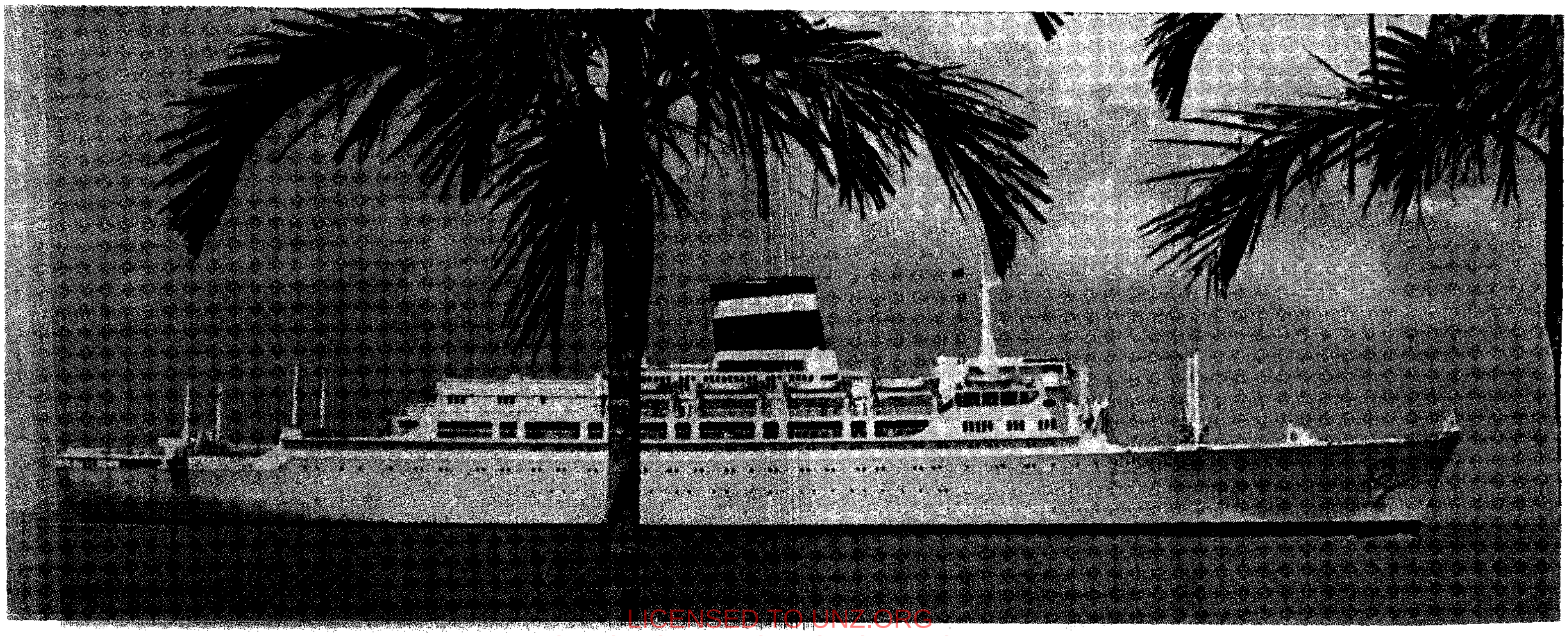

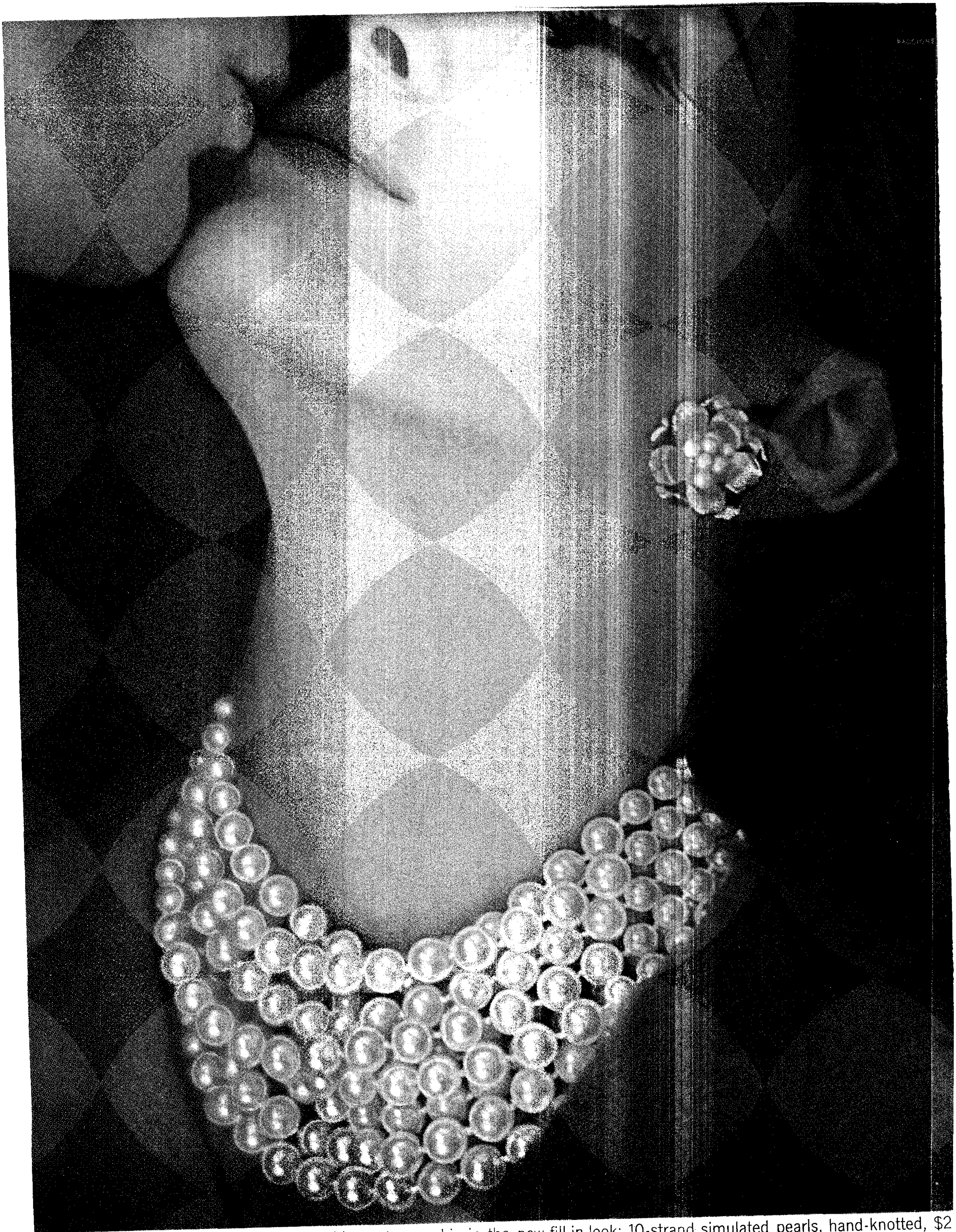

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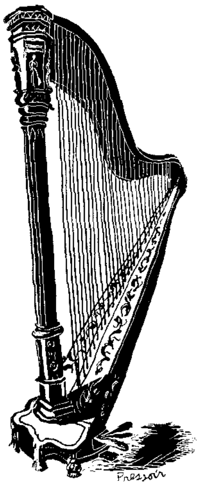
MUSICAL EVENTS

Joan



I CONFESS that I had never fully appreciated the late Arthur Honegger's "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher" until last week, when it was presented in quasi-operatic form as part of the Thursday-night double bill that opened the New York City Opera's season at the City Center. Though I had heard it many times as a concert item, I had never before seen it staged, and I found that the illusion provided by staging is something that both Honegger's music and Paul Claudel's poem cry out for. On this occasion, the staging—by Allen Fletcher, with scenery and lighting by Will Steven Armstrong—was altogether tasteful: Joan occupied a Gothic niche in the center of a darkened stage while the action took place around her, and the main chorus was ranked in tiers in the background, in a setting symbolizing a church. The action, of course, consists of a series of sequences that portray, in a dreamlike fashion, Joan's memories of her trial and her ordeal at the stake, and there was an immediacy about the presence of costumed actors and singers that clarified and drove home every point of the work and made it intensely moving. One could see all the sardonic implications of Claudel's poem—the trial before a grotesque court masked as animals, the apathy of the gaily costumed royal and ecclesiastical powers, who turn their backs on Joan, and the sturdy peasants of France, who, though unable to help her, were to remember her. The appearance of a group of Nazi Storm Troopers at the very start of the performance seemed to me the only crude touch; they disturbed the mythical atmosphere of the work and, for a few moments, made it look as if we were going to witness a modern political diatribe, which is something "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher" certainly is not. The Troopers were soon gone, however, and one could then lose oneself in the medieval rite of martyrdom, which is its main subject. The work was sung this time in English, and though something is always lost in translation, this particular transla-

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tion, by Dennis Arundell, was apt and effective, and had the advantage of adding to the general explicitness. Thus presented, "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher" became a noble spectacle, and its magnificent score—surely about as fine as any created by a twentieth-century composer—held the audience in its emotional grip until the final curtain.

As you probably remember, the cast is almost equally divided between singers and speaking actors, and some of the most eloquent music issues from the choruses, which in this case were the New York City Opera's own group and the Boys Choir from Epiphany Church. The part of Joan was spoken by Jacqueline Brookes, a young actress of considerable presence and good looks. I have seen more mystically rapt Joans (Zorina comes to mind, among others), but Miss Brookes, in her own comparatively robust way, managed to sustain the role, tragic and exultant by turns, very satisfactorily, and she looked it to perfection. Among the others in the large cast, Douglas Watson, as Brother Dominic (also a spoken part), did superbly, and the tenor Mauro Lampi, as Cauchon, strutted and trumpeted to great effect. Much of the credit for the fine over-all quality of the performance must go to the conductor, Leon Barzin, who was appearing here for the first time in several years, after a period spent with various European ensembles.

The other item of the evening, given prior to "Jeanne," was Stravinsky's "The Nightingale," which I was also seeing for the first time in staged form. It was sung in Russian, a language that was incomprehensible to most of the audience, including me—and, I suspect, to most of the cast. The décor and costumes, by Gordon Micunis, were elaborate—I think a bit too elaborate for the simple Hans Andersen fairy tale that "The Nightingale" retells, but then the score is too elaborate, too. It dates from Stravinsky's earliest period, being roughly contemporaneous with "The Firebird" and "Petrouchka." "The Nightingale" has its splashy moments of orchestral coloring, and its narrative moves more or less like that of a ballet, but despite a few outstanding performances—by Arthur Graham, as the Fisherman who narrates what is going on; by Donald Gramm, as the Emperor who is charmed free of charge by the Nightingale; and particularly by Patricia Brooks, in the extremely difficult coloratura role of the Nightingale itself—I thought the whole thing awfully arch and more than a little

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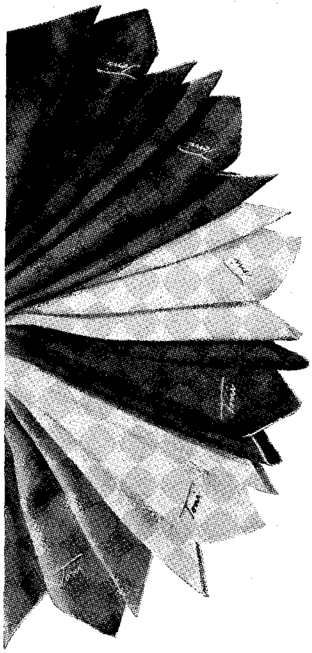

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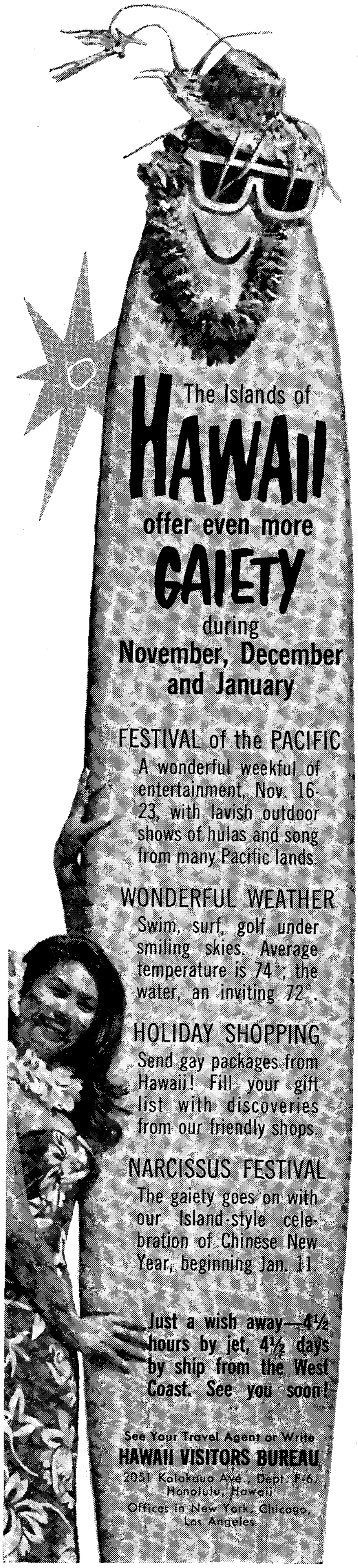

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tedious. Walter Susskind conducted, not brilliantly.

EARLIER in the week, I attended the opening concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra's Philharmonic Hall series, and found the entire occasion disappointing. Eugene Ormandy presented what is usually called a "varied" program, including two large works for organ and orchestra, in which E. Power Biggs appeared as soloist. The first of these, Samuel Barber's "Toccata Festiva"—an unabashed showpiece—had some musical substance to it. The second, an interminable and diffuse minestrone of a composition called Concerto in C Major for Organ and Orchestra, by the veteran—and, I am afraid, justly neglected—composer Leo Sowerby, didn't seem to have any distinct musical profile at all. Between these items Mr. Ormandy sandwiched Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony and Debussy's "Iberia," both of which had been played the preceding week by the New York Philharmonic. The performance of the Mendelssohn symphony was heavy, and in the faster passages even the orchestra's celebrated woodwinds failed to articulate clearly and with the proper incisiveness of accent. Mr. Ormandy's "Iberia" seemed a shade better, but for those who remember the Toscanini reading, or even the reading of Monteux or Koussevitzky, it was no great shakes.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

Herd After Herd

ONE of the oddest contagions in jazz was the outpouring of big quasi-jazz bands that proliferated from 1935 to 1950. The most celebrated of the countless dozens that could be found in every ballroom, movie house, hotel, and college gym in the country in the late thirties and early forties were led by Glen Gray, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Jan Savitt, Bob Crosby, Glenn Miller, Will Bradley, the Dorsey brothers, Harry James, Les Brown, Charlie Barnet, Bob Chester, Woody Herman, and Stan Kenton. These bands crowded the sizable gap between, on the left, the genuine jazz bands led by Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Jimmie Lunceford, and Benny Carter and, on the right, the out-and-out dance bands of Shep Fields, Russ Morgan, Guy Lombardo, and Alvino Rey. Indeed, it is difficult not to think of them in political terms. Their leaders, in the main, were smiling, af-

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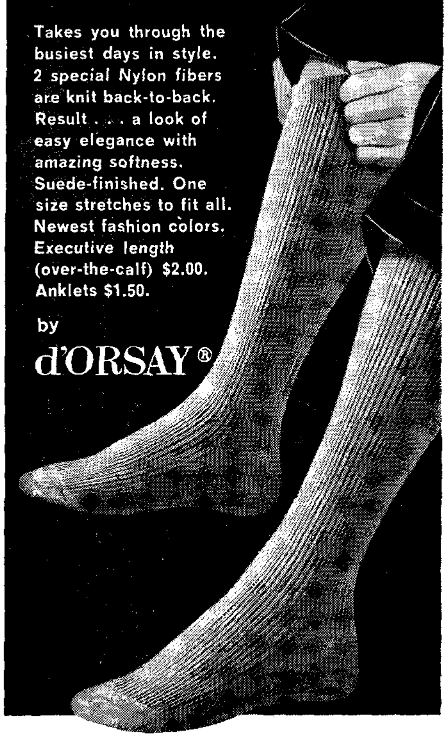

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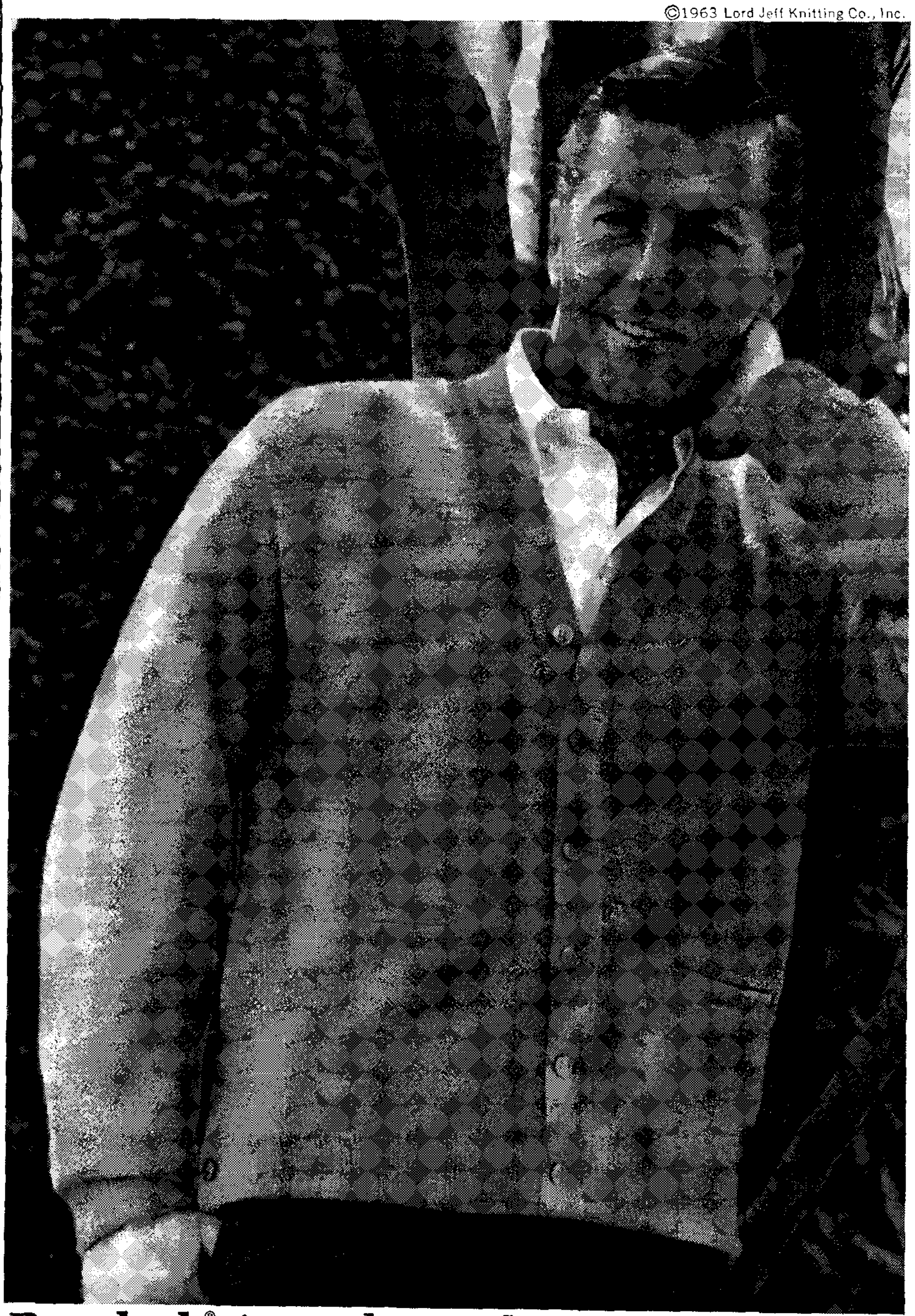
fable businessmen, bent on pleasing all of the people all of the time. Their organizations were polished, predictable, and popular, and were capable of rabble-rousing and speaking softly. They were dead center musically, avoiding the heresies of the left and the Mickey Mouse tendencies of the right. Sometimes they were pompous (Artie Shaw) and sometimes they were just folks (Glenn Miller). Either way, they were dull. In short, they were paragons of conservatism, and while they were in office they ruled with a becalming moderation. The most agile and durable of these all but extinct bands is Woody Herman's, now in its twenty-eighth year of public service. Herman has tried to please not only his fellow-conservatives but also impressionable listeners on both flanks. He has done this by discreetly adapting the more accessible experiments of the left and mixing them with the least gluey ones from the right. As a result, the various Herman bands, or Herds, as they are called, have always sounded fresh and up-to-date. But, like the insistently *au courant*, the Herds tend to falter under a hard contemporary stare, and even worse things happen when they are subjected to hindsight.

Such is the case with the First and Second Herds, many of whose records have been reissued by Columbia in an album titled "Woody Herman: 'The Thundering Herds'" (C3L 25). Its three L.P.s contain forty-five numbers, and the years covered are 1945 to 1948. The First Herd did not step out of a vision but evolved from the Infant Herd, an almost forgotten group that, in 1936, grew out of the Isham Jones orchestra. In the manner of the early bands of Tommy Dorsey, Bob Crosby, and Artie



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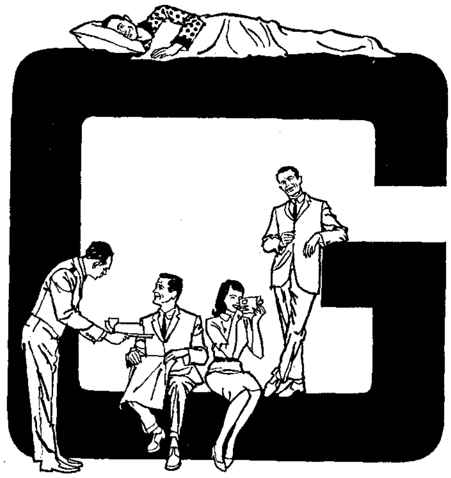

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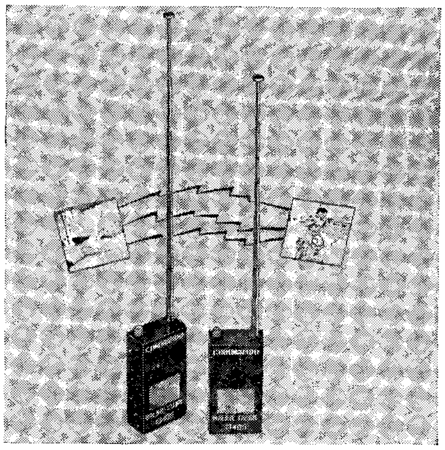
Shaw, the Infant Herd tried to inflate Dixieland to big-band proportions. It used two-beat rhythms, and its arrangements suggested the collective interplay of the Dixieland ensemble. It played pop songs and novelty numbers, and a lot of blues, which it handled in the self-conscious gut-bucket fashion of Dixieland bands. Now and then, however, the warm winds of Basieland washed disastrously over the band, causing it to play fast, stick-legged numbers that were full of bad piano solos and flat-chested ensembles. Aside from Cappy Lewis, an estimable Bunny Berigan student, and Neal Reid, a Jack Teagarden-flavored trombonist with an enormous range, its soloists were unprepossessing. Herman, a thin, short, pleasant-faced man from Milwaukee, played the clarinet like Jimmy Noone and the alto saxophone like Johnny Hodges. The band sank during the early years of the war, and then, in 1944, made a handful of records for Decca that showed a sudden fondness for Duke Ellington. (Hal McIntyre and Charlie Barnet had been seized by similar enthusiasms.) Ben Webster and Johnny Hodges and Juan Tizol sat in on some of these recordings, illuminating otherwise gray efforts. Another quiet period followed; then, early in 1945, the First Herd roared over the horizon. It was a nineteen-piece band made up of a lot of fledglings (Sonny Berman, Pete Candoli, Ralph Burns, Billy Bauer, Chubby Jackson) and a few veterans (Flip Phillips, Bill Harris, Dave Tough), and at first it appeared to be travelling fast. It was noisy and excited and determined, and everyone pointed out how much it *swung*. Those good old Goodman days, people said, beaming, were back. Then it became clear that the band's repertory consisted of just two basic patterns—one fast and one slow. The fast numbers, or flag-wavers, were based on blues and standards, and were played in loose, on-the-spot (or "head") arrangements, which, as the Columbia album reminds us, went something like this: a riff, repeated for sixteen bars by the saxophones and supported only by the rhythm section, followed by an eight-bar piano solo on the bridge; return of the riff, with background trumpet punctuations, and the first chorus ends; next, a broken-rhythm interlude, introducing trombonist Bill Harris, who plays one chorus, backed by a saxophone figure; another interlude, introducing Flip Phillips, who plays two tenor-saxophone choruses, backed by a trombone figure; a gathering of wind and steam; and two final,



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overheated ensemble riff choruses, which include a bridge played by Herman on clarinet, a bridge played by a high-noted trumpeter, whose effects are echoed, in floor-show fashion, by the drummer, and a rum-te-dum coda by the bassist or drummer. After a time, the flag-wavers ("Northwest Passage," "Apple Honey," "Caldonia," "Blowin' Up a Storm") became interchangeable, and only their tempos varied. However, Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, busy elsewhere, helped by continually putting forward new patterns, and so did Basie and Jimmie Lunceford. The slow numbers, adapted mostly from the right, were ballads and novelties and were built around vocals by Herman ("Put That Ring on My Finger") or Frances Wayne ("Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe") or around fulsome solos by Bill Harris ("Everywhere") or Flip Phillips ("With Someone New"). Harris specialized in staccato, circus-band phrases, and Phillips swam back and forth between Ben Webster and Lester Young. Both men said almost nothing but said it with emotion. The First Herd was also rife with humorists. There were funny vocals, mostly by Herman ("Caldonia"), cute trumpet licks ("Goosey Gander"), a lot of *in-medias-res* shouting, and catchy codas. Like the Shriners, the First Herd had a lot of harmless fun.

Late in 1946, however, it grew serious and recorded a three-part suite by Ralph Burns called "Summer Sequence," which was full of dappled guitar passages (Chuck Wayne) and lacy piano fills (Burns). It was the sort of impressionistic, finger-bowl piece that Billy Strayhorn sometimes exudes. The effort proved fatal, and not long afterward the First Herd disbanded. In 1947, the Second Herd galloped into view. The new band had digested bebop, and it also had a new saxophone section, made up of three tenors and a baritone, which together emitted a thick, smooth, doughy sound. Lester Young, in the person of such admirers as Herbie Steward, Stan Getz, and Zoot Sims, was everywhere, and there was a drummer, Don Lamond, who dropped bass-drum bombs and accented each phrase with stop-the-music rim shots. (The one ornament of the First Herd, Dave Tough, had been responsible for whatever grace the band had. Using ingenious, liquid, perfectly pitched cymbal work and beautifully placed accents, he had tricked more than one listener into believing it was the band, and not he, that was swinging so.) The slow-or-fast pattern of the repertory remained

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unchanged, but it was now coated with the multi-note melodic lines of bebop. Moreover, the flag-wavers ("Keen and Peachy," "The Goof and I," "Four Brothers") were more nonchalant, and the slow tunes were jazzier and often taken up by Herman vocals delivered in a husky, lowdown buzz that kept making the listener want to clear his throat.

This is roughly where the Columbia album ends, but the Second Herd went on, with occasional personnel refuelling, until 1949. A year or so later, the Third Herd, an even cooler version of the Second, crossed the prairies, alternating between well-combed flag-wavers and sotto-voce riff numbers that recalled Lunceford's "Organ Grinder's Swing." For the rest of the fifties, the Third Herd continued, in reincarnation after reincarnation, in the same direction, although at one point it was reduced to a distilled but recognizable octet. In its present reincarnation, the band, which has lots of new young soloists who say nothing at great length with emotion, displays considerable affection for the high points of the Second and even the First Herd, as well as for Ellington, the blues, and the fashionable accents of gospel music. Thus, all the Herds have now been conveniently rolled into one, which should please the voters a good deal.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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[*From "Warrant for X," by Philip MacDonald*]

Sheldon Garrett stood up. It is to be regretted that he said, "Nerts!" —*Page 38.*

"Hell," said Garrett, and two words more. —*Page 71.*

Garrett's lips moved, shaping themselves into a soundless and deplorable word. Avis choked. —*Page 138.*

Once more his lips soundlessly formed a fearful word. —*Page 138.*

But this time his lips did not move; they were too tired to waste effort.

Avis leant closer to him. . . . She said through the smile: "I'll do it for you." And her lips moved soundlessly to form a word. —*Page 139.*

It is to be regretted that Sergeant Mather said, aloud, a Chaucerian word. —*Page 192.*

Again his lips formed the old word. —*Page 193.*

It is to be regretted that the reply of Detective Officer King is not printable. —*Page 236.*

Somewhere in the middle of the third row of stalls a man stood up, clapped a hand to his head, and in no uncertain voice called upon a traditional power. —*Page 282.*

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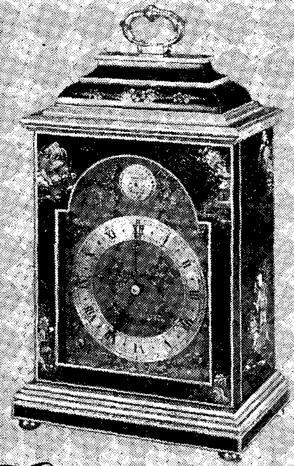

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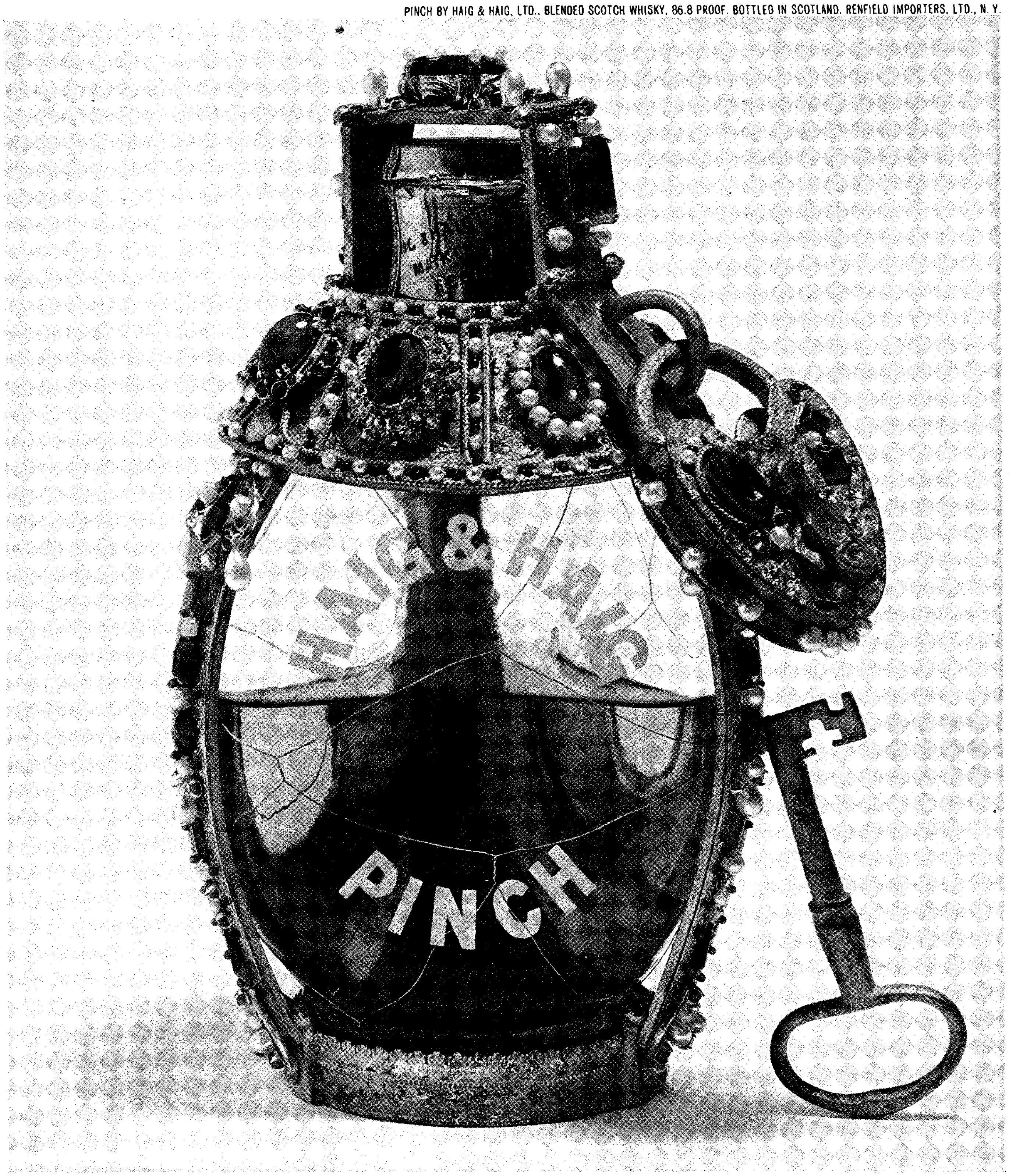

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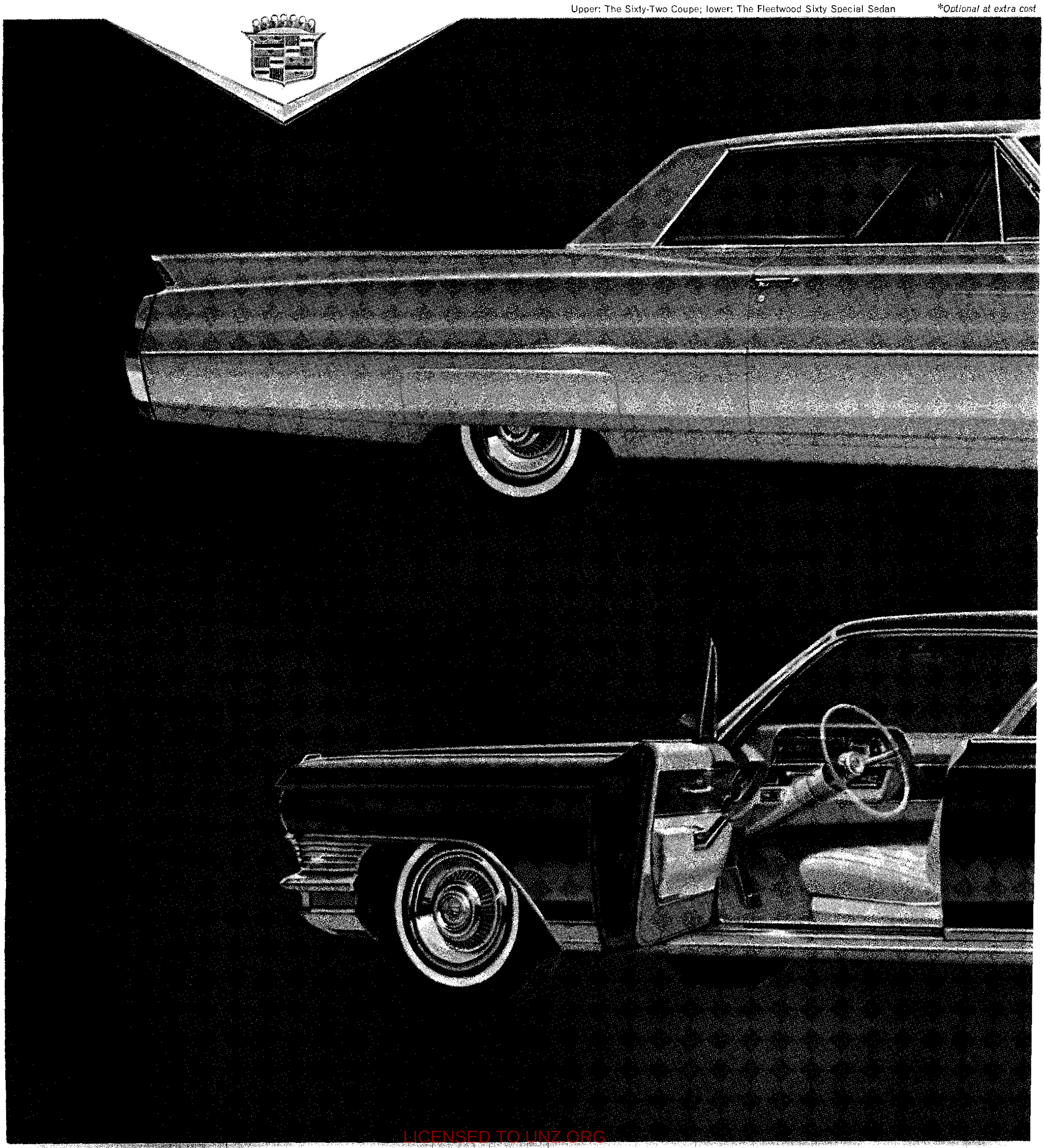

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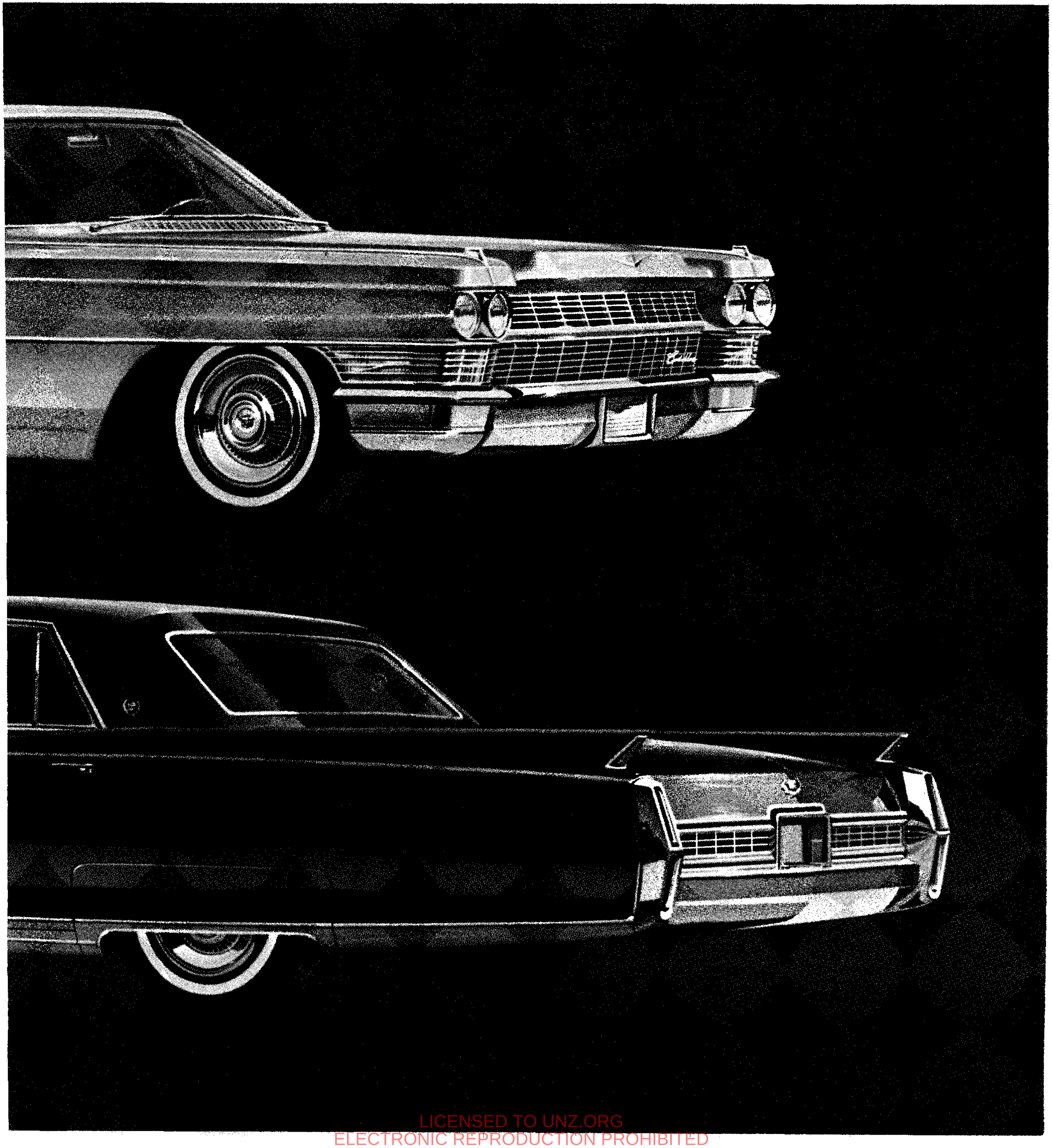

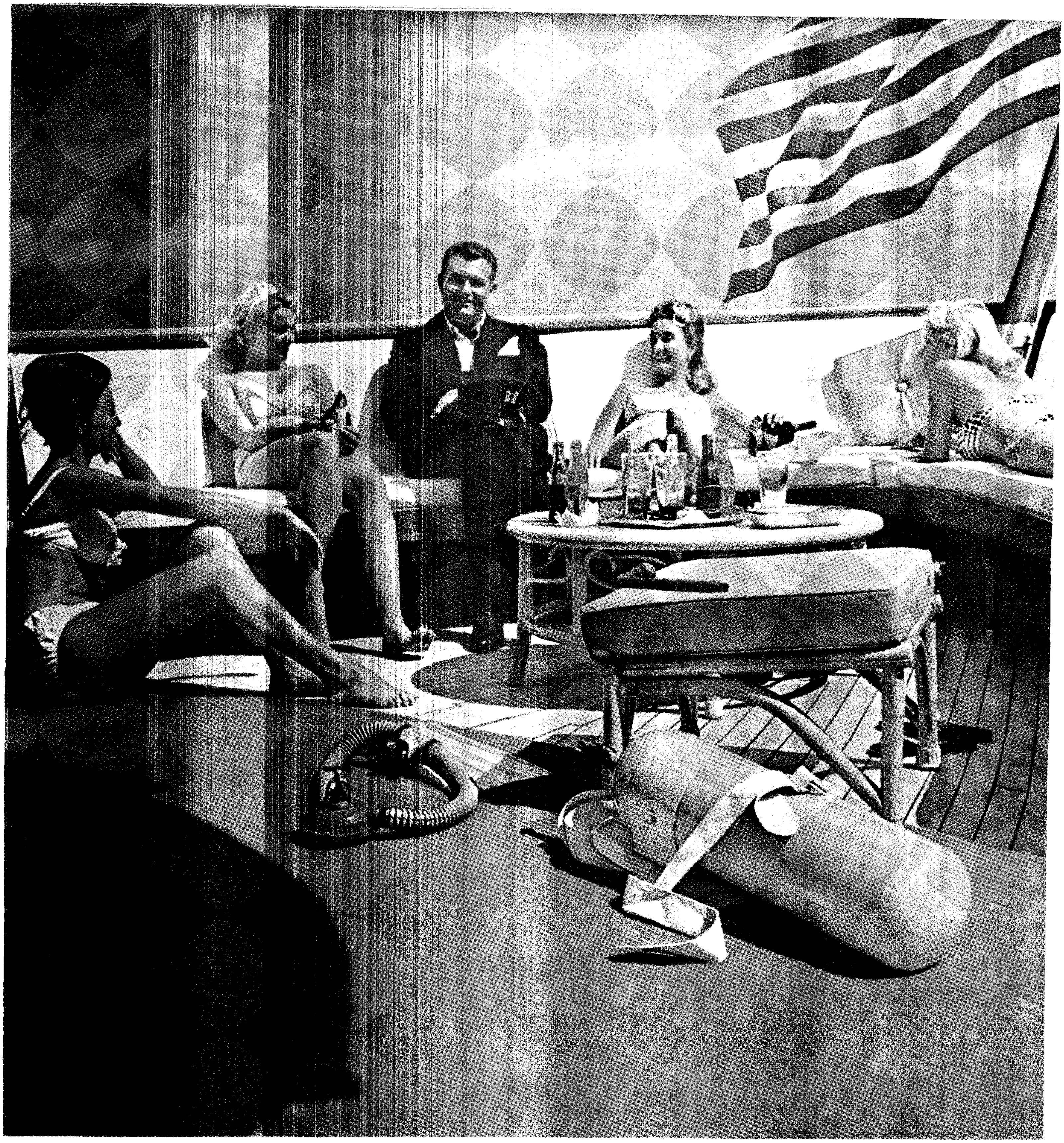

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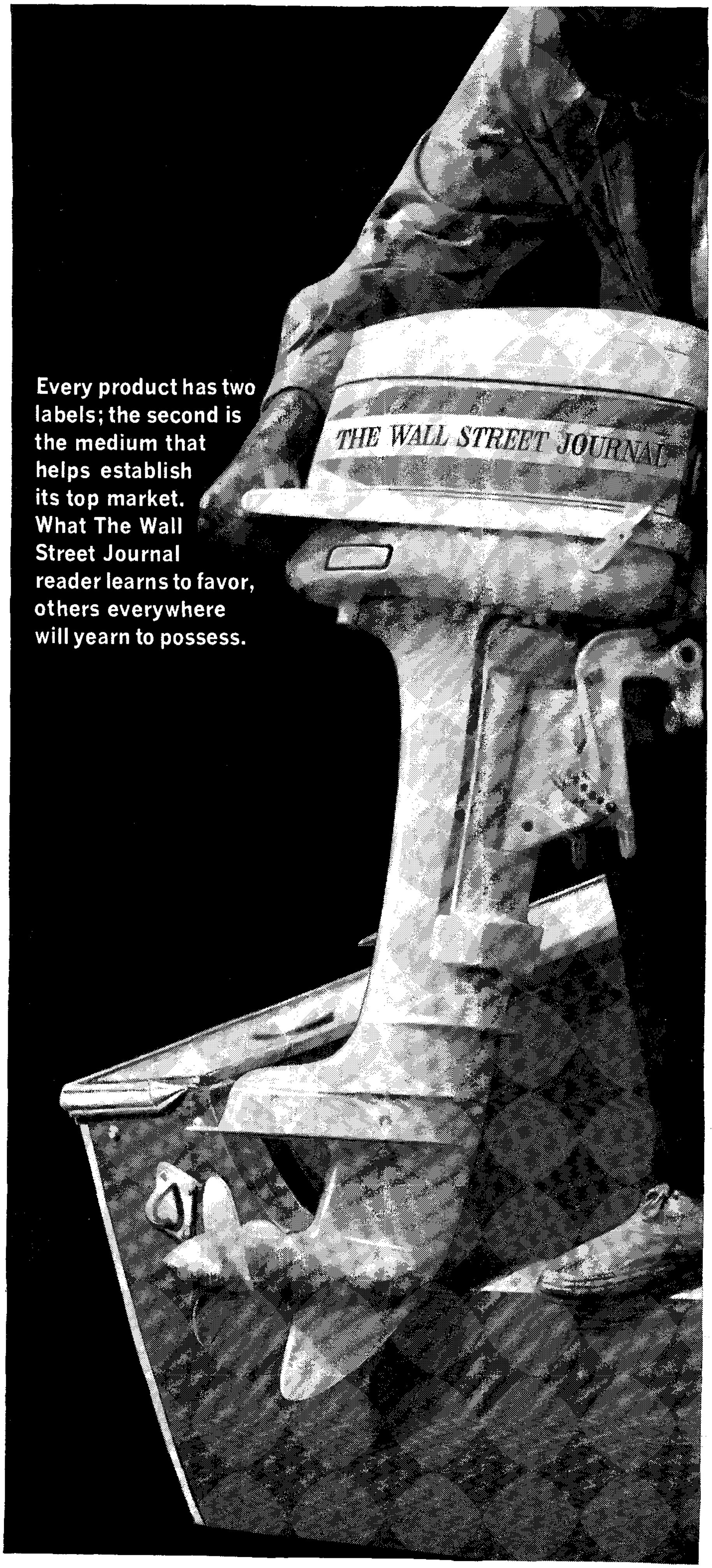
LETTER FROM PARIS

October 1

AUTUMN is certainly the right time to sum up this year's limited crop of outstanding books. The remarkably wet weather all over France during the holidays forced housebound vacationists to read more assiduously than if the sun had shone, and this gave a firmer character to the best-seller list. The only current best-seller known to have been read by the French Chief of State (by his own frank admission) is "Daninoscope," the quite uproarious A-to-Z so-called dictionary of topical comment on the French and on the rest of us by France's top-ranking humorist, Pierre Daninos. Its nearly five hundred pages encompass a few thousand local and worldwide items, such as "Marché Commun" and "manicurists" under the letter "M." Lately, the author sent his volume to President de Gaulle and received the following genial handwritten epistle, along with permission to make it public: "I have read, I have really read, I have read with great pleasure your book 'Daninoscope.' It is what you wrote on the subject of present-day language that I particularly appreciated! [Signed] Ch. de Gaulle." What Daninos wrote on that topic, under the letter "I," for "*infrastructure*," was a complaint against the wordy officialese now spoken "by those who govern France"—which de Gaulle was confident could only mean his loyal Ministers, since he himself speaks nothing but eighteenth-century language straight from Versailles. Few of us had ever seen a handwritten letter by de Gaulle until this one was printed in facsimile in the mass-circulation evening paper *France-Soir*. His handwriting is almost illegible, with long lower loops on the "j"'s and long-tailed commas like comets, and his signature is completely undecipherable.

Highest on the holiday fiction best-seller list was "Les Anneaux de Bicêtre," by Georges Simenon, France's master ex-detective-story-writer. The novel is written in that same phenomenal *simpliste* style which Gide thought incipiently great even when it dealt merely with Detective Maigret. Today, Paris literary critics think that Simenon, through his present novels, will be ranked as the perfect narrative stylist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THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

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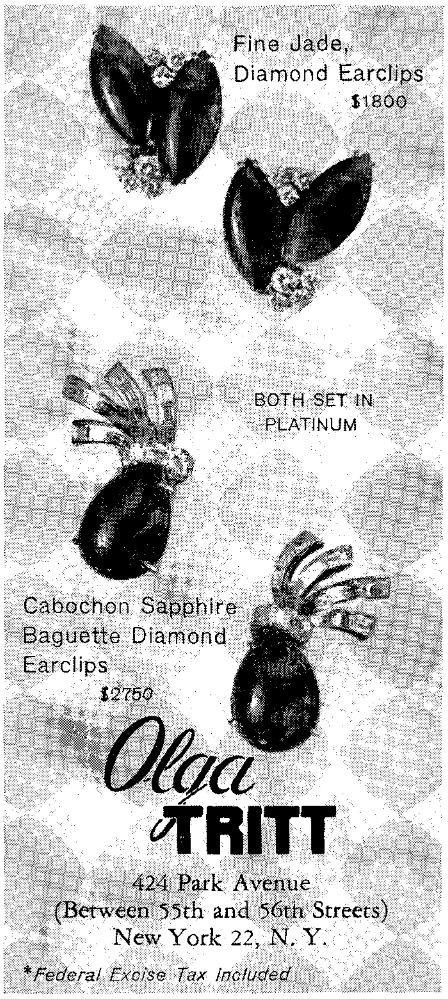
of this century. Certainly only he, who appeals both to the élite and to the common French reader, could have made a best-seller of this novel about a paraplegic. Its title refers to the chapel bells of a Paris city hospital, to which he gives the name of Bicêtre. The afflicted man is a high-living, power-wielding newspaper publisher who is seized by a paralytic stroke in the *lavabo* of the smart Paris restaurant Grand Véfour; from that moment on, hour by hour, in the huge, démodé hospital, his condition is traced as if paralysis were a crime, about which all becomes fully known by his doctors and nurses, along with the background of his selfish, successful life. He finally emerges from the hospital like a walking miracle of today's medical science (which is what the book is partly about)—a man practically restored, except that he has, alas, lost his appetite for his own life. It is an absorbing psychological and physical Simenon study.

Yves Berger is the season's best-selling surprise—a brand-new novelist of sensuous romantic imagination, writing with a gifted exotic style. His "Le Sud" ("The South") won the Prix Fémina earlier this year—a much-disputed award because of the incidental adolescent love affair between a brother and sister. (Since then, there have been three novels on such brother-and-sister love.) American readers of his book—which is now in translation, under the title "The Garden"—may be interested to know that his passion for our South seized him as a boy, when he fell under the spell of a Texas soldier in the American outfit that liberated Avignon, where young Yves lived in dull, ordinary circumstances. The Texan's South eventually turned into Virginia, through Berger's increasing, and now exceptionally rich, library of pre-Civil War Southern Americana. Aged twenty-seven, he has just become an editor at Grasset, his publisher—the literary path that a fortunate new novelist usually follows here.

BY coincidence, there is an occasional Southern flavor in the autobiographical *mémoire* of Julien Green, noted Paris-born son of an authentic Virginian who moved to France with his already large family. Highly appreciated by French literary circles, it is called "Partir Avant le Jour" ("To Leave Before Daybreak"), and is a reticent confession of his adolescence, published in his sixty-third year. It is like a special, personal diary, predating his published diaries of the thirty years from



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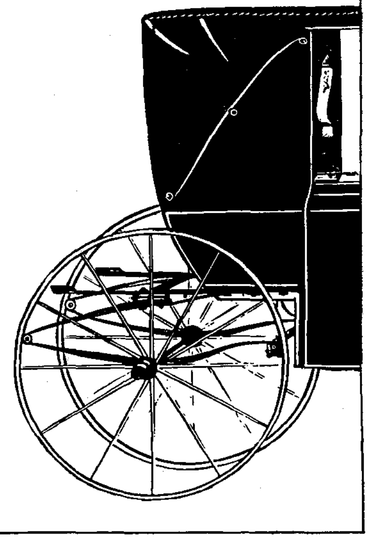

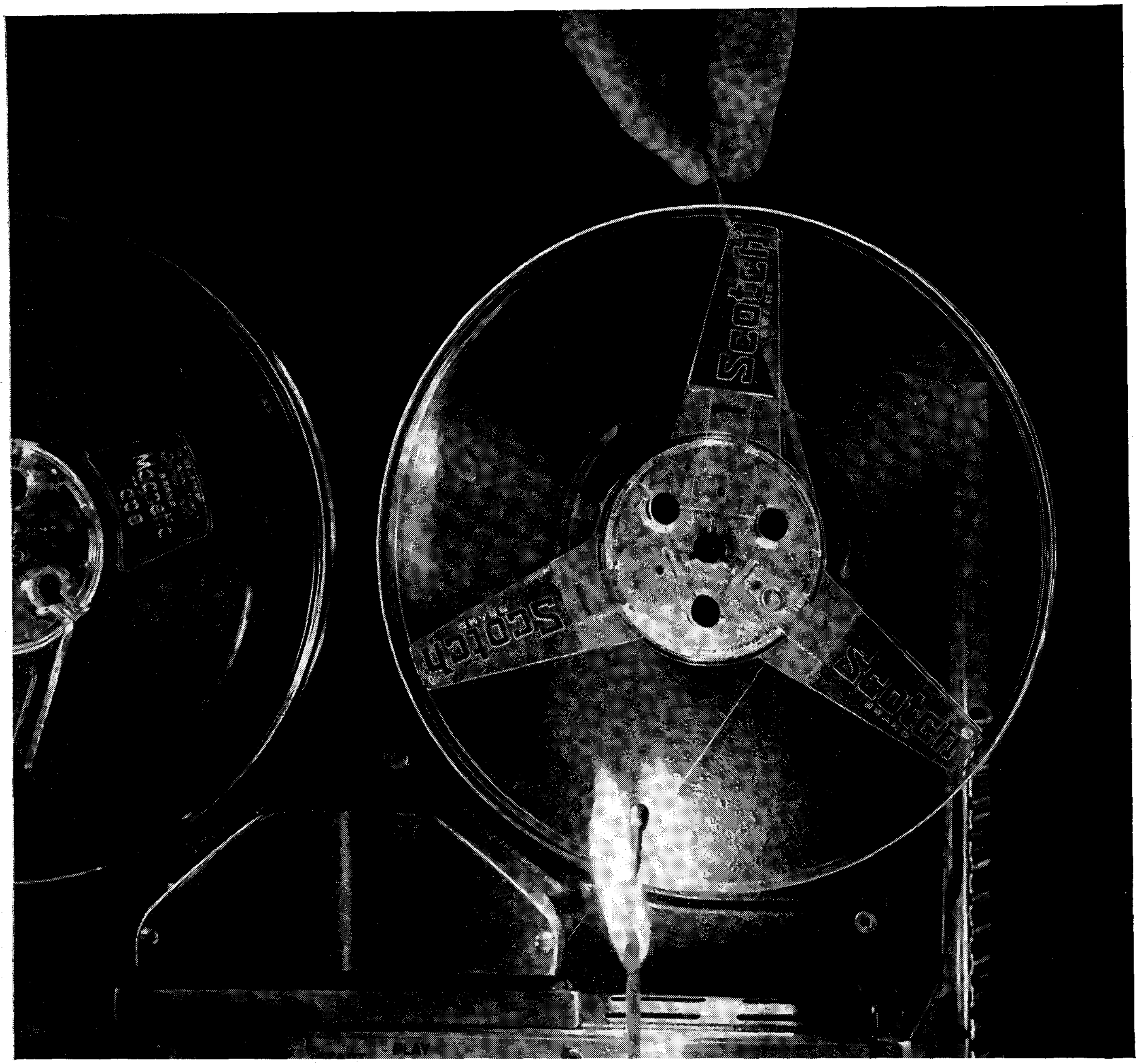

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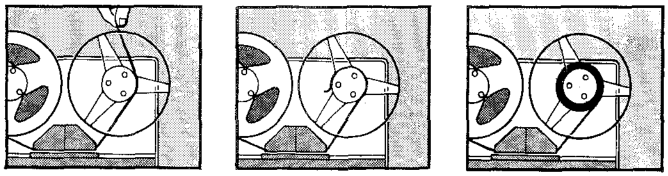

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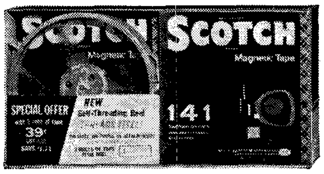
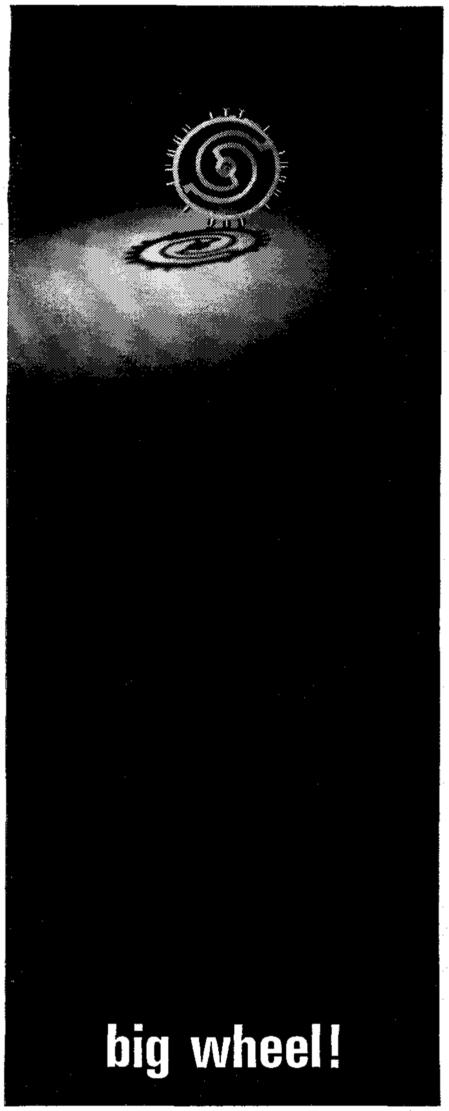


1928 to 1958, a disruptive, creative period here, during which he was intimate with the best brains and talents in France—the only invaluable record *à la* Goncourt of those years that any French writer maintained. In "Partir Avant le Jour," Green, who is also the author of a dozen novels, treats his young self, his five older sisters and his brother, his parents, and their inextinguishable love for the Confederacy (which his mother still thought of as their lost Promised Land) with creative, irradiating attention. A thoughtful child, to whom "the world was a rebus," he underwent two great illuminations in his teens. The first was, naturally, sex and what he calls his predestination toward his life's later emotional bias; the second was his conversion to Catholicism, which he achieved in such a state of euphoria that he did not even pray but "laughed for joy." The record ends in 1914, at the outbreak of hostilities, with his mother, in her usual historical confusion, scribbling on that day's marketing list, "England has declared war on France."

A very different kind of *mémoire* is the enormous, worldly, and diverting volume "Journal d'un Collectionneur; Marchand de Tableaux," by the late celebrated French international art dealer René Gimpel, a contemporary of the British Duveens, of whom Joe became Sir Joseph because of his gift for selling great European art to the greatest American millionaires. Nor, apparently, was Gimpel far behind. He was the son of an art merchant who sold widely in the United States, and he himself sold to Morgan, Widener, H. E. Huntington, Otto Kahn, Jules Bache, and the rest. Gimpel was a charming and candid talker, who delighted in the talk of others and wrote it down in his journal when it was deserving; he was very sociable, and loved people as if they were portraits. His book is full of art prices and priceless art anecdotes, like the malicious praise that Degas gave the American artist Mary Cassatt for one of her finest mother-and-child portraits: "It looks like the Infant Jesus with an English nurse." When Gimpel called on old Monet in his studio at Giverny, the artist was burning canvases he no longer thought worthy of him (including one, of flowers, that Gimpel coveted). Asked if he had known Manet, old Monet said, "A great friend. I saw him two days before he died. He had phlebitis and they had to amputate his leg, but they did not tell him. When I approached his bedside, he said, 'Be careful of my leg—



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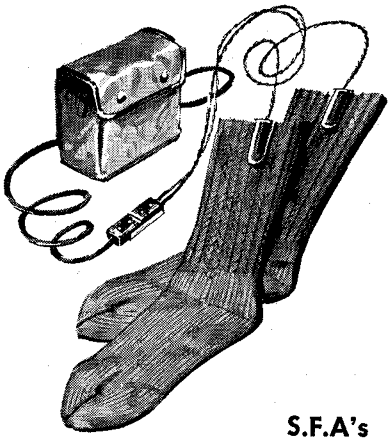

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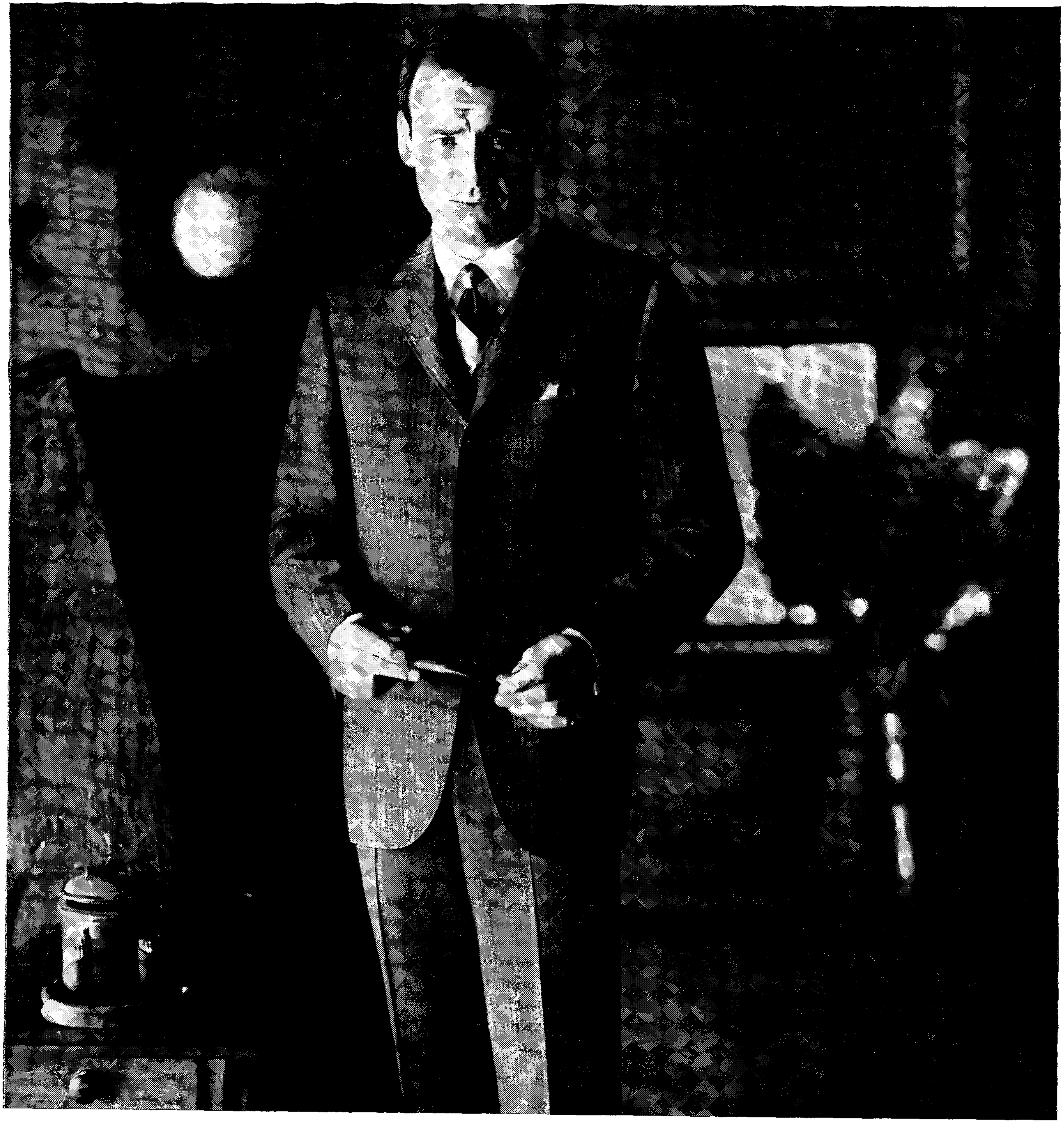

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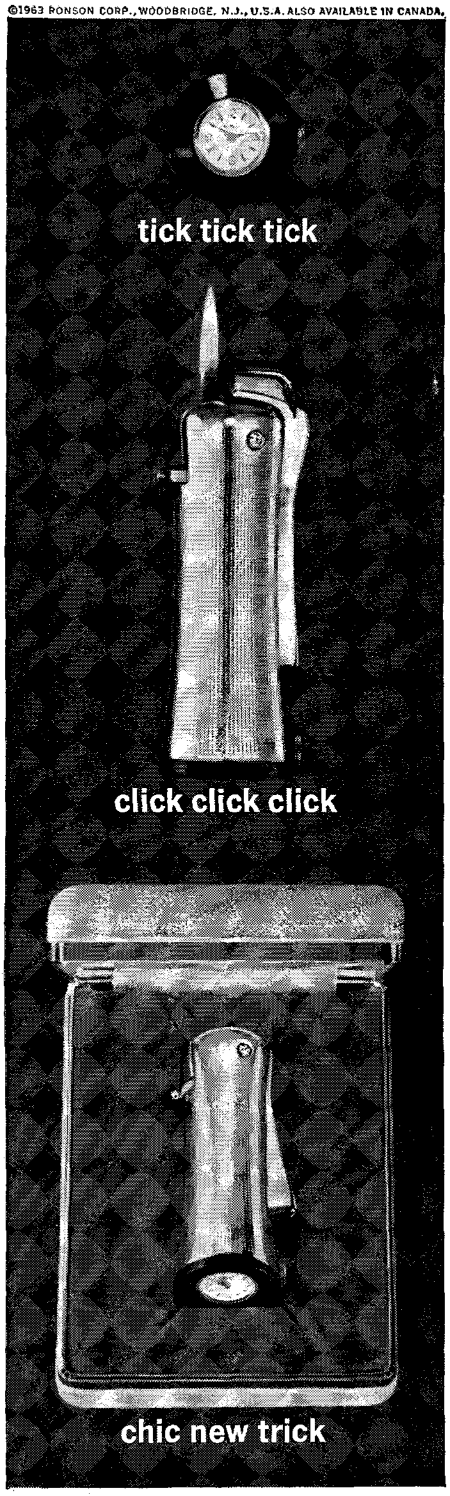

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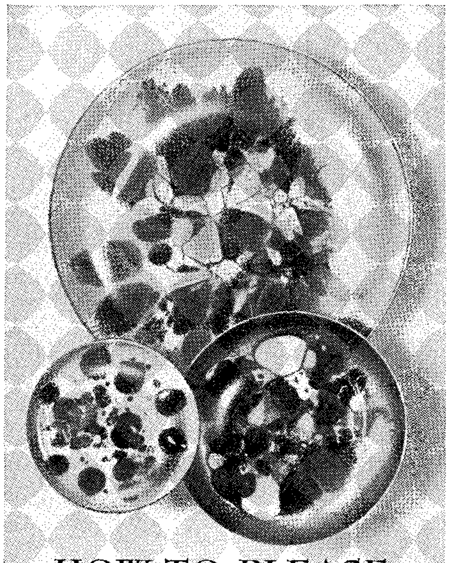
they wanted to cut it off, but I forbade that.' He died not knowing he no longer had it." Gimpel's anecdotes about the rich who merely bought art are naturally gayer. *Par exemple*, when he went to see the magnificent collection of bronzes that Frick had bought from J. P. Morgan, he found them mounted on pedestals and set on casters, so that Frick could spin them about like tops, which he did, whirling around with them himself—a middle-aged multimillionaire "like a rich child playing with his toys." There is no Paris artist of the era, alive or dead, of past or possible future importance, or any French collector worth knowing whom Gimpel does not mention in his journal, which contains a sixteen-page index of names, some with ten or twenty references. He says that his father and the Duveens were the pioneers in establishing great art in America, and merit a place beside those who built the highways, laid the railroads, cleared the forests, and built the schools and churches. With his two sons, Gimpel joined one of the first Resistance groups in 1940, was arrested and sent to five concentration camps in turn, and died in a German hospital from hunger and abuse. Conversation about art having been difficult to maintain with the other prisoners during those hideous years, he talked about poetry instead, and, from his generous memory, recited it to them.

THE *nouveau-roman* group has received special notice this year. "La Jalousie," by Alain Robbe-Grillet, which sold about seven hundred copies when printed six years ago by Les Éditions de Minuit, is now coming out in a French paperback edition of fifty thousand copies. Mme. Nathalie Sarraute has just published a new book, "Les Fruits d'Or," and it is one of the most interesting that the group has ever produced. She and Mme. Marguerite Duras, the other woman member, seem more gifted at writing than at theorizing about writing, like the new novelist men. The Sarraute book is disconcerting, odd, absorbing. It is a novel about a novel—a novel just published and called "Les Fruits d'Or"—and it tells how a coterie of literary French react to this new book, showing as much social intimacy, admiration, spite, flattery, and dislike as if it were a new personality, a person, a lover they wished to cosset or a bore they wanted to shed. The novel becomes a symbolic entity because of the way it is dealt with. Soon it is treated like a work of art—is it one, isn't it one, why or why not? This conception of it al-



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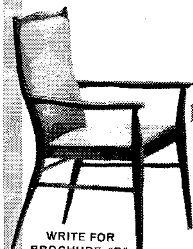

WRITE FOR BROCHURE "B"

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lows all the talkers to open up fully, for now they can air what they think about *l'art, la beauté*. All the tinsel, idiocy, or impressive good sense inside their minds comes out in declaration or argument; they talk louder and try to shout one another down, for each person has his or her own truth and tries to destroy the opponent. The struggle is by turns comic, snobbish, shameful, and inspiring. Mme. Sarraute (who was born in Russia) has written with such balance, subtlety, and modulation, such high rushes of mind, that the reader does not tire but floats upon all the words. In the end, the new novel is decided to be *not* a work of art, and is dropped by all except one familiar—one man who thinks that someday, in some way, he can revive it and make it a success once more, for taste is a form of time. This is the end of the book. Its inner technique descends from Virginia Woolf's "Mrs. Dalloway," Mme. Sarraute hopes, "Mrs. Dalloway" being one of her continued admirations. The book is shortly to be published in New York. It must have been very difficult to translate, but Mrs. Maria Jolas (who had much to do with the publication of Joyce's "Finnegans Wake") has put it into English of such verisimilitude that it seems merely orchestrated in another key.

AS a followup to the de Gaulle-Adenauer *rapprochement*, Académicien Pierre Gaxotte's "Histoire de l'Allemagne" has been duly appreciated this year, French-language histories of Germany being rare at any time. . . . Pierre Mendès-France's book "La République Moderne"—a penetrating analysis of the country now, plus his persistent, lucid plan for a truly republican France tomorrow—would have had a vigorous sale a few years ago, but as the work of a lost leader it has received only a minimal response. . . . Maurice Druon, known for his excellent series on "Les Rois Maudits," the unluckier kings of France, has this year produced instead an Olympian fantasy about Zeus. . . . Cecil Saint-Laurent, who used to write cheerfully about "Caroline Chérie," has just published the first of four First World War novels, reportedly as a profuse scenario for an epic movie to come, this volume being titled and dated with the name of a highborn German lady—"Hortense, '14-'18." It is prefaced with a staggering list of perhaps sixty French and German characters. . . . Claude Mauriac has continued with his "*dîner-en-ville*" groups, the current one under his close, intelligent inspection being

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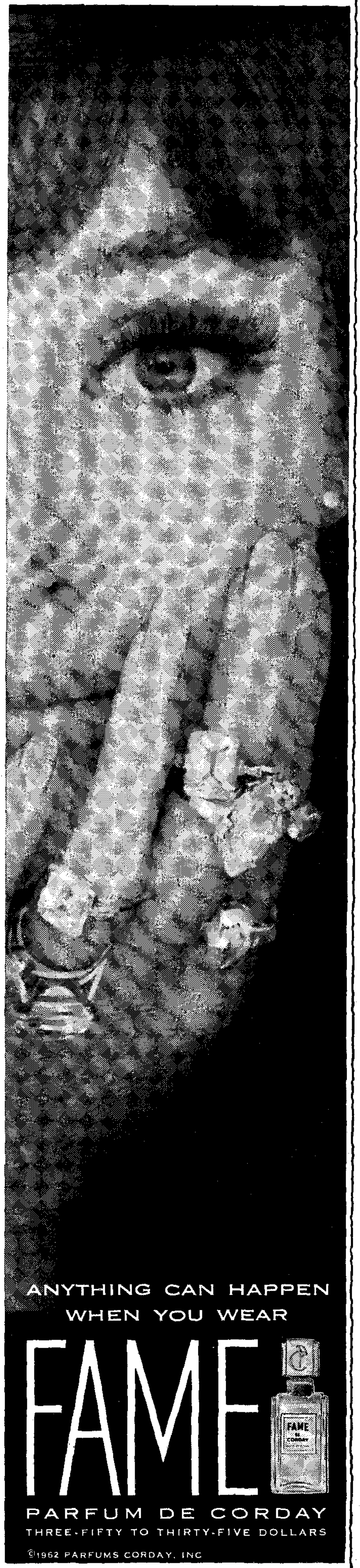

socially lower down, in the Left Bank Carrefour Buci market quarter.

All these books, including the best-sellers, obviously make up only a fraction of this year's book list, since today's somewhat modernized publishing here is competitive big business. One modernization is the many hard-cover books with flashy colored dust jackets *à l'américaine*, the final vestigial evidence of our literary influence in Paris, started by Hemingway. On the whole, this year's fiction is unfortunately important as an indication of the continuing droop in French talent and creative verve. The last truly singular literary *chef de file* was Camus, wastefully killed with his publisher in 1960 in a motor accident.

—GENÊT

•

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

If one reflects but a bit on the problems of daily living and then reflects further on the problems inherent in our world today, one is in a state of dilemma as to where it will all end and what it is all about.

I am certain that each of us as we go about our daily lives finds much which is disheartening.

What to do about it—Philosophers have never completely resolved these concerns which we all have.

Over a generation of "Living With" and observing children has led me to certain considerations.

As I have observed children I have often noted that they have the habit of playfulness.

Playfulness to many means little and is often looked upon as a fruitless wasting of time. But if we look further into it we begin to realize that it encompasses freedom. Though we may all emulate in our daily living for if one can be playful, one still possesses something of the vigor and the joy of young life. If one has ceased to be playful, one writes oneself down as rigidly old.

Have you had your share of playfulness today?

JOHN A. FORREST, *Principal*
—*Roosevelt School Reporter, Fair Lawn, N.J.*

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—*Adv. in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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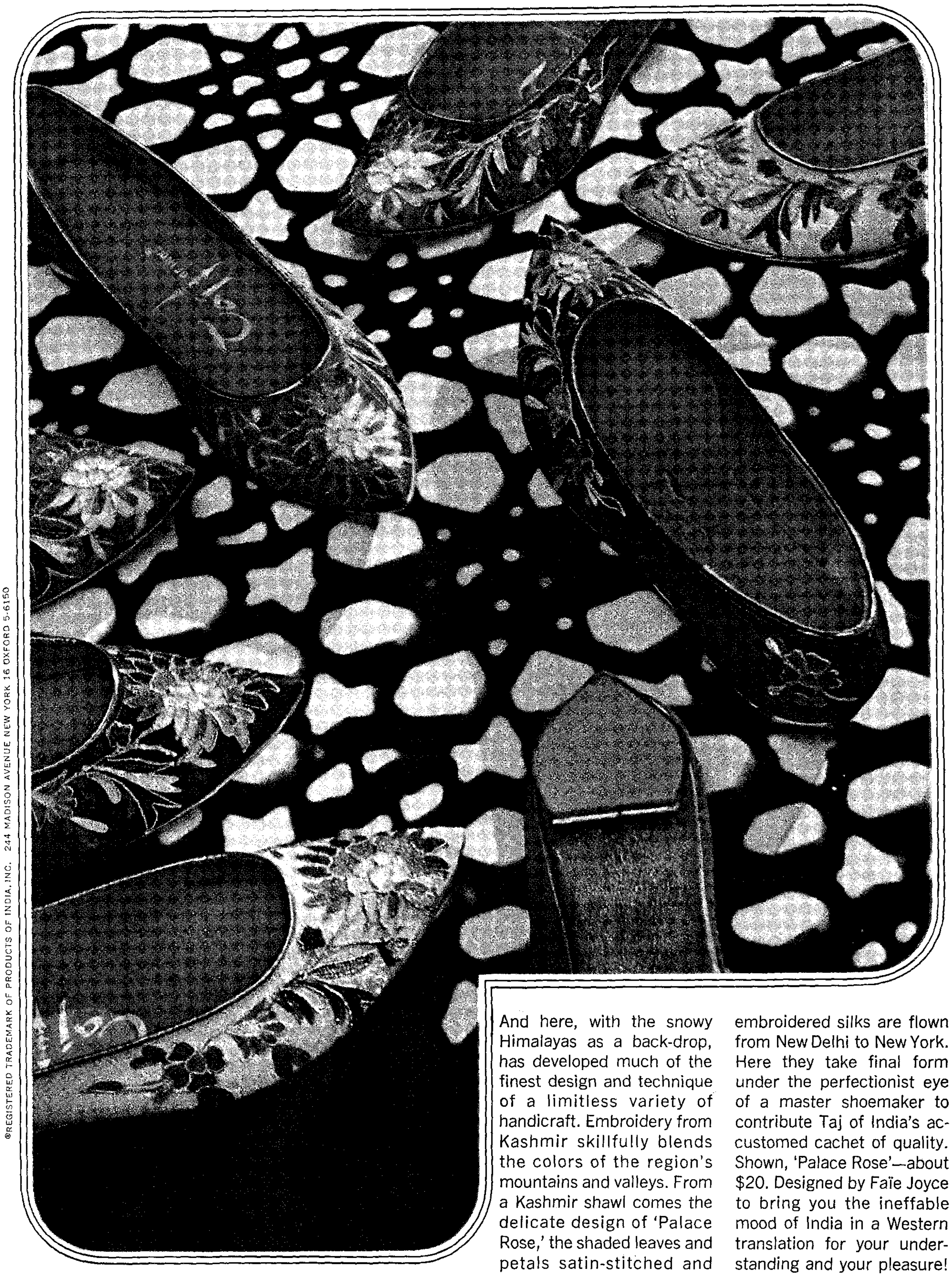

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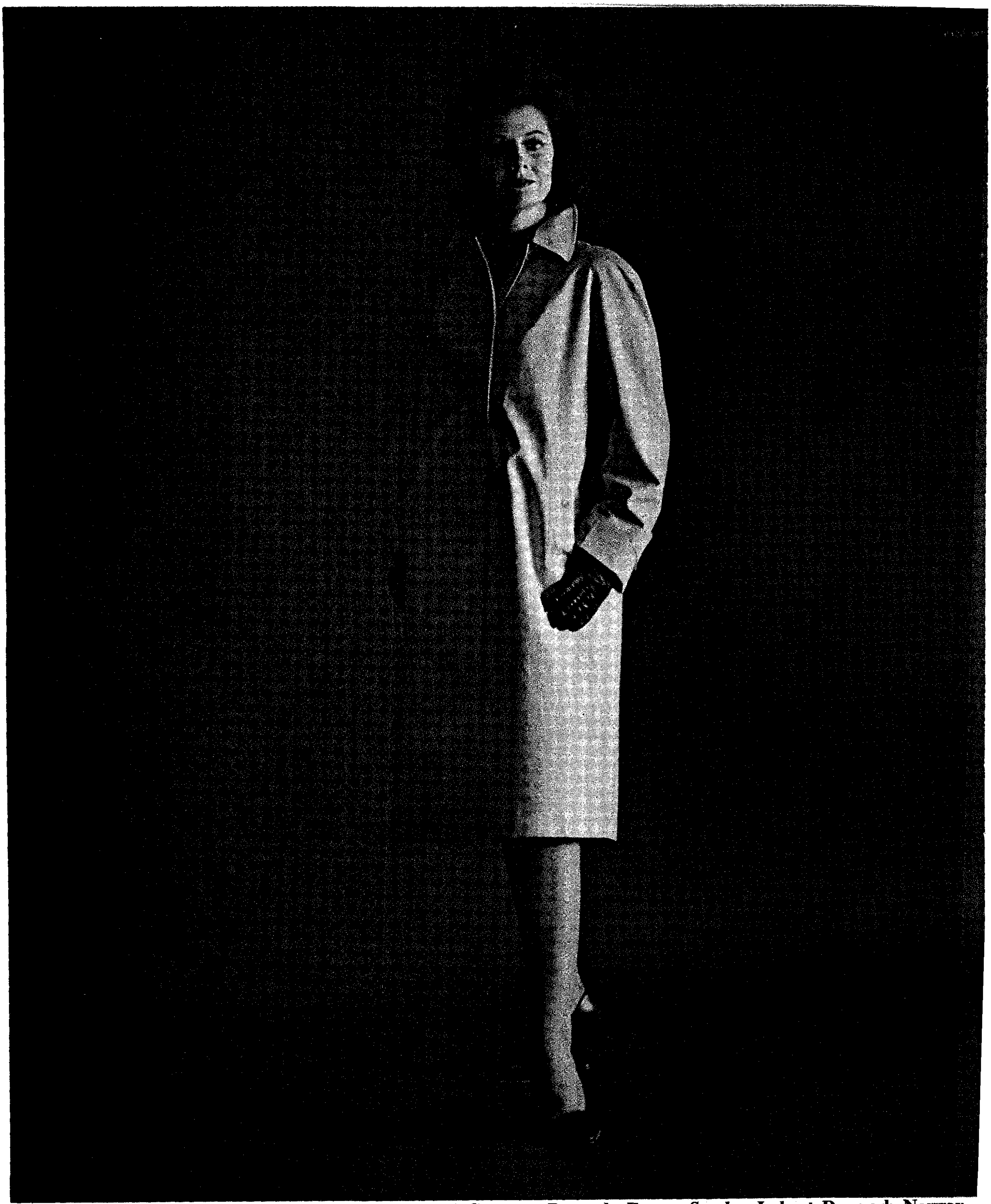

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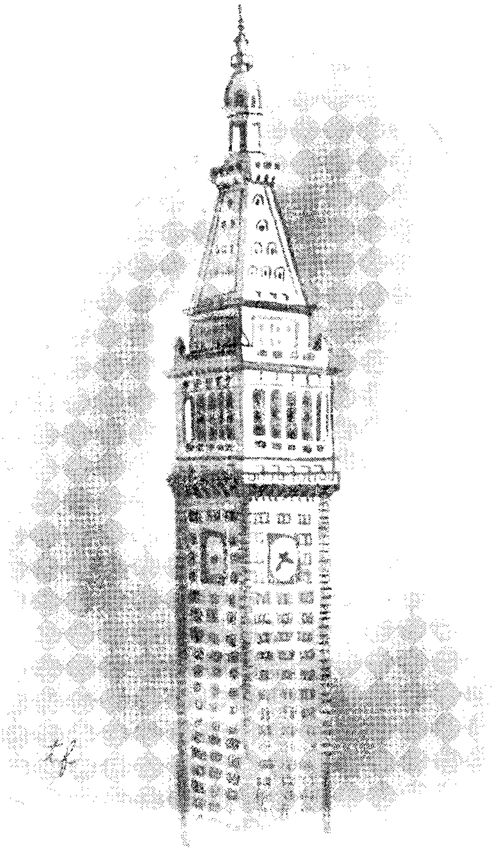

ABOUT a year or so ago, I was frightened by a story I read in the *Times*. It said that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company had decided not to tear down its seven-hundred-foot tower on the east side of Madison Square but merely to deface it a bit, in conformity with contemporary taste, and let it stand. I was, of course, glad that the tower, which was the tallest building in New York when it was finished, in 1909, would continue to lend one graceful outline to the otherwise utilitarian *chevaux-de-frise* of hypodermic needles and upended glass caskets. But I was dismayed to learn that the owning company, so actuarially expert, should have begun to consider it obsolete, because the tower is five years junior to me. The company spokesman quoted by the *Times* said that although the building had lost its economic validity, it had been used so long in the company's advertisements as a symbol of invulnerability that to destroy it was out of the question—like the Prudential tearing down the Rock of Gibraltar, I gathered. The tower would therefore be gutted and refitted with smaller offices, from which the insurance-company executives, more numerous than the army that followed William the Conqueror, would whip on the agents, more numerous than Genghis Khan's horde, and keep track of the capital, now estimated at innumerable billions of dollars, fragmentarily detachable only by the death gasps of policyholders.

I must have seen the building when it was new, because it was smack in the middle of my father's noontime life, on which I sometimes impinged at lunch. He was a manufacturing furrier in a loft building he owned on Twenty-sixth Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues. The building was on a block that he had made respectable by retaining the Reverend Dr. Parkhurst, a noted crusader against vice, to drive out the brothel-keepers, its former shame. He did this by making a generous gift to the crusade, with no strings attached. The Doctor got the message and cleaned Pop's block first. It was a good touch for the Doctor, and it raised the real-estate value of the three eleven-story loft buildings that Father had just put up on a pretty thin equity. Father lunched regularly at the Café Martin, on the Fifth Avenue side of the Square; he transferred his allegiance to Mouquin's, on Sixth, only after M. Martin retired to France. At Martin's, I was fed nothing more exotic than roast beef and a baked potato, but the vanilla ice cream that followed was yellow, which made it "French" in the usage of the day. It contained bits of broken vanilla bean—an effect probably dictated by showmanship, like the shot that restaurateurs insert in tame pheasant.

Seen from the Café Martin after lunch, Buckingham Palace would have seemed presentable, but the Metropolitan's new pile was impressive even on an empty stomach. A vertically protracted version of the campanile of St. Mark's, in what a company brochure of its youth called "a style combining dignity with refinement" (both qualities now in short architectural supply), it rose, shimmering white, like a frosted cake. The corporate effusion summed it up as "a monumental structure, beautiful in design, gigantic in size, substantial in construction, complete in its appointments," and that's just the way it was. The name, mouth-filling and with operatic associations, further disposed me in its favor. (The Metropolitan Museum of Art was another prestigious homonym.) My parents went to the operatic Metropolitan regularly, and talked about it a great deal in the interim. Caruso, I may have thought, *lived* in the Metropolitan Tower. Madison Square had additional magic for me, because it shared its name with Madison Square Garden. That palace of pleasure, redolent of elephants and horses, stood at the northeast corner of Madison and Twenty-sixth, and I went there twice a year, to see Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and Barnum & Bailey's Circus. The Buffalo Bill show featured mock battles and galloping horses; it was a series of Westerns in the flesh, and in color and *smell*. The smells were horse sweat and gunpowder—perfumes that hung over the ring from "The Attack on the Stagecoach," in the first act, to "The Battle of the Little Big Horn," in the finale. The combatants fired thousands of rounds of blanks. Buffalo Bill had it all over Barnum & Bailey for me, but at the circus there was always the chance that an aerialist would fall off the high wire, so that interested me, too. Thanks to Buffalo Bill, I saw more Indians before I entered elementary school than the average boy born west of the Rockies gets to look at in a lifetime. They whooped and hollered and rode their ponies around the arena, meanwhile shooting blanks at the troops, who wore blue uniforms out of Bannerman's old army-stores shop on lower Broadway. But although I rooted for the Indians, in whom I saw my prototypes, the soldiers, representing authority, always rounded them up.

It is not the association with Sitting Bull and the smell of elephants, however, that most endears the Metropolitan Tower to me but the fact that it is a historic shrine—or, rather, a *pre*-historic shrine, pre-history in this sense meaning history that is scheduled but hasn't happened yet. If this is hard to follow, I should explain that in 2712 A.D. the forty-eighth floor of the Metropolitan Tower proved to be the cocoon that had preserved the two last survivors of the white race, after the rest of civilized humankind had been wiped out by an unspecified blight. It was here that the pair, Beatrice Ken-

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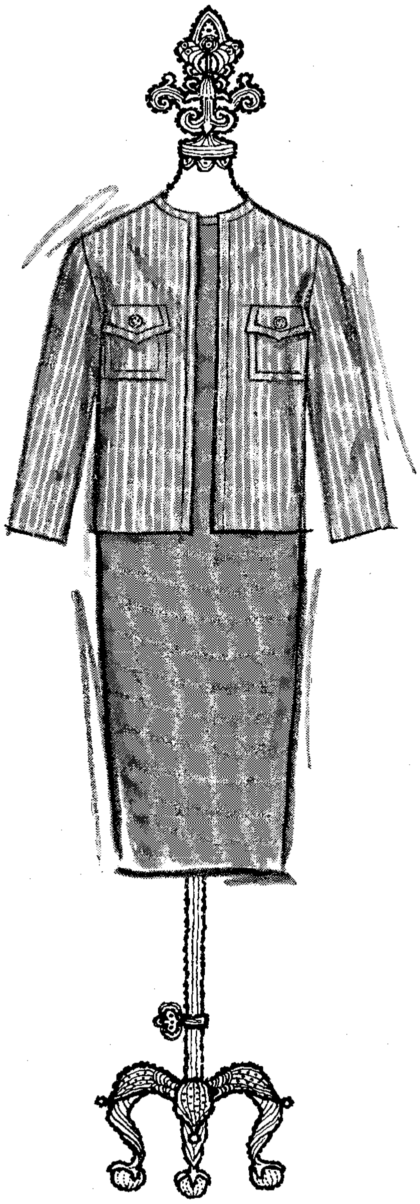

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drick and Allan Stern, opened their eyes again, after eight centuries of coma, to look out upon an uninhabited city—or so they thought for a while, until the cannibals came. The almost unimaginable height above street level had partially protected them from the lethal effect of whatever it was, and they had spent all that time in suspended animation, from which they awoke to their distressing situation. I met Allan and Beatrice—he was an engineer, and she his secretary—on the evening of March 4, 1912, in the columns of the *Evening Mail*, a newspaper bought and burked by Frank Munsey in about 1920, and they have been with me ever since, as the man and the girl in the Metropolitan Tower, although, I confess, I long ago forgot their names and the exact date of our encounter, and had to do a bit of research to refresh my memory.

In the year 1910-11, I had begun school and been taught to read. Miss Flynn was the name of the teacher who taught me, and at first I did not realize what she had done to me. My first year of reading was like the summer, a little later, when I learned to swim and all my care was to stay on top of the water. But the second year of reading was like the second summer of swimming, when the knack came back without thought and nobody could get me out of the ocean. At any rate, my world was no longer limited by my field of vision. It expanded erratically, by the hazard of encounter or recommendation; new lines of investigation opened in every direction. Instead of asking my parents questions, I was keen to find out what they had been concealing from me. Many of these lines led through the *Mail*. My father took the *Times* away with him in the morning, before I went off to school, but he brought the *Mail* home with him at six in the evening. I was not allowed to have the newspaper before the evening meal, which was served at about six-thirty. My father would have looked at it on the way uptown in the subway, and Mother was allowed to have it before we sat down. My chance for a part of it—usually the sports page and Rube Goldberg's cartoon—came afterward, when the maid had cleared the table and my parents had moved on to the sitting room, behind the green plush portières. (The more formal parlor, done in lighter green, was used only when we had company.) I was allowed to read my section of the paper before doing my homework, but the homework often went undone. The burnt-oak dining

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table, under the hanging dome of green stained glass with its dependent skirt of beads, was a fine place to spread a newspaper. My sister, aged three, was in bed, and so out of the way, like my parents. My current *Fräulein* and the woman who served as cook and maid were in the kitchen, at their own meal or washing dishes, and I was alone with Christy Mathewson, Ad Wolgast, Jim Thorpe, and the other objects of my admiration, who could strike you out, knock you out, or kick you fifty yards for a field goal if you looked at them cross-eyed. Christy—Big Six—was a Giant pitcher invincible in his own league but perennially bedevilled by the crafty Athletics in the World Series. Thorpe had the double glory of being an Indian as well as an All-American; he ran for a touchdown every time he carried the ball against the dudish Harvard palefaces. Wolgast, the lightweight champion, was so unbelievably ferocious that the sportswriters called him the Cadillac Bearcat. I didn't know what a bearcat was, and still don't, but Wolgast was it. Cadillac referred to Cadillac, Michigan, the Bearcat's habitat, and not to the young automobile. Goldberg, whose cartoon appeared on the sports page, was the *Mail's* best bet. He did sets of cartoons with gag titles that became a part of popular speech, like "Foolish Questions," "Mike & Ike, They Look Alike," and "Keeper, Sweep Out Padded Cell No. 414,673." (In the last tagline, the numbers varied but were always high.) His drawing was marvellously divorced from the rule book, and his wonderfully complicated inventions for keeping peas from rolling off a knife blade or stopping grapefruit from squirting in your eye foreshadowed the mobile Calder and the diagrammatic Steinberg.

The story about 2712 A.D. was on what was labelled "The *Evening Mail* Magazine Page," and the illustration that accompanied the first installment has ever since remained in my mind: a man with a long, blond beard and a girl with long, all-enveloping hair looking down through a window of the Metropolitan Tower at the city of New York in ruins. In subsequent installments, as I never forgot, they had Swiss Family Robinson or Robinson Crusoe adventures in recuperating useful articles from the wreck—only theirs was the wreck of a city, and they salvaged their tools from showcases rather than ships. Then, still in the Crusoe tradition, they had to fight bluish-black cannibals who appeared on what the castaways had considered their private island—in this

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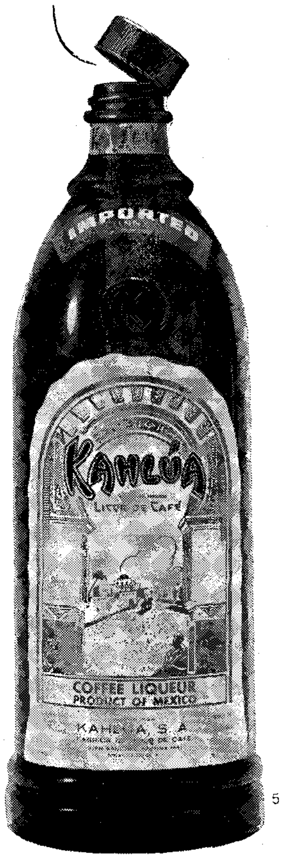

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case Manhattan, which was mine, too. The cannibals were of a strain so coarse that they had resisted whatever it was that had killed the higher types. One reason the story so impressed me was that it was supposed to happen in a building I had seen. Another, I imagine, was that I was at a stage of readership when I was not altogether sure, for a couple of installments, whether I was dealing with fact or fiction. It was also, I think, the first intimation I had that my tangible world was destructible.

For whatever reason, the essential framework of the story remained with me for fifty years, although I am not good at remembering plots—names, characters, and phrases are more likely to stick in my mind. Sometimes, after the first thirty years or so, it seemed to me improbable that I should remember anything so odd so clearly and for so long, and I wondered whether I hadn't read the story more recently, although there was internal evidence to the contrary, because no writer would have placed the survival chamber in the Metropolitan after it had ceased to be the highest building. It would have been simple to check, because I was fairly sure that the New York Public Library had a file of the *Evening Mail.* Still, I hesitated, because I had a haunted feeling that the story wouldn't be there at all, and it was not until I saw the news story about the Metropolitan Tower's narrow escape from the knackers that I finally decided to verify what had happened on the forty-eighth floor in the twenty-eighth century. A telephone call established that the Newspaper Annex of the New York Public Library had a complete run of the *Mail* for the suspected years, and when I went over to that bleak depository on West Forty-third Street, almost on the river, I had small trouble in finding what I had not been entirely sure I remembered. The *Mail* was there in person, not having been reduced to microfilm, and the crumbling pages in the bound file seemed themselves relics of a ruined city—an effect due to the extremely bad paper used in newspapers since about 1880. When I hit on my quarry in the issue of Monday, March 4th, I found that the illustration was almost exactly as I had visualized it—hairy man and girl looking out the window at what was left. The caption under it read, "No Familiar Hum of the Metropolis Now Rose."

The initial installment of the serial ran across all eight columns of the Magazine Page. Its title was "The Last New Yorkers," and a two-column

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line at the right of the page described it as "A Weird Story of Love and Adventure Amid the Ruins of a Fallen Metropolis." The author was George Allen England—a mild surprise, because I had somehow formed the illusion during the intervening years that it was Edgar Rice Burroughs, the man who subsequently invented Tarzan, and I had occasionally cited the Metropolitan Tower story (which, naturally, nobody else remembered) as an indication of the versatility of Burroughs' imagination. How Burroughs had got into my authentic recollection of the *Mail* yarn, I do not know. I have never heard of George Allen England since 1912, and the name may well have been somebody's pseudonym.

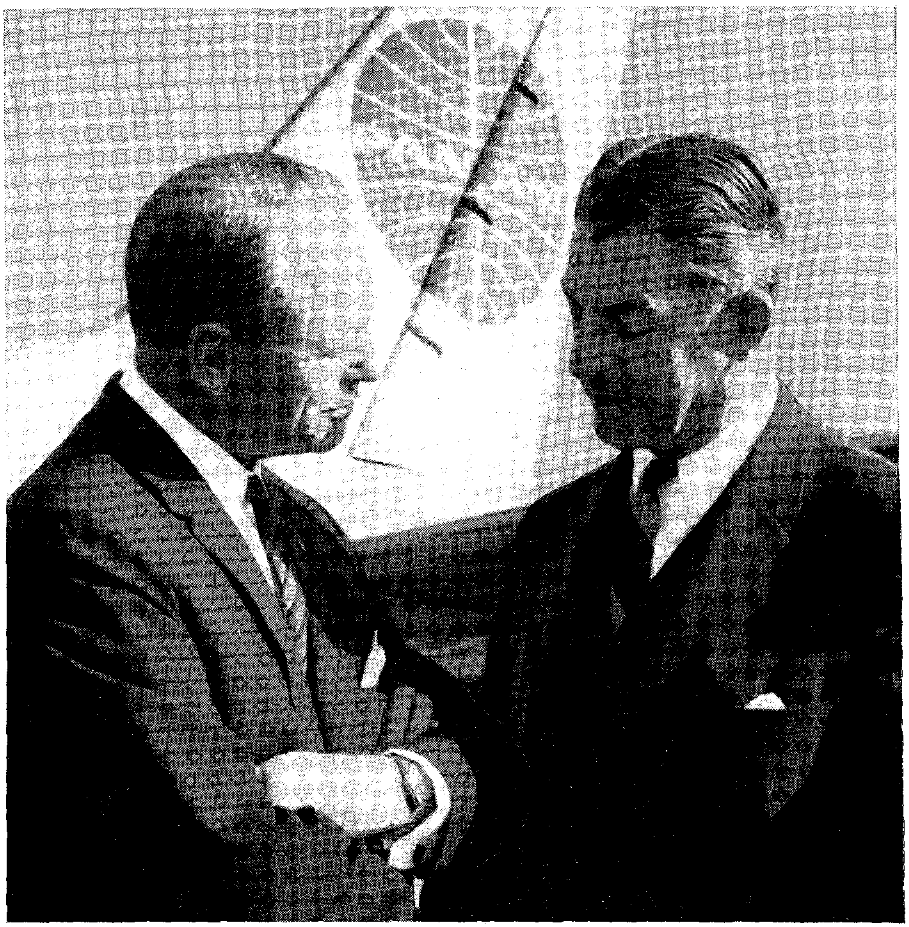
The serial, I observed before I began to read it, ran through all of that March, skipping Sundays, when the *Mail* did not publish. Chapter I, "The Awakening," began:

> Dimly, like the daybreak glimmer of a sky long wrapped in fogs, a sign of consciousness began to dawn in the face of the tranced girl. Once more the breath of life began to stir in that full bosom, to which again a vital warmth had on this day of days crept slowly back. And as she lay there, prone upon the dusty floor, her beautiful face buried and shielded in the hollow of her arm, a sigh welled from her lips.

Instantly I was transported back across fifty years to the dining-room table under the green-shaded light, and I was full of solicitude and a vague fear.

> Life—life was flowing back again! The miracle of miracles was growing to reality. Faintly now she breathed, vaguely her heart began to throb once more. She stirred. She moaned, still for the moment powerless to cast off wholly the enshrouding incubus of that tremendous, dreamless sleep. Then her hands closed. The finely tapered fingers tangled themselves in the masses of thick, luxuriant hair which lay outspread all over and about her.

Here I, as of 1963, wondered how many of Mr. England's words, met one by one, I would have recognized in 1912. "Enshrouding incubus," indeed! Also, I was astonished to note an element in "The Last New Yorkers" that had made no impression on me when I was seven—it was hot stuff. George Allen England combined the appeals of Daniel Defoe, Jules Verne, and Elinor Glyn, a lady novelist of his era whose charm I did not begin to sniff until early adolescence. The full bosom, the vital warmth, the beautiful face shielded in the hollow of the arm—the hair! But the full significance of the



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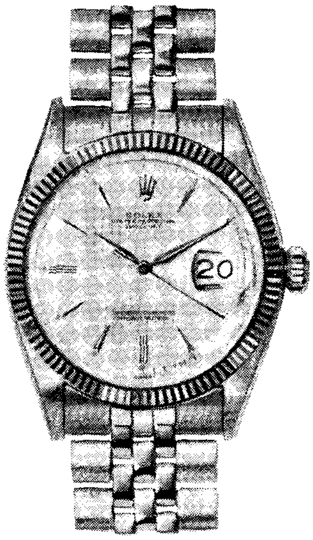

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last detail did not dawn until a later paragraph:

> Even as she took the first few steps, her gown—a mere tattered mockery of raiment—fell away from her. And, confronted by a new problem, she stopped short. About her she peered in vain for something to protect her disarray. There was nothing! All about her, veiling her completely in a mantle of wondrous gloss and beauty, her lustrous hair fell.
>
> Aloud she hailed: "Oh! Help, help, help!" No answer.

For fifty years there had been a number of lacunae in my memory of important points, but a good many of the gaps, I learned on reacquaintance, were in the story itself—for example, how it happened that if the altitude on the forty-eighth floor of the Tower had been sufficient to preserve the fated pair it hadn't saved other tenants on the same floor, or in the observation tower above. There just wasn't any explanation, and I could only conclude that Beatrice Kendrick and her employer had been doing nightwork—an already suspicious circumstance that gained significance from the way she now went looking for him clad only in her hair.

> About her she drew the sheltering masses of her hair, like a Godiva of another age; and to her eyes, womanlike, the hot tears mounted. As she went, she cried, in a voice of horror: "Mr. Stern! Oh—Mr. Stern! Are, are you dead, too? You can't be—it's too frightful!"
>
> He lived!

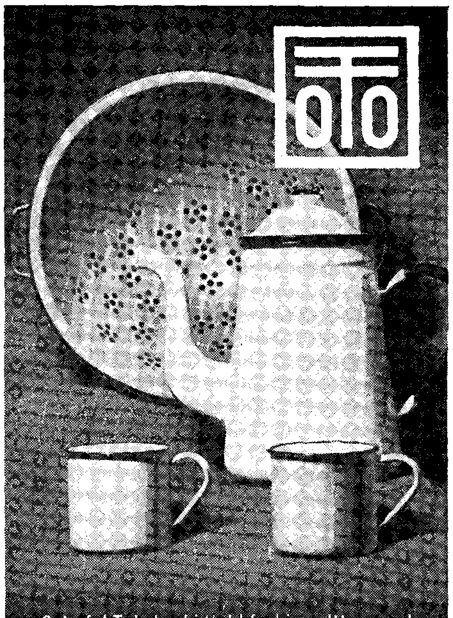
I abridge—although with regret—considerably. Allan Stern's clothes were in bad shape, too, but they had not quite vanished, which was fortunate, because his beard would have given him only unilateral defilade.

> But almost at once [I have cut a lot here] the engineer got a mastery over himself. She thrilled at sight of him. And though for a long moment no word was spoken, while the man and woman stood looking at each other like two children in some dread and unfamiliar attic, an understanding leaped between them.
>
> (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

I must have been slow, to miss all that sex content, but missed it I had. I remembered the hair in the picture, but not that it was all the girl had on. What *had* frightened me for fifty years was the notion of awaking and finding all New York gone—the yellow ice cream, my father's loft building, P.S. 9, at West End Avenue and Eighty-second Street, and even the *Evening Mail.* I was glad that the Metropolitan Tower, at least, had survived.

Chapter II began:

> Then, womanlike, instinctively as she breathed, the girl ran to him. Forgetful



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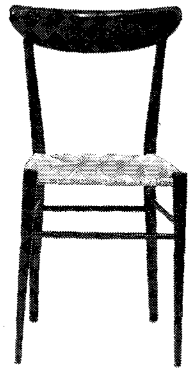

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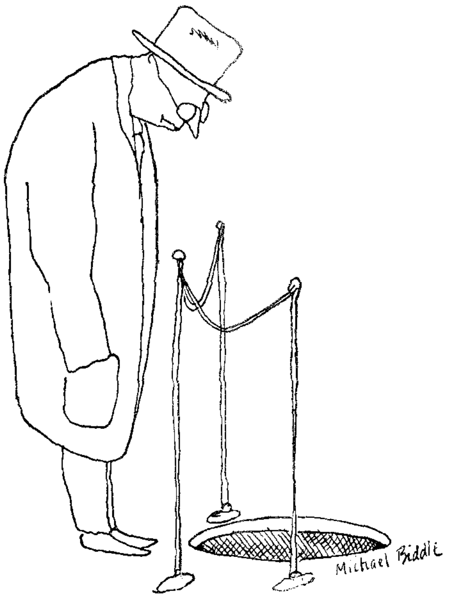
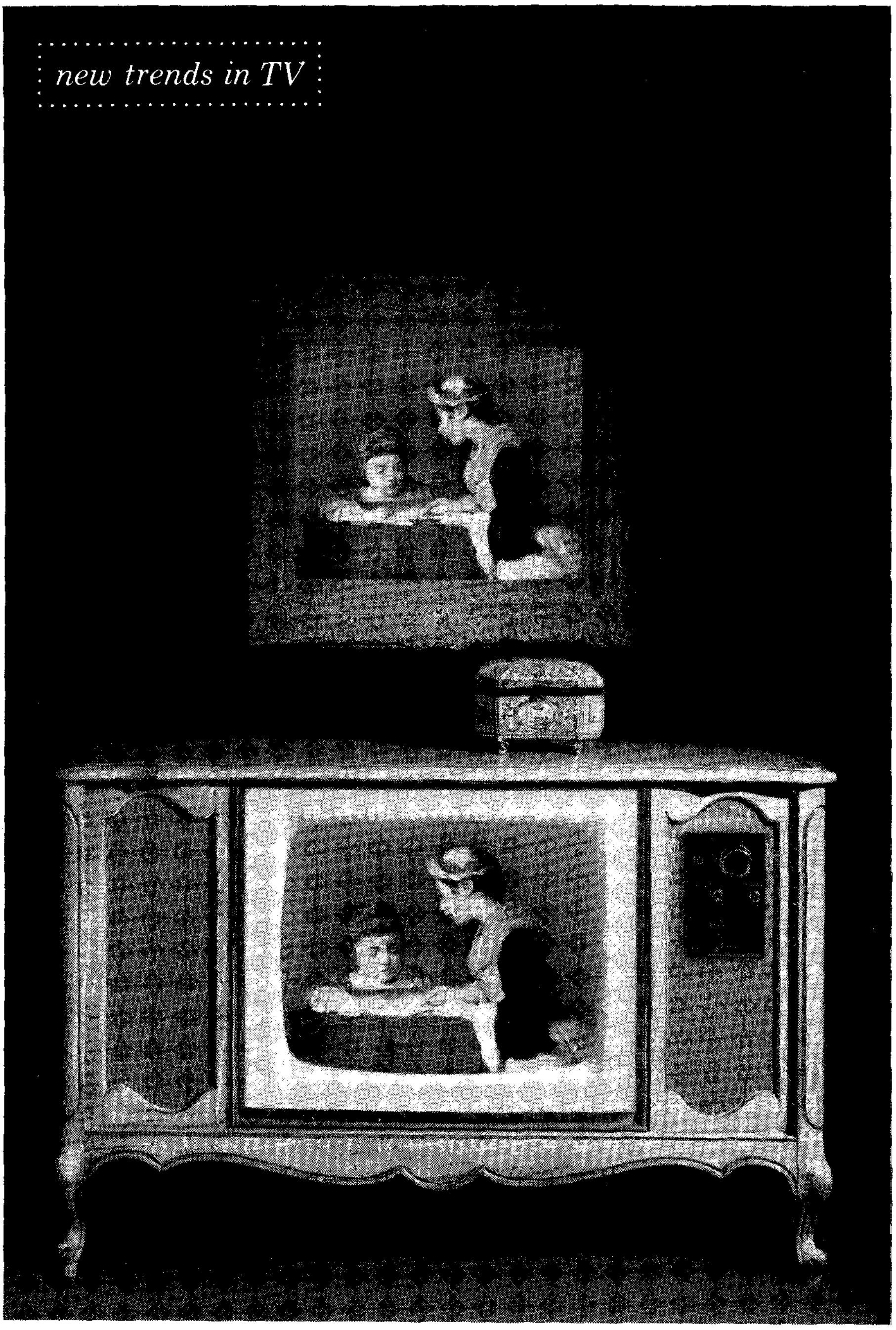
of every convention and of her disarray, she seized his hand. And in a voice that trembled till it broke she cried: "What is it? What does all this mean? Tell me!"
To him she clung.

It is not until many paragraphs after "To him she clung" that Stern notices that his companion is technically naked. " 'But—you can't go that way, Miss Kendrick,' " he says. " 'It—it won't do, you know.' " But he was a mealy-mouthed hypocrite. "Deep down in his heart," says George Allen England, "he caught some glimmering insight of the future and was glad."

AT this point in the reprise, my eyes, fifty years older, began to be tried by the small print. Determined to have the whole serial and read it, as the author intended, in segments and at home, I carted the volume of the *Evening Mail* containing the installments of "The Last New Yorkers" to the photostat desk and ordered the lot. Leaving the Newspaper Annex after my reunion with Beatrice Kendrick and Allan Stern, I had the feeling that I was four feet high, as on March 4, 1912, and out of my neighborhood at that. I feared that some tough kid from Eleventh Avenue might smack me in the eye, and as the shadows lengthened I hurried down Tenth, longing to be home under the green Tiffany-glass lampshade, where safety waited. Not until I reached Forty-second Street did I remember that home, Mother, Father, *Fräulein*, all had vanished, and that Tiffany glass was now only in antique shops and high-toned bars-and-grills. The familiar hum of the Metropolis still rose, but the Metropolitan Tower and I were on the disimprove. I walked east on Forty-second toward a more familiar part of





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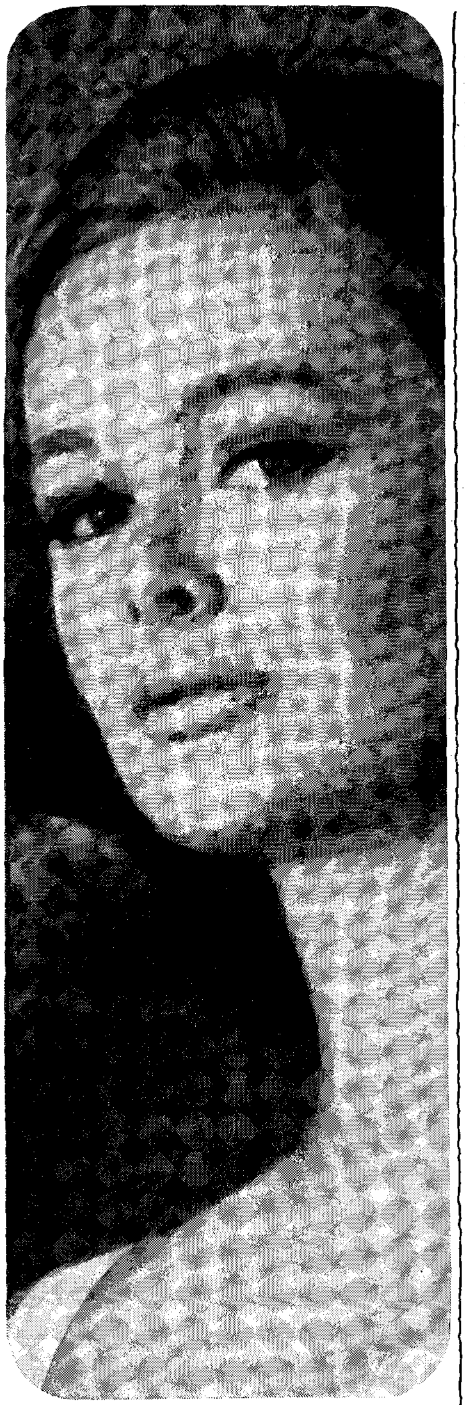
town, and hit Eighth Avenue before I felt full-grown again.

The date on the first installment of "The Last New Yorkers" had placed me so exactly in the past that I had a hard time getting out of it. I was in 2-B at P.S. 9, and my teacher was Miss Costigan, a lean lady not without elements of what I then considered beauty—blue eyes and blond, almost too blond, hair, bound at the brow with a thin black velvet ribbon, and worn in bangs. The building where we lived, at 307 West Seventy-ninth Street, had the resounding private name of Lassano Court. Lassano, like many of the high-sounding names of firms and buildings, was a combination of the initials of a number of partners, but it sounded more plausible than most—it could have been a city in Italy, like Livorno. Father, composing a corporate name for one of his buildings, had had less luck. He had taken the first two letters, Ab, of my first name and hitched on all those of my sister's, Norma. The result, the Abnorma Real Estate Corporation, suggested that we were both psychopaths. We had moved into Lassano Court in the fall of 1907, when it opened its doors, and from our front windows I had looked down on the construction of the Kelmscott and the Hereford, the equally posh newcomers directly across the street. Somebody, someday, should write a poem about New York apartment-house names, and somebody else a book about the social tugs they reflect. Lassano, for example, is a compound of euphony, the exotic, and masked self-aggrandizement; Hereford and Kelmscott are reversions to the old sales appeal of English solidity and dignity. (There is an old apartment building down on Second Avenue named The U.S. Senate.) You entered Lassano Court by a driveway that led right into the building and under a rotunda, and in the middle of this carriage court was a fountain in which stood Atlas, carrying a Tiffany-glass globe of the world with an electric light inside it. We lived, I am almost sure, on the seventh floor. There was an elevator right outside the door of our apartment, and every evening while the serial ran I took up my vigil behind the door at about a quarter to six, waiting to greet Father and try to get away with the paper while he was taking off his overcoat. Sometimes I managed it without trouble, sometimes I didn't.

"Don't you think *I* ever want to see the paper?" Mother might complain, or "You could say 'Good evening' to your father when he comes home after a hard day's work, instead of grab-



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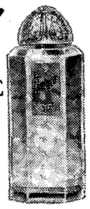

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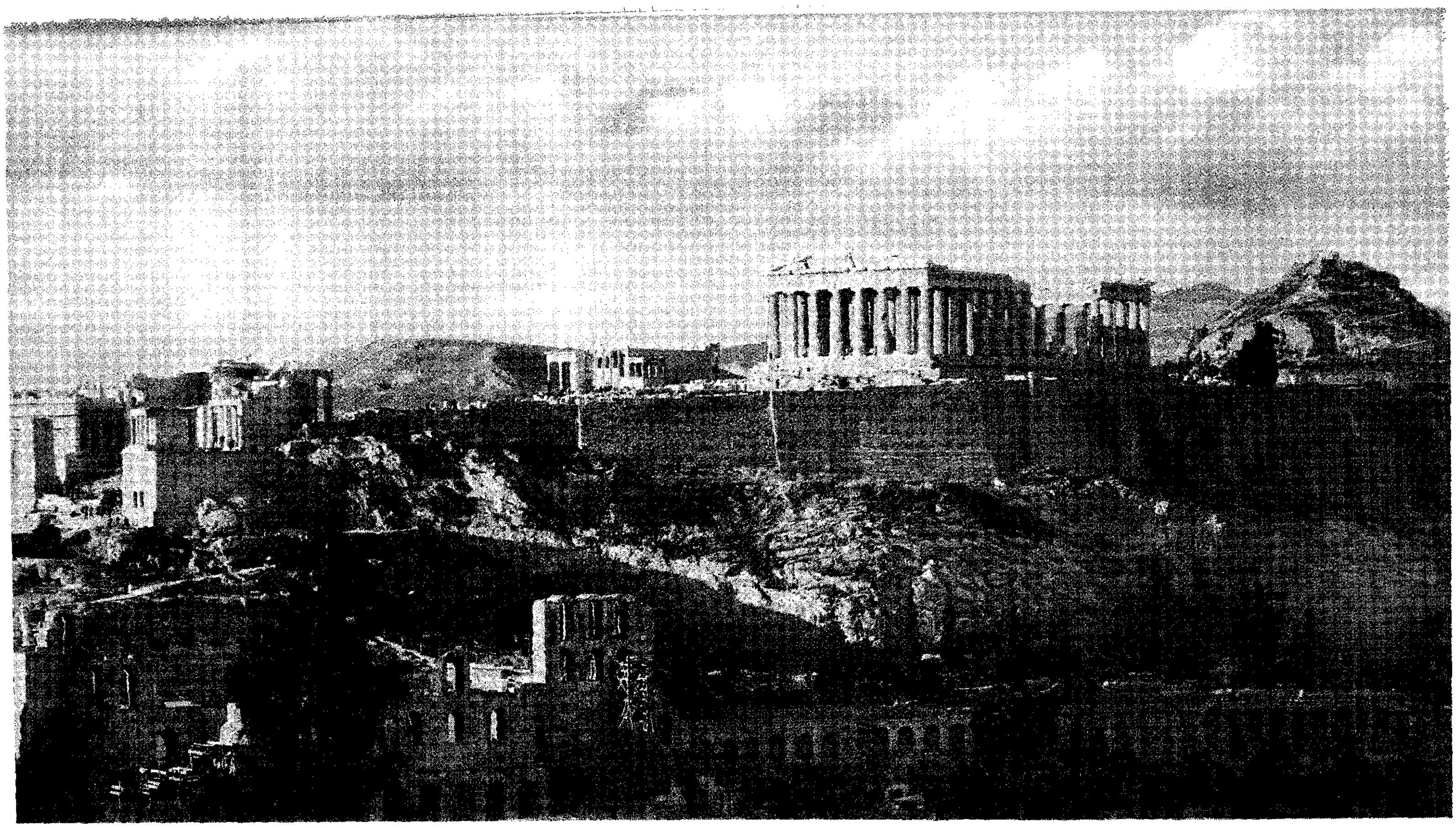

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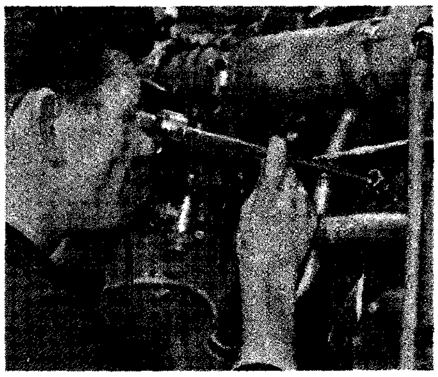

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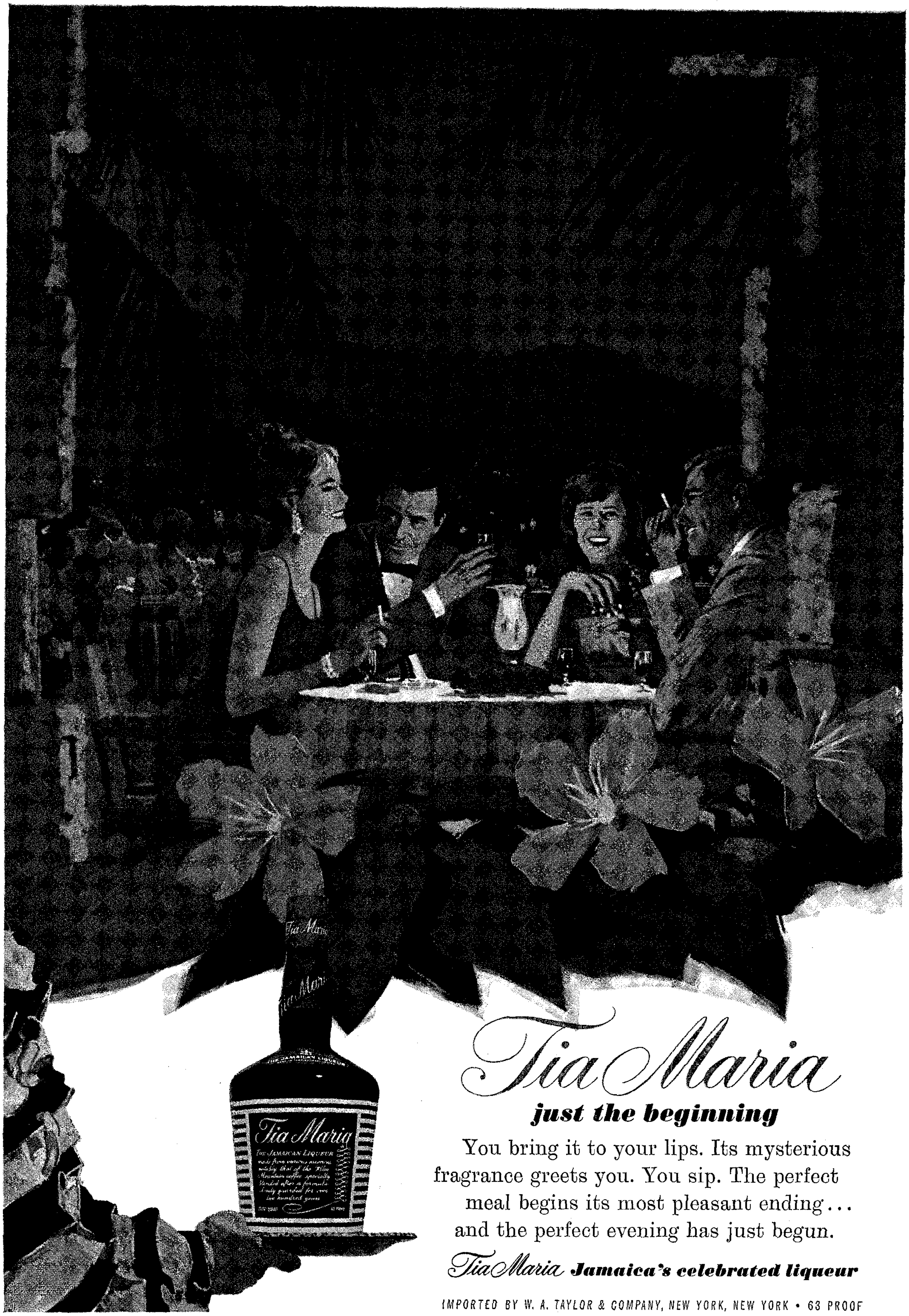
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IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK • 63 PROOF bing the paper and burying your nose in it." Now that I have had another look at Mr. England's prose, I know that Mother would never have read beyond the first paragraph. Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy were more her style. She had been a high-school valedictorian and had then attended extension courses at Berkeley. She had had timid ambitions—which she had never got up the courage to exploit—to be a writer or an actress, and she attended the lectures, chiefly cultural, of the Women's League for Political Education every Wednesday afternoon, returning with full notebooks and enthusiastic reports on speakers like Rabindranath Tagore and Alfred Noyes and Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. "Go down to Kew in lilac-time," she would spout when she came home from a Noyes lecture, even before she took her hat off, and "In lilac-time, in lilac-time," as she took out the hatpins. She would give me the whole poem, if I didn't dodge off. It is hard to remember how your mother looked at any given period. The memory blurs and blends—she was twenty-eight or twenty-nine when I think I first remember her, and seventy-eight at the last, but her face and hands and ankles were always pretty, and in 1912 she was still fighting to keep her figure like Lillian Russell's. On March 4th of that year, she was exactly thirty-four years and two months old, less eight days. Like Miss Russell and Miss Costigan and the princesses in Grimm's fairy tales, she was blond and had blue eyes—two points that Father and I considered the indispensable attributes of the American Beauty.

I DID not wait for the photostats, which set me back about thirty dollars, as impatiently as I had awaited my daily adventures with Beatrice and Allan in 1912, but when they came I fell under the spell of "The Last New Yorkers" again. With Chapter III, I noticed, the special illustrations ended, and the serial took a stock heading for the rest of its run of twenty-eight installments: a vignette of Madison Square in ruins and gone back to forest, with the invulnerable Metropolitan Tower looming behind and above it. (Daily repetition of the cut was a colossal hidden persuader for the insurance company, and I could not help suspecting a tieup.) There was a box, in blackface, headed "READ THIS FIRST," but now, as before, I spurned this mnemonic crutch. A man in whose mind this story did not burn itself as it went along did not deserve the opportunity to read

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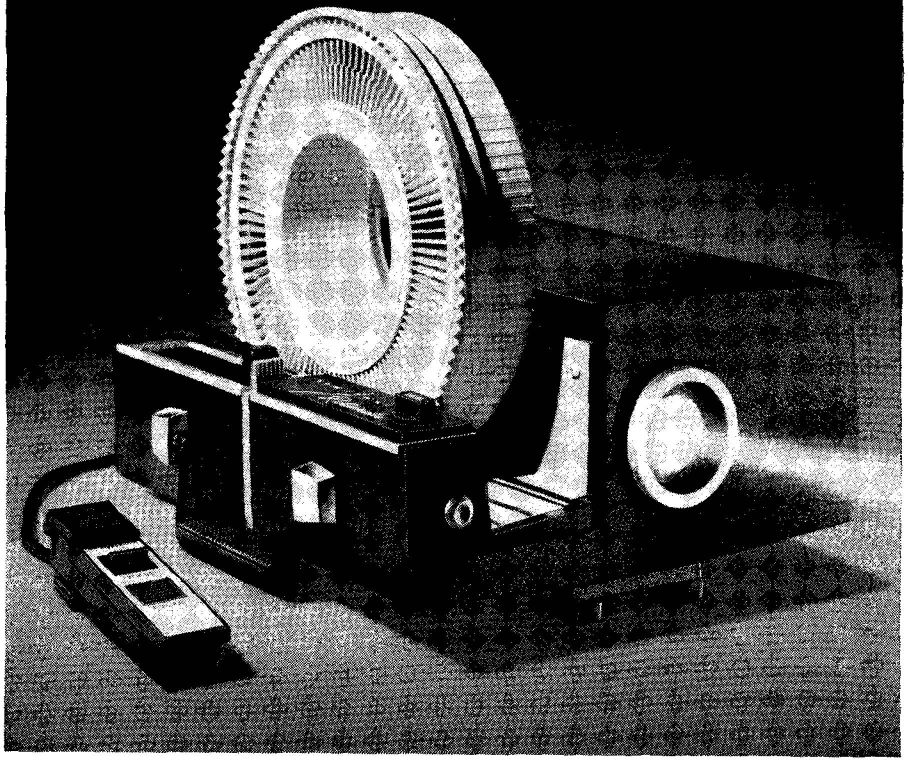

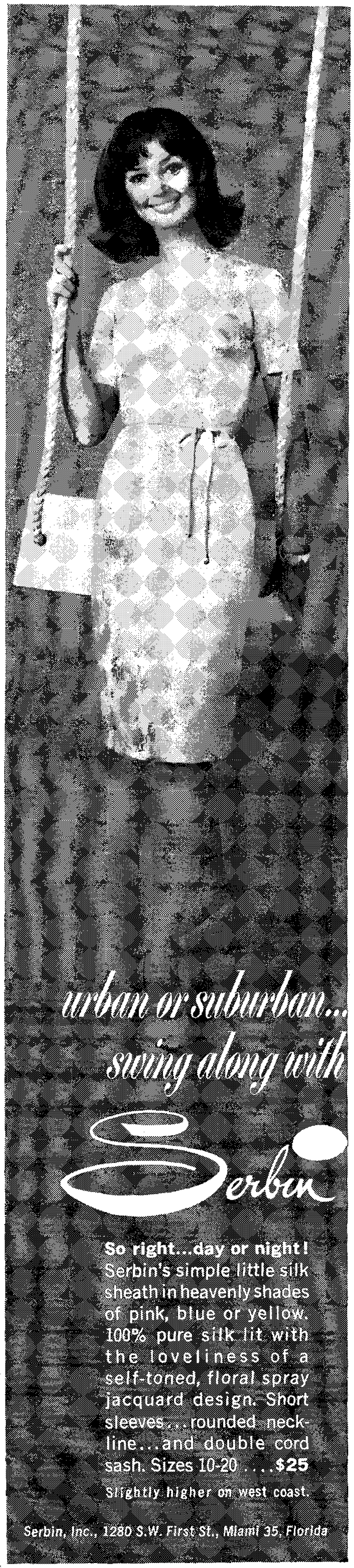

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it. How could anyone forget "WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE"?

In the third chapter, Beatrice and Allan climb to the observation platform, "nearly a thousand feet above the earth," to have a look around. " 'What this all means we don't know yet,' " Allan says when they arrive. " 'All we definitely know is that some very long, undetermined period of time has passed, leaving us still alive. The rest can wait.' " And then "he drew her to him protectingly, while all about them the warm summer wind swept onward to the sea."

This, at first reading, must have tried my patience. It was what I called "slush." When visiting women friends of Mother's kissed me in those days, I ostentatiously rubbed the profaned spot with the back of my hand.

The next paragraph was even worse:

> In the breeze, her heavy masses of hair stirred luringly. He felt its silken caress on his half naked shoulder, and in his ears the blood began to pound with strange insistence. The presence of the girl set his heart throbbing heavily, but he bit his lip and restrained his every untoward thought.

What, I must have wondered, could the poor sap be thinking *about* to make him waste so much time when a city lay at his feet for pillage? The bookstores! The soda fountains! All the bridges over the East River had either fallen down or buckled in the middle, and the forest filled the streets. You couldn't even tell where Central Park ended. At the sight, Beatrice lost her nerve and bawled, but not Allan. I imagine that I felt sorry for him, burdened with such a boob, and thought how glad he would have been to have had me along instead.

I imagine that I began to tire of the adventure until Stern cried, " 'Hark! What's that?' "

> A moment they listened intently. Up to them, from very far, rose a wailing cry, tremulous, long-drawn, formidable.
>
> "Oh, then there are people, after all?" faltered the girl, grasping Stern's arm.
>
> He laughed.
>
> "No, hardly!" answered he. "I see you don't know the wolf-cry. I didn't until I heard it in the Hudson Bay country. Not very pleasant, is it?"
>
> He broke short off. Again, far off, they heard a faint re-echoing roar.
>
> "I guess," said he, "guns will be about the first thing I'll look for after food. There ought to be good hunting down in the jungles of Fifth Avenue and Broadway!"

That was something like! If my attention had come loose during the tiresome slush passages, the wolves and the guns must have refastened it *statim.* Bronco Billy was my movie hero then—

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he shot his way through two-reelers without benefit of a sound track, but the piano player provided auxiliary percussion. Paul Du Chaillu, pronounced by me "Dooshaloo," was my current hero on the printed page. He was an African explorer of the second half of the nineteenth century, whom I had found bivouacked between covers in the St. Agnes Branch of the New York Public Library, at Eighty-first Street and Amsterdam Avenue. Du Chaillu, like Bronco Billy, lived by the gun—in his case, an elephant rifle, which he usually emptied at a charging brute only yards away. When Dooshaloo, seeing the brute continue to come on, turned for his spare gun, the bearer had invariably fled. But the first unerring bullet, lodged in the brain, achieved its effect just when all seemed lost. It was lucky that Dooshaloo always got his first serve in.

In Chapter V, Beatrice and Allan come down from the office to explore. "Never before had either of them realized just what the meaning of forty-eight stories might be." Beatrice pooped out, as usual, and shrank with nameless fears, but they made it to the ground, and "thus began their search for a few prime necessities of life." Beatrice naturally wanted to look for clothes first, not realizing that *guns* were what they needed—how could they defend themselves if the wolf pack burst upon them while they searched about the ruins of Best's or Altman's for a tailored suit? I knew that it sometimes took Mother weeks to find one she liked. But "everything at all in the nature of cloth either had sunk back into moldering annihilation or had at best grown far too fragile to be of service." They did better in Chapter VI, however. They found a furrier's shop (this must have given me a thrill of recognition) with garments stored in a cedar chest.

> One effort of Stern's powerful arms sufficed to tip the chest quite over. As it fell it burst. Over the girl's shoulders, Stern flung a tiger skin. Magnificent! he judged. For the woman, thus clad, had suddenly assumed a wild, barbaric beauty. Bright gleamed her gray eyes by the light of the flambeau. Half hidden, the woman's perfect body, beautiful as that of a wood nymph or a pagan dryad, roused the engineer. He dared speak no other word for the moment. A polar-bear skin attracted his attention, and this he chose. Then, with it slung across his shoulder, he stood up.

Then came something that made me ashamed of my nasty adult suspicions, and that must have disappointed a lot of readers even in 1912: Having returned

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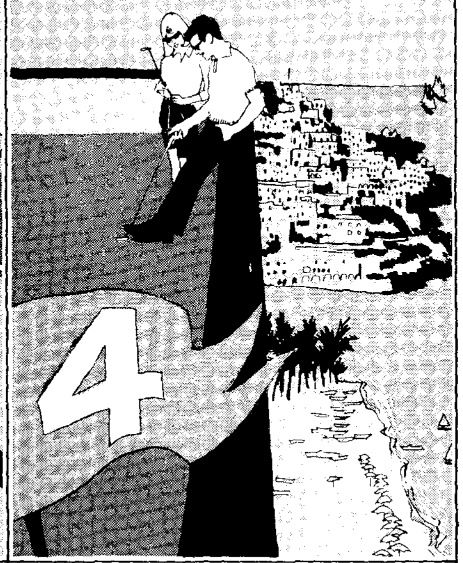

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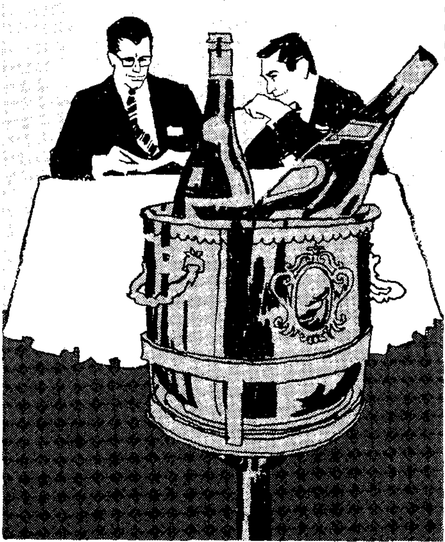

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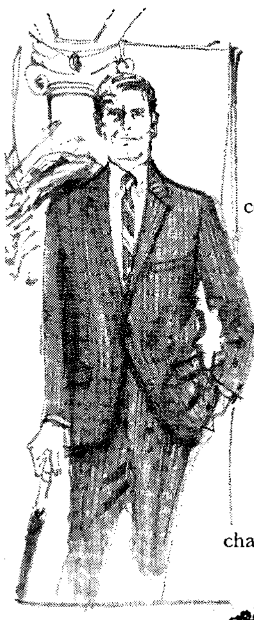
to their nest, "Stern, in the outer office, and Beatrice in the other, wrapped themselves within their furs and laid them down to sleep." Indifference would have detracted from the nobility of the engineer's self-denial. But indifferent he was not. "Yet long after Beatrice had lost herself in dreams, Stern lay and thought strange thoughts, yearning and eager thoughts, there in the impenetrable gloom."

IN order to reach more swiftly a high point of the plot, I here pick up a couple of installments from the "READ THIS FIRST" summary:

> Later Stern finds a spring where once stood the old Madison Square Fountain. After bathing in the pool, he explores the ruins of a Twenty-third Street hardware store, where he finds guns and ammunition. On his way back to Beatrice, who has been left at the tower, he discovers a flint assagai point. It raises in his mind the fear that a new and strange race of savages inhabit the vicinity.

Stern made his discovery at the fag end of what had been a sunny interlude in the young people's fortunes. Discovered had he a veritable arsenal, and not a moment too soon for his peace of mind. Forearmed stood he forewarned! Intrepid was he, but terror-stricken I! The twenty-four hours that followed must have been hard for me to endure. I was not up to calling the editor of the *Evening Mail* to ask him what came next, but at school Miss Costigan must have found me more abstracted and boorish than usual. It was Tuesday, the most hopeless day of the school week. On Monday, after the blessed weekend, the monotony had not quite taken hold. Wednesday brought the consolation that it was halfway through the week. By Thursday you could see the shore; Friday was almost pleasant, if you had a bit of imagination.

My route to school lay up the Seventy-ninth Street hill as far as West End Avenue—the slope to the river is sharp here, and the wind in March howled through the draw between the solid rows of apartment houses that now lined it. (Kelmscott and Hereford had filled the last gaps.) The wind stung my face and made my eyes water, and sometimes made me clutch at area railings to keep my balance. At West End—the corner was the blowiest place of all—I turned north for three blocks, to P.S. 9, on the northeast corner of Eighty-second Street. Walking to school, I sometimes met fellows in my class, but none was an *Evening Mail* reader, so I had my anxiety to bear alone. (There were seven evening pa-



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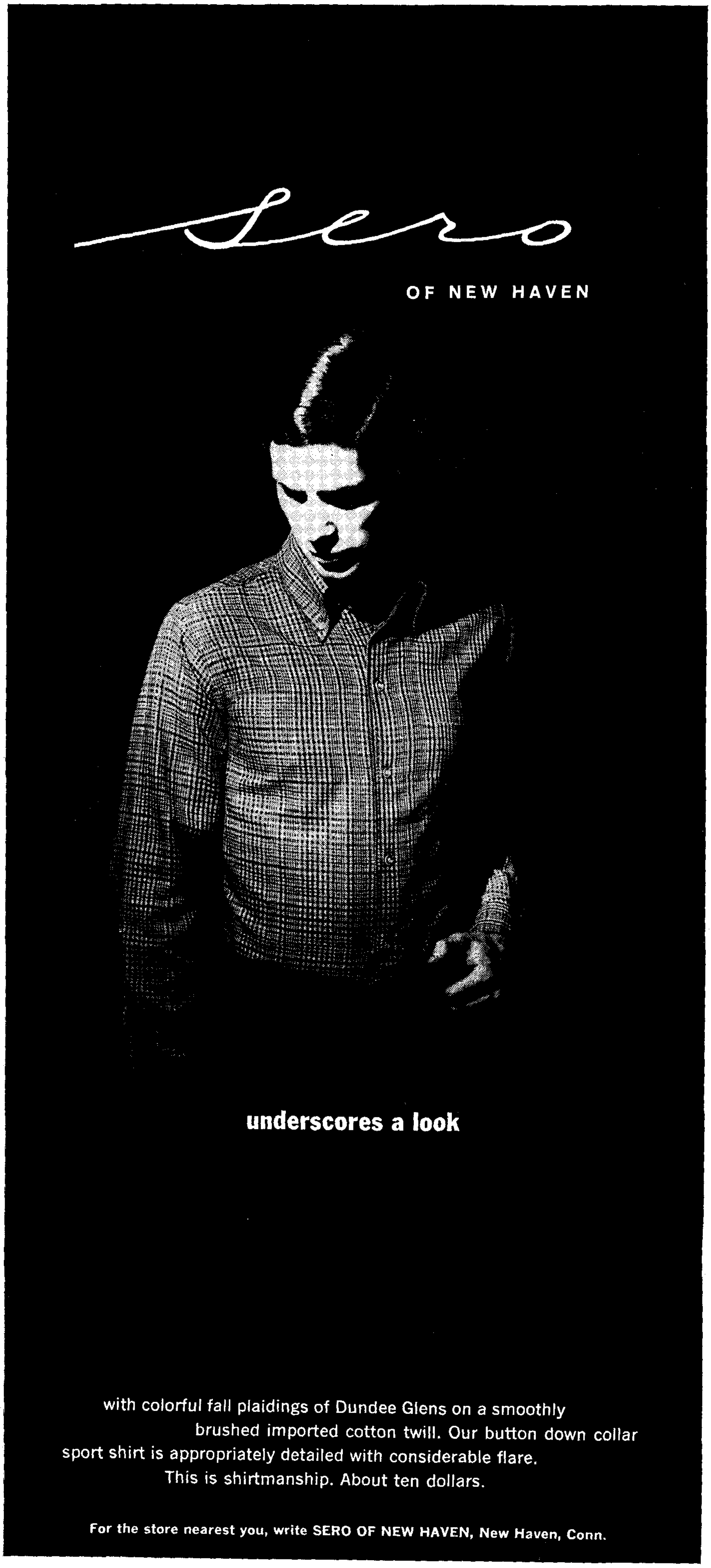
pers in New York then—the *Evening World*, the *Evening Sun*, the *Telegram*, the *Globe*, the *Post*, the *Mail*, and the *Journal*.) The school still stands; it was far from new then, although it was not one of the slab-sided red brick packing boxes that dated back to the Civil War. It is of yellow brick faced with white stone, in the faintly Germanic style popular in New York during the eighteen-nineties. It was an example, Father used to say, of the extravagance of a reform mayor named Seth Low. Washington Irving High School for girls roosted on the upper floors; the elementary-school classes were on the lower. There were boys' classes and girls', but all had women teachers, and nearly all of these were Irish-American. Miss Flynn, Miss Costigan, Miss Collins, and Miss McCabe were the four I had in three years, and the vice-principal in charge of the elementary school was Miss Duffy. What they taught me was to read and write and do simple sums in my head—"mental arithmetic," this was called. Once the reading came easy, the Misses lost control of my mind. I was there, but it was away foraging with Dooshaloo or nagging Roland to blow his horn.

Another thing that one of the Misses did that changed the whole course of my life was to discover that I was nearsighted, because I could not read the blackboard except from the front row. That meant I went into glasses, and, with the glasses to cut down on my active life and the reading to further my vicarious career, my existence assumed that schizoid pattern to which it has held ever since. As a pre-literate, I had liked to fight, but now before I started to fight another boy in Riverside Park I



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would put my glasses on a bench. Then I would forget which bench, and not be able to see them. Losing the glasses caused such *histoires* at home that I fell into sedentary ways. As I turned intellectual, though, I retrogressed socially, and by my third year I stood barely in the middle of my class in fighting. The champion was a Japanese boy who practiced what we thought was jujitsu—he grabbed all his enemies by the necktie and choked them.

On the day after Stern found the assagai point, I must have made a particularly overt attempt to snatch the newspaper, and I hope I got away with it, because otherwise I must have made a sullen supper. I do not think that "assagai" is a word that occurs in Dooshaloo (it is more of a Rider Haggard word, and I hadn't read him yet), but an ensuing paragraph told what it was—a spear. Even Stern was flustered, but then he rallied again.

"All I *can do*," he *thought*, "*is just go* right ahead as though this hadn't happened at all. If trouble comes, it comes, that's all. I guess I can meet it. What's on the cards has *got to be played to a finish*, *and* the best hand wins!" Then back to the Metropolitan he came, donned his bearskin, which he fastened with a wire nail, *and* started *the long climb*.

At the top, of course, is Beatrice, and nothing will do but that they must go right back down again. That makes two hundred and forty flights for Stern in two days, and a hundred and forty-four for Beatrice. Realizing that they are living too high, they choose for their new home a suite of offices on the fifth floor. Then Stern has to walk upstairs again to get some leftover chemicals he has found in his office. The round trip brings his flight-count to three hundred and thirty-one. But before he goes, he tests their antique revolvers. The shells are rusty and green with verdigris, but they work. Here I must have felt intense relief; with revolvers, two white people could lick anybody. Roaming the city, Stern shoots a lynx off the remains of the Farragut monument, and finds moose tracks at Nineteenth Street and Broadway. But as he warily hunts, he comes across disconcerting evidence of the nature of the as yet unseen enemy. It is a human thighbone, "broken and splintered, and of no very great age, gnawed with perfectly visible toothmarks."

Long mused he over this find. But not a single word did he ever say to Beatrice concerning it or the flint spearpoint. Only he kept his eyes and ears well open for other bits of corroborative evidence. And he never ventured a foot from the building

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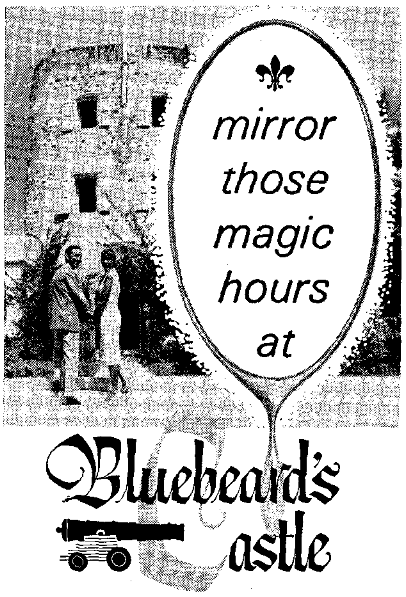

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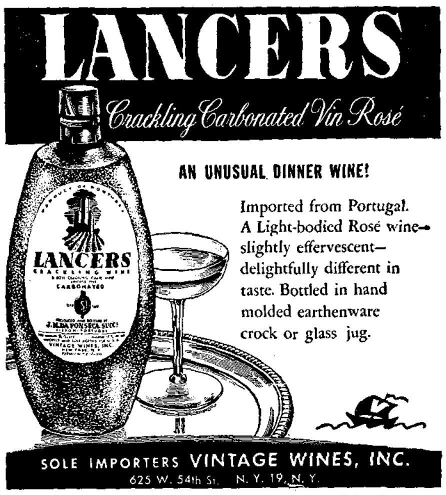

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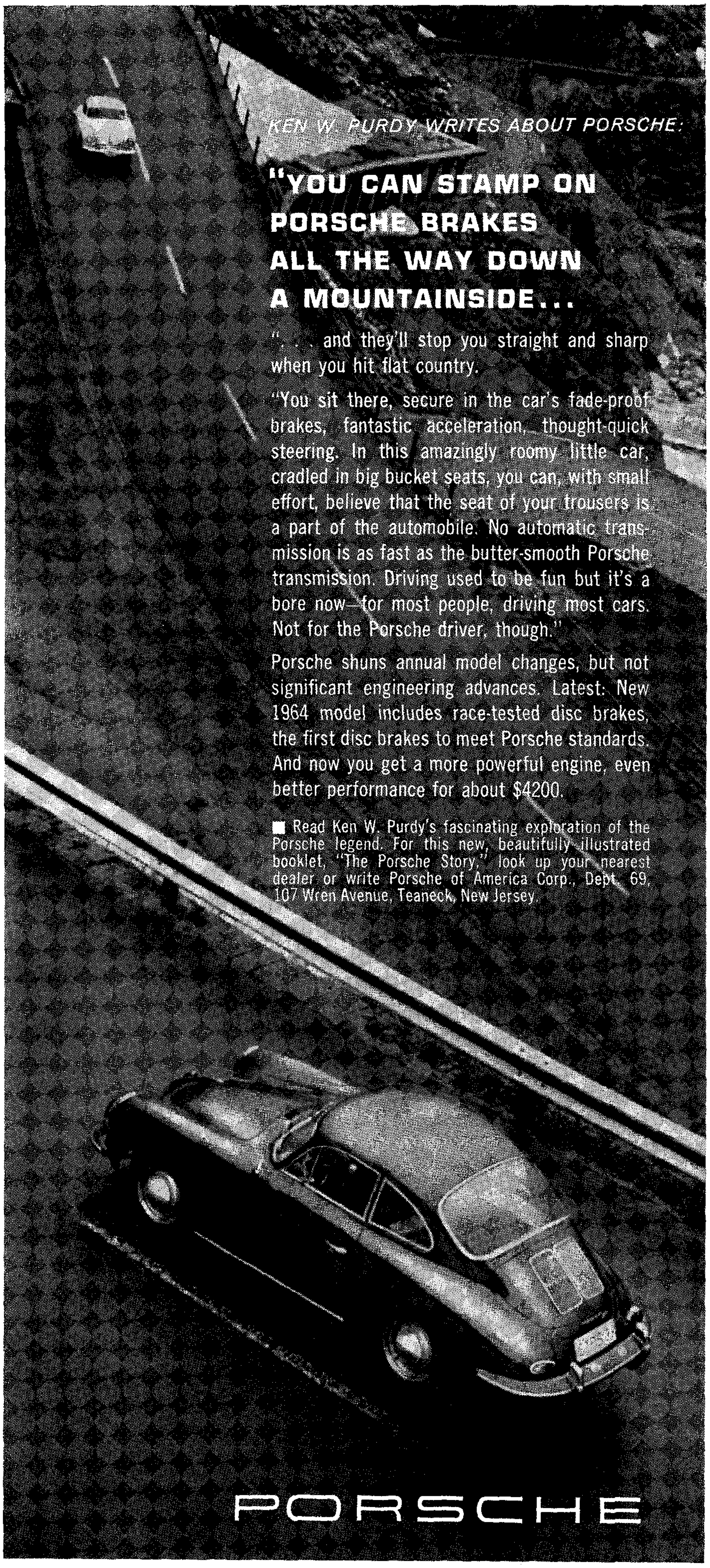
unless his rifle and revolver were with him, their magazines full of high-power shells. The girl always went armed, too, and soon grew to be such an expert shot that she could drop a squirrel from the tip of a fir, or wing a heron in full flight.

Romance pursued its course: "The rapproachment between this beautiful woman and himself at such times became very close and fascinatingly intimate. At her he gazed, a strange gleam in his eyes." He might better have been gazing about him for the enemy, I probably thought. During this lull, Stern and the girl built their little domestic world—a pause that has its parallel in every desert-island story, from "Robinson Crusoe" to "The Lord of the Flies"—but I, waiting for the cannibals, must have thought this pretty thin stuff.

I DO not know why Father brought home the *Evening Mail*, unless it was for Goldberg's cartoons. It was a paper without marked character, political or otherwise. It was middle-class, but so were the *Sun*, the *Globe*, the *Post*, and the *Telegram*. Only the *Journal* and the *Evening World*, old rivals in sensationalism, were not receivable in the homes of solid businessmen. (The *Journal* had the most and, in my view, the best comic strips, and I often bought it and smuggled it in, so that I could read about Harry Hershfield's character, Dauntless Durham of the U.S.A., and his foil, the villainous Desperate Desmond.) The *Post*, during all the time that Father was growing up, had had about it the aura of the mugwump highbrow Edwin Godkin, its holier-than-thou editor. The *Suns* (morning and evening) had curled up in their offices in about 1890, like Beatrice and Allan, and had remained in a state of suspended animation ever since. The *Mail* was in the middle of the middle, and the photostat pages on which the installments of "The Last New Yorkers" appear give me an idea of what the rest of the paper must have been like. There was another *feuilleton* running neck and neck on the Magazine Page with the one I remember. It was called "The Woman Who Tried: The Experiences of a Girl Who Came to New York to Earn Her Living," and the writer was identified only as "The Author of 'Her Husband's Letters.' " It was more *terre à terre* than "The Last New Yorkers." Marion, the heroine, lives in a boarding house, where she pays seven dollars a week for room and board. "A girl friend offers to get her a position on the stage," the synopsis says, "but the work is distasteful to her." The rest of the serial is a quest for



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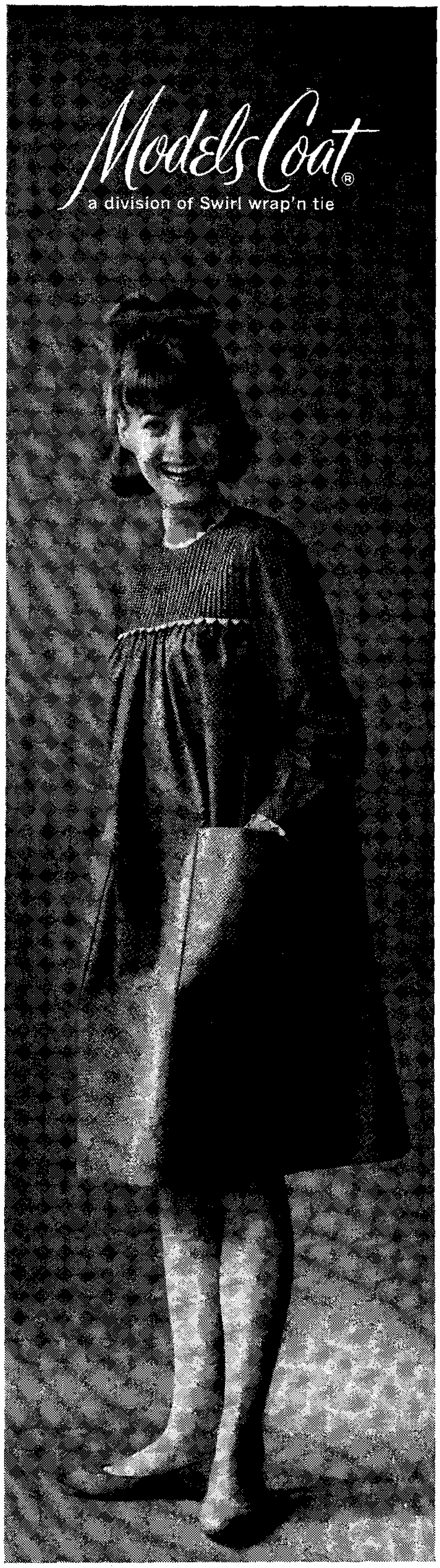
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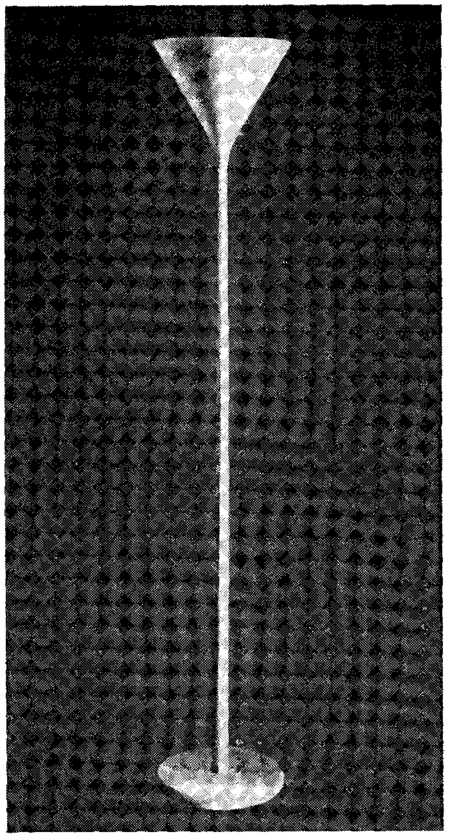
Mr. Right. There were almost daily feature stories of adventure at sea—the experiences of the commanders of ocean liners. There were bits of travel notes, quite without newspegs, and an anecdotal feature called "Strange Meals I Have Eaten," by an epicure named Bassett Digby. There were also countless humorous sketches that were bad analogues of O. Henry's most maudlin and George Ade's most banal—about office characters named Madge McKimbo, the Most Rapid Stenographer at Ticker & Tape's, or about a poor man's Mr. Dooley named Uncle Gav. There was often a column of gossip about the opera, which in that halcyon day had Hollywood's place, and there was a persistent effort to be refined and yet knowing, even in the Campbell's soup ads, which spoke of saving the maid trouble but never said that tinned soup was a great timesaver for a woman just home from a long day on her feet behind a counter. The *Mail* never had been the top paper, and never would be, but it flaunted self-assurance, like the manager of a branch bank. The *Times*, which Father read in the mornings, was where he got his serious information; it was also a paper on the make, but in a more subtle and, as time has proved, a more effective manner. It presented a front of such dull austerity that to be seen with it in the subway improved a man's credit rating; he was clearly interested in none of the lighter aspects of life. The *Mail*, as I see it now, was an unworthy setting for a jewel like "The Last New Yorkers," but it was like the occasional bad race horse that sires a champion.

The story reached its high point aesthetically, I have decided on rereading it, with the fourteenth installment, which is as nearly midway as you can get. That is where the cannibals make their entrée. It is night, and Beatrice and Allan see, far out on the Hudson, a galaxy of lights approaching from the Jersey shore. The lights, Allan fears, must be torches in war canoes.

> "Hark! What's that?" the girl exclaimed suddenly, holding her breath.
>
> Off to northward, dull, muffled, all but inaudible, they both heard a rhythmic pulsing, strangely barbaric.
>
> "Heavens!" ejaculated Stern. "War drums! Tom-toms, as I live! Two tribes, one with torches, one with drums. And they're coming in here to parley or fight or something. Trouble ahead, whichever side wins!"

At Lassano Court, when I first read the story, I had to wait twenty-four hours, as was proper, to see how each crisis would be resolved. During the return engagement, I tried to hold myself



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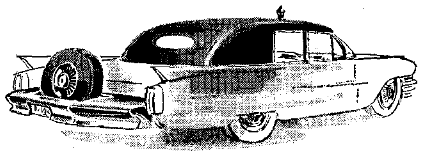

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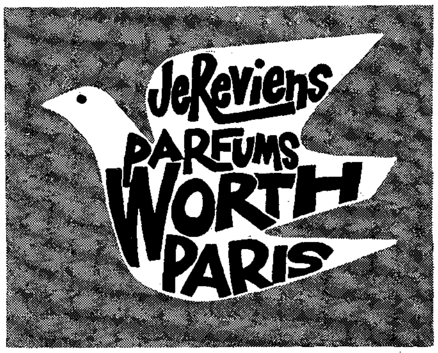

FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER
WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. B, 5 EAST 57TH ST., N. Y. C.

to the same aesthetic discipline, but at times the tension grew too powerful for my feeble capacity for self-restraint, and the tom-toms lured me over the edge of the next installment, which I read at a redwood table under a sour-apple tree in East Hampton, Long Island, putting off useful work, as I had fifty years ago.

> "Two revolvers, one shotgun, and one rifle, all told," said Stern. "All magazine arms. I guess that'll hold them for a while, if it comes down to brass tacks! How's your nerve, Beatrice?"
>
> "Never better!" she whispered, from the dark. He saw the dim white blur that indicated her face, and it was very dear to him, all of a sudden—dearer, far, than he had ever realized.
>
> "Good little girl!" he exclaimed, giving her the rifle.

And well he might, for Beatrice, under her shimmering hair and womanlike exterior, gives houseroom, as she soon proves, to the heart of Calamity Jane, that talented exponent of mass homicide.

The two savage hordes, moving together with the speed of airliners headed for Idlewild seven hundred and fifty years earlier, make contact along the line of Fourteenth Street, now a forest lane. There is "a confused tumult of shrieks, howls, simian chatterings, and dull blows." Are they apes on the way up, or regressing men? The question is soon cleared up. " 'Ugh! A beast war!' shudders the engineer, drawing Beatrice away from the window." And not too soon, for the Jersey Torchbearers, having vanquished the Tom-tommers (from Westchester? the Bronx?), are building a vast fire around the statue of Chester A. Arthur (did they identify that rotund statesman with an Aztec blood god?), on which to cook their prisoners. Stern remains at the window to witness the culinary operations, which revolt him. " 'The swine!' he breathed. 'Wait—wait till I make a pint or two of Pulverite!' " Pulverite is an explosive he knows how to manufacture from his do-it-yourself kit of chemicals preserved in hermetically sealed jars from the twentieth century. It is Stern's analogue of the atomic bomb, not yet invented because the mysterious scourge had aborted both World Wars. Pulverite is clearly just the thing to curb the ferocity of the Lower Races.

But Stern has been almost fatally careless. He has forgotten to renew the water supply in their flat, and he needs water with which to mix his Pulverite. And when he reaches a reconnaissance position where he can see the *Unter-*

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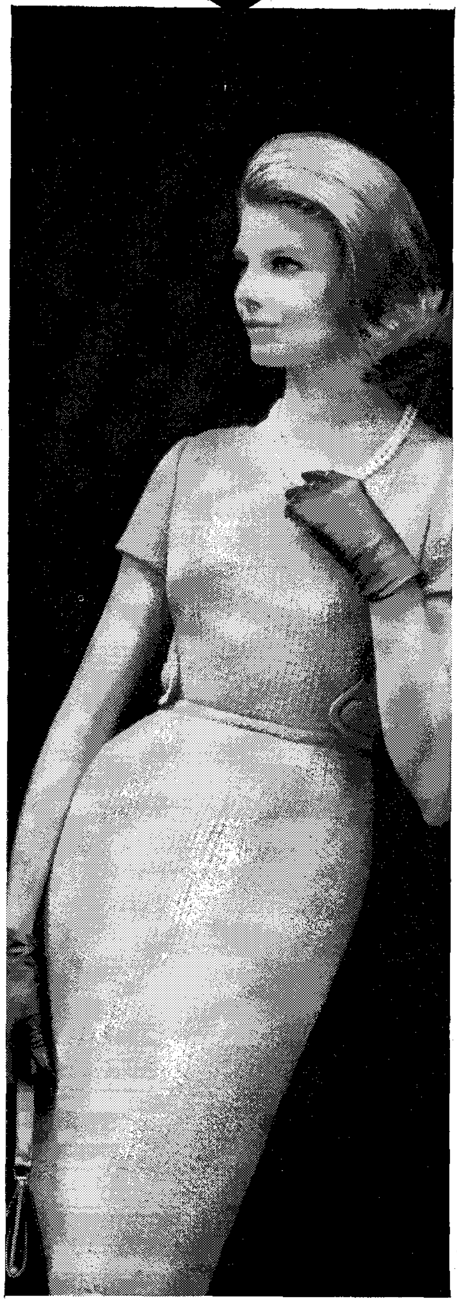

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menschen he is up against, the need of water to make his demolition charge is clearer than ever.

The feature which, above all else, struck him as ghastly and unnatural, was the color of the Things. Through the fog, it struck him as a dull slate-gray, almost a blue. Some of the Things were darker, some a trifle lighter. And the skin, moreover, looked dull and sickly, rather mottled and wholly repulsive, very like that of a Mexican dog.

I did not need to read this passage from the photostat to remember the color of the cannibals. I had never forgotten it, and it has put me off blue, mottled people ever since. Never was there a *priora facie* case for genocide, and I was glad to know, having read the story once, that the Things were going to get it where the chicken got the axe, to revert to a 1912 idiom. We have, in the intervening years, reached a point where we can allow people to be brown, black, or yellow. But *blue!*

Stern "knew at once that these Things were lower than any human race ever recorded, yet they had the use of fire, of the tom-tom, of flint, of spears, and a rude sort of tanning—witness the loin clouts of hide which they all wore." This is a fortunate touch for Beatrice, who otherwise would have had to shoot at them blindfolded. "Far lower than De Quatrofoge's Neanderthal man, to judge from the cephalic index," he estimates. And then, Beatrice joins him at his observation post.

"I found you gone," she whispered. "What is it, Allan? Tell me, have you seen them? Do you know?"

Even excited as the engineer was, he realized that for the first time the girl had called him by his Christian name. Not even the perilous situation could stifle the thrill that ran through him.

He adjures Beatrice not to look at the sub-Neanderthals just yet, until he prepares her for the shock.

"Perhaps all the white and yellow peoples perished utterly in the cataclysm, leaving only a few scattered blacks," [he says]. "You know blacks are immune to several germ infections that destroy other races."

Here Stern goes into a sort of White Citizens' Council talk that I wouldn't have identified in 1912. I may have skipped some of these Mendelian passages, as I did the mush parts, when I first read "The Last New Yorkers," but now came something that I remembered as well as the cannibals' color. "Then a misfortune happened: trivial yet how direly pregnant!" (My theory about how I understood sentences like that is that I got the first part complete and accepted the second as lagniappe—pure

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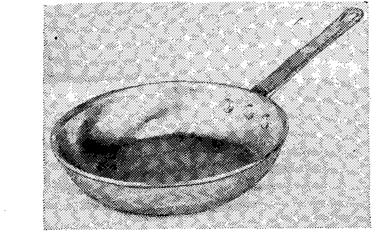

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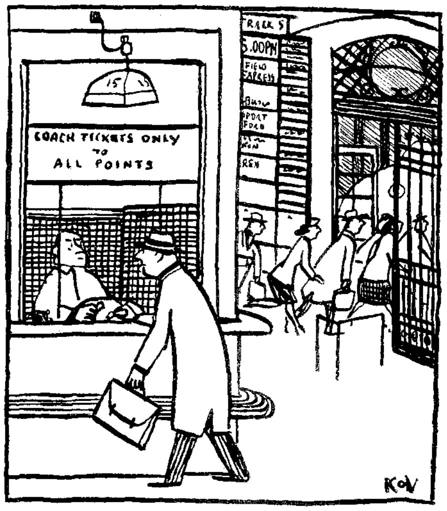
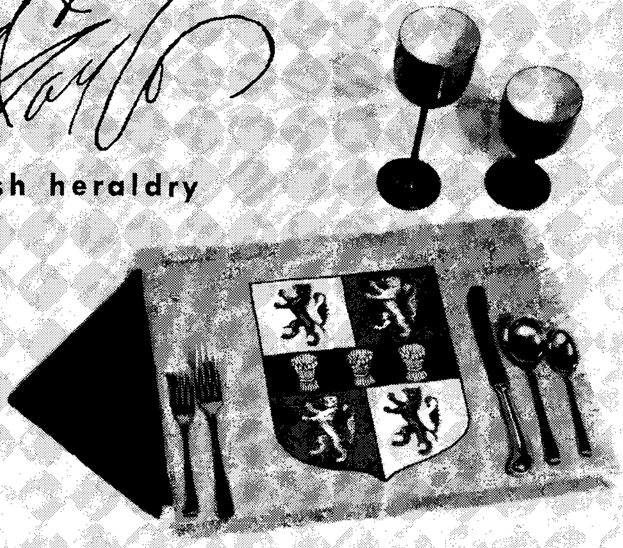
fancy sound.) Stern dislodges a bit of stone, and it rolls down among the Things.

On the instant, three of the Things raised their bulbous and exaggerated heads. Plain to see that their senses, at least, excelled those of the human being, even as a dog's might. An instant agitation took place all through the forest.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

AT this point, I broke off my reading under the apple tree and went for a walk in my pasture, looking for young puffballs—the only variety of edible fungus I am confident that I can tell from a poisonous mushroom. I am not a brave man, like Allan Stern, who would be eighty years old by now, if suspended animation had not kept him young. (Beatrice would be seventy-four—not much younger than Miss Costigan.) The two of them were lucky to have gone to sleep when they did. In the first fifty years of their snooze, I have survived a couple of cataclysms awake, and have seen too much of the violence that seemed so improbable and alluring when I read about it in the circle of light cast by the Tiffany-glass chandelier. Mother never wanted to believe in the unpleasant, and Father kept it to himself, like Allan Stern with the gnawed thighbone. We lived up there in nine rooms and two baths like Allan and Beatrice in their snug hideout before the coming of the savages. Elinor, the maid, was the only one who had her *private* bath, although it was exiguous. Father knew that everything was precariously balanced, because he had made his money from scratch. Mother preferred not to know, because her father had made *his* money—from scratch—thirty years earlier, and had passed her to Father, like a beanbag, before he lost it. The bourgeoise of that now yearned-after time of security was an Eliza pausing to make a cozy home on each cake of ice. The father, when about to be tackled,





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tried to lateral-pass his daughter before he went down. And yet the illusion of permanence succeeded. When things go ill, I have a nostalgia for the green chandelier, vicarious violence on the comfortable printed page, and *Fräulein*, contemned but within easy hail, in the kitchen eating *Palatschinken* with Elinor. *Palatschinken* are thin egg pancakes rolled around jam or applesauce. They are a great bracer for a sedentary warrior against cannibals.

I retrieve the feeling of this world whenever I read an installment of "The Last New Yorkers." That day in East Hampton, I did not get back to the serial until the evening, over a bottle of Juliénas, but wine is associated with a more sophisticated period of my youth and did not fit the text. George Allen England wrote *Palatschinken* prose.

"At Stern the girl peered, eagerly," this next began. Since the cannibals already suspected their presence, the last New Yorkers decide to sally out boldly and get the water, shooting their way through if necessary. It seems at first that the savages will let them get away with it—a prospect that must have depressed me in 1912, looking forward as I was to a satisfying slaughter. Stern fires over their heads.

> "Here goes!" he cried. "Let's see how this will strike the hellhounds!" His face white with passion and with loathing hate, he raised the automatic.

He does not seem here to be sincerely seeking a peaceful solution. When he fires, the Things fall grovelling to the ground, like the Mexicans at the arrival of Cortez; they have never seen a white man and are impressed. " 'Look, Beatrice,' cried he. 'Look, we're gods!' " And they run off to fetch the water. This episode combines elements of "The Conquest of Mexico," "The Man Who Would Be King," and "Jack and Jill." If the Things had maintained this sensible attitude, they might have saved their lives, like the Czechs after Munich, and Allan and Beatrice could have put them to work clearing the streets and repairing the Fifth Avenue buses, which would hardly have been affected by so little additional age.

It was not to be. The Obeah, or chief, attacks the apostles of civilization, as natives always do, and they have to shoot their way out. "Stern saw the Thing's red gleaming eye fixed on Beatrice. And as the woman screamed in terror, Stern pulled the trigger with a savage curse." The Obeah has eyes of different colors; earlier on, his other eye

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has been described as being black and glittering, like a chimpanzee's. But even with his red eye fixed on Beatrice, he can aim a spear at Stern, and it passes through the fleshy part of the engineer's right arm. (He probably aims with his black eye.) Stern's arm falls helpless by his side. With his left hand he grabs the rifle by the muzzle and, "with a formless roar of living rage," brings the butt down on the Old Blue's head so smartly that he breaks the stock. Then Beatrice stumbles, as you might expect, and spills the water. When I read the story first, I must have howled a formless roar of despair at that point, and even this time I pounded my fists on the table.

Like a problem drinker testing his will power, I laid the photostats by, and did not pick them up until next day. ". . . With a ghastly screaming, the Thing was upon him," I read then. "Out struck the engineer with the rifle barrel. All the force of his splendid muscle lay behind that blow. But before he could strike again, a moan from Beatrice"—that hopeless dope again!—"sent him to her aid." Beatrice has been hit with a stone and knocked cuckoo.

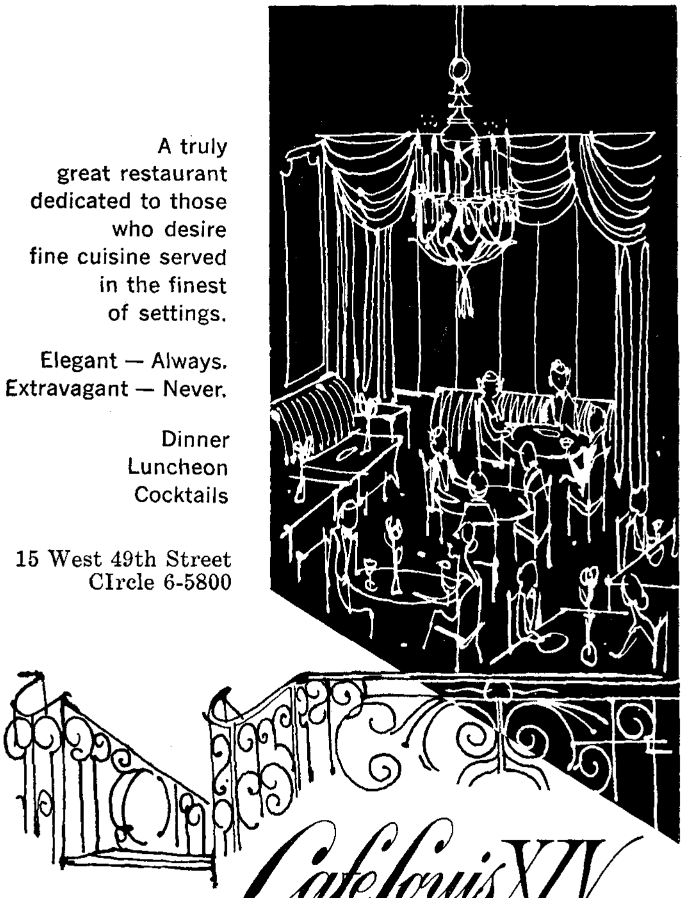
> Stern, with a strength he never dreamed was his, caught up the fainting girl in his left arm as easily as though she had been a child. "The gate!" sobbed he, between hard-set teeth, and stumbled forward, ever forward, through the horde. To him, protectingly, he clasped the beautiful body in the tiger skin. He must break through!

Then Stern taps an unsuspected source of strength. He is, it turns out, a Harvard man. From his profession, I would have thought him M.I.T. or Georgia Tech—more probably the latter, considering his views on the color question. Now I understood better his violent reaction to Blue.

> Break through!
> Where had he heard those words? Ah! Yes! To him instantly recurred a distant echo of a song, a Harvard football song. He remembered. Now he was back again. Came the crash and boom of the old Harvard band, with Big Joe Foley banging the drum till it was fit to burst, with Marsh blowing his lungs out on the cornet, and all the other fellows raising Cain. Uproar! Cheering! And again the music! Everybody was singing now, everybody roaring out that brave old fighting chorus.

Which brave old fighting chorus reverberated across those eight centuries, the author does not tell. No matter. "Right and left he dashed them with a giant's strength"—doubtless using Beatrice as a club—until he crossed the goal.

Barricaded inside the Tower, the wounded man sinks into a fevered sleep, and Beatrice takes a kettle and sneaks down to fetch water from the old



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boilers of the building, a natural cistern. When Stern awakes, Beatrice already has coffee on, and he cannot but congratulate her on her womanly common sense. He does not say "Why the hell didn't you think of that before we got our brains knocked out?," and in 1912 this did not strike me as strange, but on reading it over again, it did, rather. Remained enough water, even after coffee, to use in making the Pulverite, and after that, I knew, even when I was seven years old, that they were in like Flynn.

"But, my Lord!" burst out the man. "D'you mean to say you—went down there—alone?"

Once more the girl laughed.

"Not alone," she answered. "One of the automatics was kind enough to bear me company."

"To work!" Stern cried, and they began preparation for the manufacture of the terrible explosive, Stern's own secret and invention, which, had not the cataclysm intervened, would have made him ten times over a millionaire.

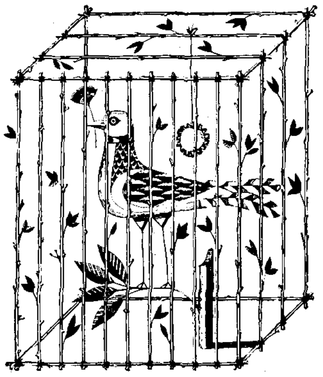
Here, I thought, not for the first time, internal evidence pointed to my friend Colonel John R. Stingo, who was thirty-six years old in 1912, as being the man behind the pseudonym of George Allen England. The style is that of the Colonel in writing prospectuses, or prospecti, as he chooses to call them, and I could imagine him following up the serial in the *Mail* with a flotation of Pulverite stock and discreet reminders of how much money Nobel had made. "More precious now to him that knowledge than all the golden treasures of the dead, forsaken world," I read, and I could have sworn that the same hand had written copy for the Great American Hog Syndicate, one of the Colonel's most successful early-in-the-century promotions.

Stern was still mixing his dope when the curtain rose on the next installment. Because but one utile hand had he, Beatrice to help him had.

And one by one as she filled the little flasks of chained death, the engineer stoppered them with his left hand. When the last was done, Stern drew a tremendous sigh and dashed the sweat from his forehead with a gesture of victory.

"Take care! Don't tip one over, as you love life," he warned.

If I had been Beatrice and Allan, I must have thought when I came to this point in the operational log, I would have chucked some Pulverite right away and wiped them out. What was the good of holding off when you had something decisive? (It was a thought that was to occur to a lot of men I had not yet heard of before they ordered the



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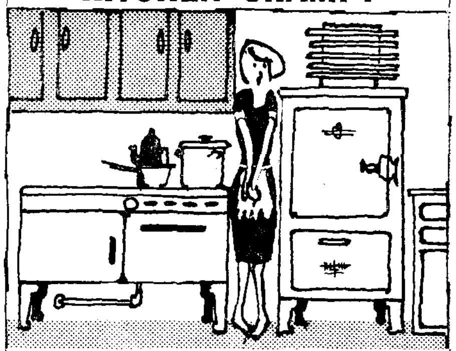

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bomb dropped on Hiroshima.) For once, Allan acted on my suggestion, projected to him across eight hundred years from the table at Lassano Court. “ ‘Give it to ’em!’ ” shouts the engineer in the next day’s paper. “And from the window, aiming at a pine that stood seventy-five feet away—a pine whose branches seemed to hang thick with the enemy—he slung it with all the strength of his uninjured arm.” (He is either a southpaw or ambidextrous.) The result is a huge geyser of annihilation, and corpses keep pattering down for quite a time. Then Stern generously sows seven more bombs from the windows, and that does it. The Things are stilled—as pacified as Arawak Indians. Stern makes a speech along lines that would become familiar to all of us in the late thirties.

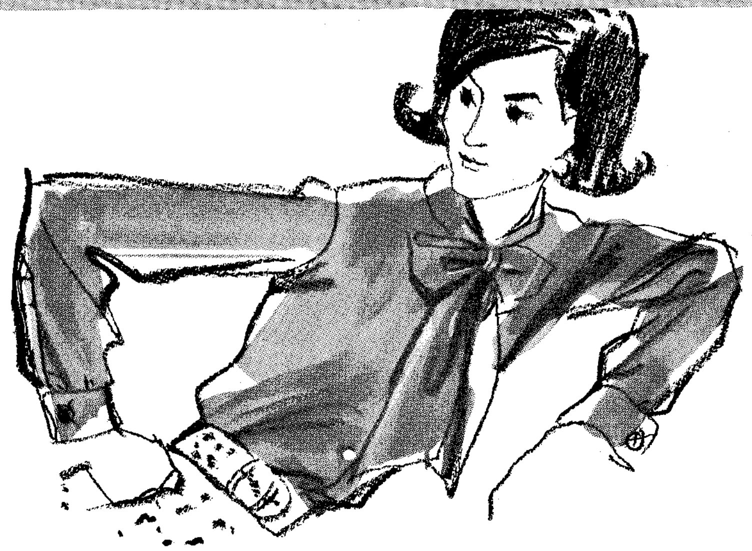
> “Gods!” he exclaimed, exultantly, “Gods we are now to them—to such of them as still live. Gods we are—gods we shall be forever! Whatever happens now, they know us. The great white gods of terror! They’ll flee before our very look! Unarmed, if we meet a thousand, we’ll be safe. Gods!”

After that, they resume their idyll. Allan and Beatrice move to the suburbs. Madison Square, they decide, has too many unpleasant associations. They find a twentieth-century millionaire’s summer place and move in.

> “You and I, Beatrice,” said he, and took her hand. “Just you and I.”
> “And love,” she whispered.

That is probably as far as I read when I was seven, but there follow several paragraphs of the blurry Jack London-Harry Kemp blend of Socialism and eugenics that was current then, although I didn’t begin to catch up with it until I read “The Iron Heel” and “The Valley of the Moon,” a few years later. (Racism and that early informal American radicalism often went together; London himself worshipped the Great Blond Beast legend, and it was labor that fell hardest for the Yellow Peril.) “ ‘And hope and life!’ ” Stern says. “ ‘A kinder and a saner world this time. No misery, no war, no poverty, no strife, creeds, oppressions, tears—for we are wiser than those other folk, and there shall be no error.’ ” His pacifism—after the natives have been wiped out—is in an older American tradition, but his ban on creeds would not go down today, when everybody has again agreed that formal religion is a good thing unless the Russians take it up.

> He paused, his face irradiate. To him recurred the prophecy of the greatest oratory of that other time. “Beatrice, it shall



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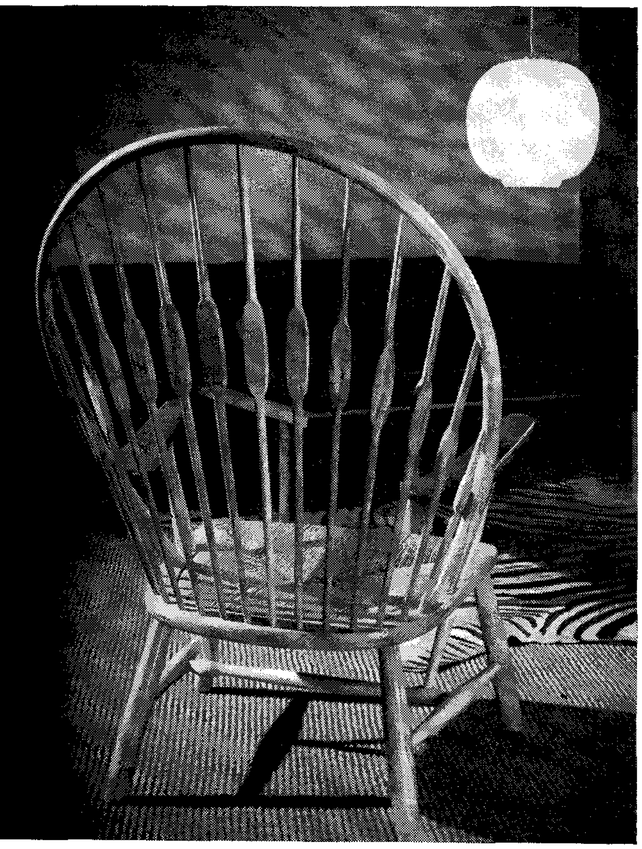

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be a world where thrones have crumbled and where kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness shall reign no more! A world without a slave!" [He had pretty well assured this by his use of Pulverite.] "Man shall at last be free! A race without disease of flesh or brain, shapely and fair, the wedded harmony of form and function. And as I look, life lengthens, joy deepens, and over all in the great dome shines the eternal star of human hope!"

Beatrice, as yet undismayed by the prospect of acting as audience at a permanent mass meeting, responds,

"And love?" She smiled again, a deep and sacred meaning in her words. Within her stirred the universal motherhood, the hope of everything to be, the call of the unborn, the insistent voice of the race that was here in embryo.

When had it all happened? It was only a few installments back that they began calling each other by their first names, and I thought I had been watching them all the time.

ON the same page with one of the last installments of "The Last New Yorkers," the Sunday *American* ran an ad for *its* new serial: "Another of the Adventures of Raffles, the Society Burglar." But I was not to meet Raffles until three summers later, when I found him in a bookcase at Schaefer's Hotel, in Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey. He displaced Allan Stern, and even Dooshaloo, in my pantheon. But no building will displace the Metropolitan Tower as my favorite skyscraper, and I never walk up Fifth Avenue past the Square without looking at the floor two down from the top and thinking of Beatrice Kendrick and her lustrous hair.

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—*Card received by a man in Concord, N. H., from the publisher of a Hungarian newspaper in Cleveland, Ohio.*

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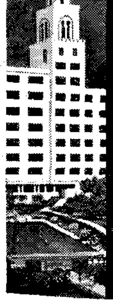

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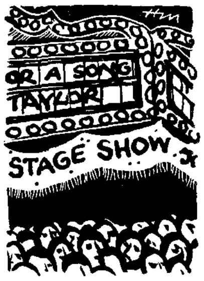

TONY RICHARDSON'S "Tom Jones" is a headlong leap into an imaginary springtime of the early eighteenth century. Taking terrible chances and making no provision whatever for failure—a single slip and he might have broken every bone in his body—Mr. Richardson has somersaulted straight to triumph, and I suspect that his reward for having produced and directed a well-nigh perfect comedy of good old/bad old English days and ways will be the picture's almost continual presence among us for many years to come. With the help of a wizard camera, which contrives to see what he sees even when, as in some of the hunting scenes, he is apparently in midair and upside down, Richardson flings himself pell-mell through the ferny, sunny, sweaty greenness of a period and place that, whatever the facts of history may be, to our envious backward glance is all joyous appetite and consummation. Societies are notorious for inventing such pasts as they need; at the moment, thanks to our nervous twentieth-century police habit of rounding up and grilling suspicious emotions ("Are we really feeling this? If so, why? Shouldn't we wonder if it's hurting somebody else?"), we tend more and more to long for a past ideally unself-conscious, in which people were able to respond without taking thought, in fierce gusts of love and hate. It's just this sort of blessedly mindless past that Richardson has created out of Fielding's burly and benign work. Starting from a free-and-easy screenplay by John Osborne, who plainly was no more abashed than his colleague by the fact that it has nearly always proved impossible to pluck a great movie from a great novel, Richardson pours out for us, as if ad lib, a vivid comic torrent of bastardy, cuckoldry, swordplay, family intrigue, seduction, imprisonment, and sudden death, and if blood is spilled and tears are shed, they surprise or grieve no one, being themselves a natural consequence of high spirits. Even before we have finished with the necessary evil of the credits, Richardson has wittily established as the principle of his "Tom Jones" that

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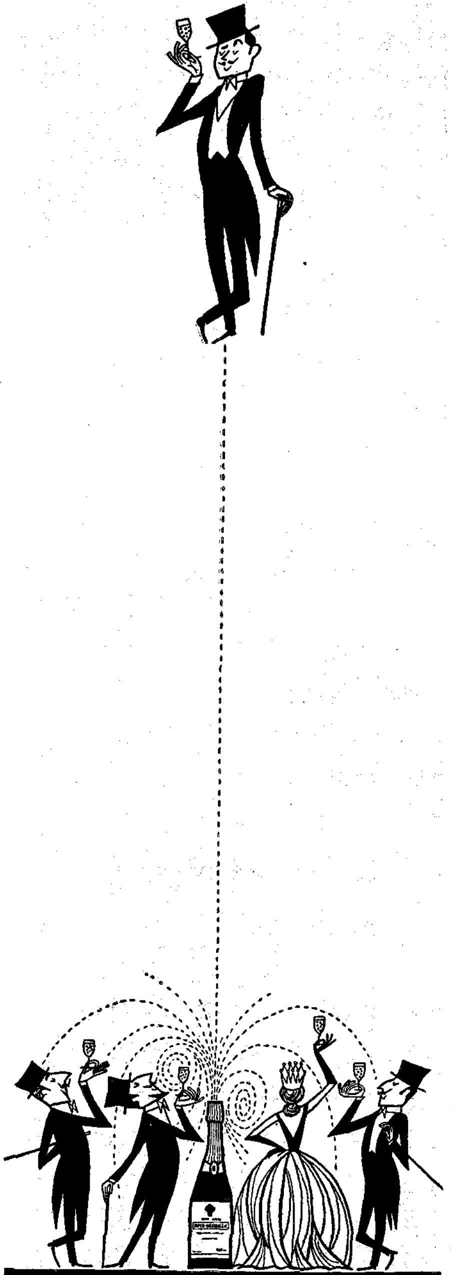

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anything goes—subtitles that parody old silent pictures, slapstick chases at Fort Lee speeds, stop-camera shots in which the actors wink or grimace at the audience. "Welcome," he might be saying, "to this jocund corner of the West Country. You will find everything in it twice as outrageous as life and, I trust, ten times as funny. Have a good time and forget about me. I don't exist. I'm simply the means of making certain that you laugh your silly heads off."

And so we do, for "Tom Jones" *is* ten times as funny as life today and perhaps even as life in Fielding's day (for it was also Wren's and Newton's day, and little of lusty green had they). In our dry-cleaned and deodorized present, how we rejoice in the fantasy of a rude clucking and cackling barnyard of a yesterday, where every blossoming hedge hides its rogue and wench; where the master in his hall, sodden with claret after the day's hunt, breaks up a roast with his bare hands and wipes his lips on his wig; where, in hovel and haycock, a well-made young hero measures his frolicsome manhood in many deeds of love; and where, by an ornamental water as cool and unruffled as she, his someday true love waits to be stormed, captured, and carried up, a rustling, silken armful, to a windowy bedchamber high in the rosy-bricked old manor house! To embody this fantasy, Richardson has provided an authentic setting—the fields, woods, and skies of Somerset—and a marvellous cast, every one of whom I insist on the pleasure of naming: Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Diane Cilento, George Devine, David Tomlinson, George A. Cooper, Rosalind Atkinson, Angela Baddeley, Peter Bull, James Cairncross, Julian Glover, Freda Jackson, Rachel Kempson, Rosalind Knight, Wilfrid Lawson, Jack McGowran, John Moffat, Joyce Redman, Patsy Rowlands, and David Warner. Drawing another long breath, I'd like to offer particular praise to Albert Finney, as Tom Jones; Hugh Griffith, as Squire Western; Joyce Redman, as Mrs. Waters; and Jack McGowran, as Partridge. I'd also like to praise the acrobatic director of photography, Walter Lassally, who has used Eastmancolor to superb advantage, and the composer and conductor of the musical track, John Addison.

"CHUSHINGURA" is a Japanese blockbuster, and I've the feeling that it explodes very successfully in front of Japanese audiences, but for most

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Edith Chapman
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CHANDLER'S ◆◆

American audiences, as for me, I fear that the beauty of the settings and costumes won't make up for our lack of sympathy with the subject matter. By coincidence, we are again in the early eighteenth century, but highborn *han-ki-pan-ki* inside a corrupt shogunate is by no means as appealing to us as the lovemaking and deer-hunting and escapes from hanging of our unlettered English forebears. . . . "Lilies of the Field" is apt to be more highly praised than it deserves, in part because of the disarming modesty of its intentions and in part because there are so few good American pictures, big or little, being made these days. Written by James Poe, produced and directed by Ralph Nelson, and starring Sidney Poitier, it tells the not very believable story of a young construction worker who encounters a band of intrepid German nuns in a dusty corner of the Arizona desert and is bullied by their mother superior into building a chapel for them. Intrepid nuns and bullying mother superiors make my heart sink, but I enjoyed watching Mr. Poitier. . . . On the same bill is an astonishing short, well worth a visit in its own right; it consists of still photographs, mostly of Paris, taken by Eugène Atget in the early nineteen-hundreds and manipulated in such a way that they seem not so much to move as to breathe. An uncanny effect, heightened for me by the feeling that Proust, whose Paris this was, might stroll round the very next corner and catch my eye.

—BRENDAN GILL

◆

DEAR MR. S——:

Mr. Fox stopped to watch Mr. Beaver hoisting a log across a stream.

"Look at you," sneered Mr. Fox, "working your tail off—for what? You've got to be cunning, like me. Let me tell you about my quiz show. Big names. Big excitement. We give away bushels of money every week. I've got it made."

"I build dams," said Mr. Beaver with dignity. "People engineers say they are very strong and show considerable ingenuity. Maybe my work is not as sensational as yours, but it will endure much longer."

"I'm wasting my time with you," sniffed Mr. Fox as he flounced off.

As it turned out, Mr. Beaver had the last laugh.

Since it would be vanity on our part to assume that you know who we are, perhaps the above parable may serve as an introduction. We are an advertising agency—in Newark. We never handled a TV quiz show, but for 31 years we have been building enduring ramparts for our clients.—*Letter from a Newark advertising firm.*

Get behind one of them. We're going to open fire.

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Just like its name, this furniture is a fine, timeless grouping of classic good taste. Famous designer Lawrence Peabody defines the crib with a stylized, inverted Gothic arch . . . graces the natural beauty of rich hardwoods with a warm walnut finish and Child-Pruf laminated plastic tops in matching wood grains. Classic not only looks beautiful . . . it lasts beautifully, too!

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The Indigenously American Look T.M.

strolls the "Primrose Path" in an exclusive print on 100% fine cotton. Romantic to take south now or add to Spring things later, in tangerine, green fern or burgundy. Deftly styled country round collar, unlined to lie flat forever. Sizes 8 to 16. About $7. At Lesser Tanenbaum, Charleston, S.C. and Alan Evan, Pompano Beach, Fla.

The Country Shirt

an incorporated American firm at 1407 B'way, N.Y. & Charlotte Merchandise Mart, Charlotte, N.C.

THE RACE TRACK

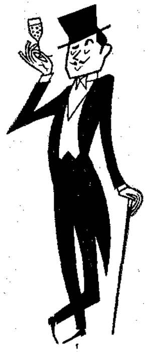
The Younger Set

4TH RACE SCRATCHES

THE amount of energy displayed by the two-year-olds at Aqueduct last week was impressive. Every day there were at least two races for them, and on Monday, the day of the Cowdin Stakes, there were five. This was because there were twenty-one entries in the Cowdin—too many to start at one go from the stall gates—so it was run off in two divisions. Chieftain won the first division and Dunfee the second, calling to mind the merry scramble of the Arlington-Washington Futurity in Chicago last month, when Chieftain finished second to Golden Ruler and Dunfee was third. Chieftain, a well-grown, good-looking brown colt, raced Count Bud down in the stretch of the Cowdin, and won by a neck. If anyone cares, Susan's Gent was third. In the second division, Dunfee led all the way, lengths ahead of Bupers, who won the Futurity; Traffic, who won the Hopeful; and five others. Chieftain's time for the seven furlongs was a shade faster than Dunfee's, but that was probably because he was under pressure in the last furlong. His prospects for next year look first-rate, if for no other reason than that Raymond Guest, who owns him, has ordered a vacation for him. There's nothing wrong with the colt; he's just going to rest while others of his age are fighting it out in the Champagne Stakes at Aqueduct this weekend and in the Garden State Stakes in Jersey and the Pimlico Futurity in Maryland next month.

I THINK everybody who saw the Frizette Stakes, won by Tosmah last weekend, will agree that it was something extra. So is Tosmah, who is still unbeaten—which is quite a lot to say for a two-year-old these days. In the Frizette, her sixth start, she took the lead quickly and set a furious pace, stepping six furlongs in 1:09⅕ and finishing out the mile in 1:36. In little more than a fortnight, she has picked off the Mermaid Stakes at Atlantic City, a division of the Astarita, and now the Frizette at Aqueduct, and has run her earnings up to $115,188 (first money in the Frizette was $81,700); that's not a bad deal for

POP goes the Piper



PIPER HEIDSIECK

PIPER-HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE
...no wonder the French never drink water
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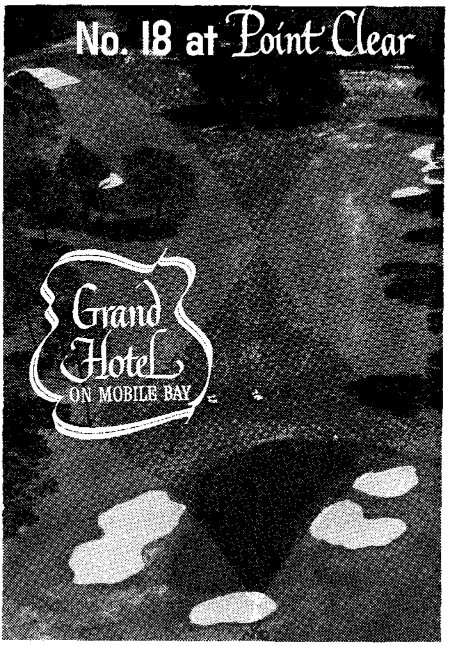

Although only 347 yards long, this dog-leg calls for the best in the golfer who pars it. This and 17 other challenging holes designed by Perry Maxwell make golfers of all handicaps come back again and again. Meticulous care makes it perfect to play at any season. And at "No. 19", relax with an authentic mint julep! The spacious clubhouse is complete with bar, lounges, locker rooms, dining room and pro shop.

A 400-acre pleasure-land for the discriminating, Grand Hotel offers superb cuisine and luxurious comfort. Guests enjoy full privileges at our private golf and swimming club as well as sailing, lawn bowling, tennis, fishing and dancing. Supervised children's activities. Excellent meeting facilities.

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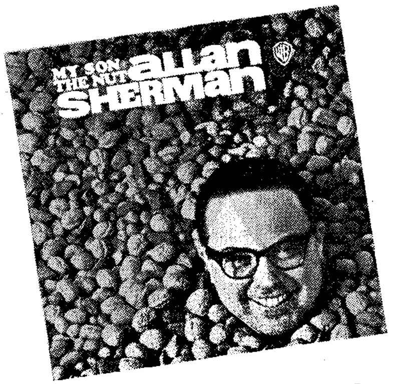
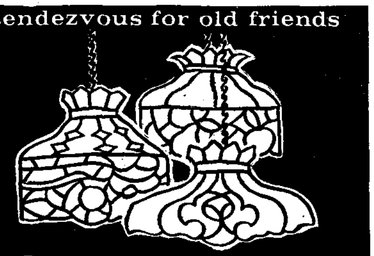


Warner Bros. Records, the first name in sound.

Rendezvous for old friends



O. HENRY'S
STEAK HOUSE
4th Street and 6th Avenue
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000

Tony Imbesi, a Jersey bottler of soft drinks, who bought her a year ago from Gene Mori, head of Garden State Park. She's likely to make it seven straight in the Gardenia Stakes at Mori's track weekend after next. Some horsemen thought it was going a bit too far when the Wheatley Stable entered three fillies in the Frizette and Ogden Phipps added a fourth (all of which were coupled in the betting, because they were trained by Bill Winfrey), but the two-dollar show players loved it, since they got four for the price of one. It worked out fine for them, too; Wheatley's Beautiful Day and Castle Forbes finished second and third, and paid $2.80, only ten cents less than Tosmah did to win.

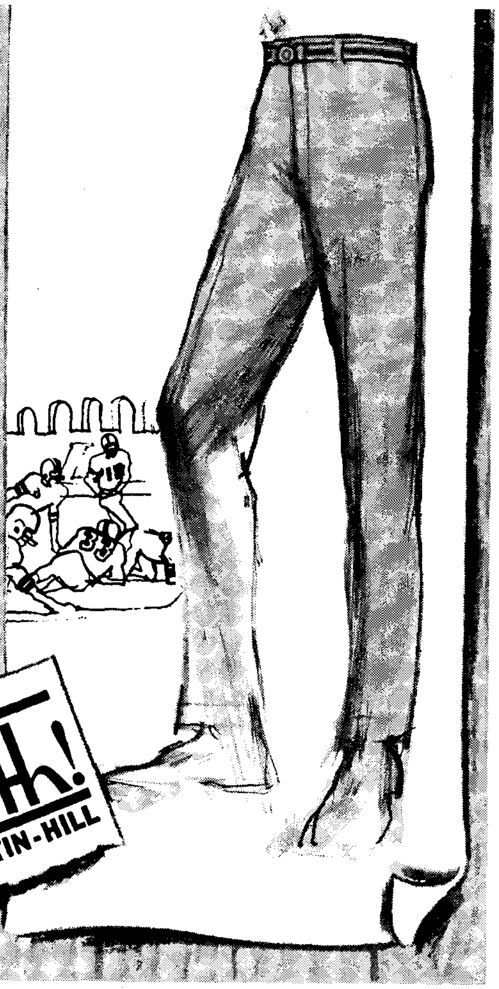
THE surprise of the week—indeed, of the month—was what happened to Chateaugay in the Lawrence Realization. He was out of the money for the first time in eleven starts this year, finishing fourth, ten lengths behind Dean Carl, a 30–1 chance, with B. Major second and Master Dennis third. I've never strung along with the custom of blaming the jockey when a good horse is beaten, yet I must say that in my opinion Baeza gave Chateaugay an ill-judged ride. The colt was on his toes at the start, and, because the pace was slow, was right up with Dean Carl for the first half of the mile and five furlongs. Then, in the backstretch, though he wasn't in close quarters and they were jogging along in almost buggy-horse time (the mile was run in 1:40⅕), Baeza started taking Chateaugay back, and kept at it until he was fifth, far behind the leaders. Needless to say, when he called on his mount at the turn for home, there was too much ground to make up. Baeza rides a lot of winners, but in my book he's no judge of pace in a long race. It would have been a pleasure to see Arcaro on Chateaugay in the same situation. There'd have been quite a different story.

BY the way, last Thursday night Baeza and Ycaza received the Order of Balboa, one of the highest decorations of the Republic of Panama, at an investiture at the United Nations. That's riding high. —AUDAX MINOR

•

836 Conway (Moncure Daniel): DEMONOLOGY & DEVIL-LORE, in 2 vols. London, 1879. 900 pages. Covers a bit stained and shaken. 17.50
—*Catalogue of Samuel Neiser, Inc., booksellers.*

Why not?



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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

BACK TO VENICE

I WENT out to the Narrows the other morning with a patrol from the New York Quarantine Station to meet the French Line liner France and observe the required inspection of her passengers and crew for possible manifestations of serious communicable disease. The New York Quarantine Station is one of three hundred and eighty stations operated in the United States, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands by the Division of Foreign Quarantine, the sentinel corps of the United States Public Health Service, and it is by far the biggest and the busiest of them all. It is also one of the oldest. There was some attempt to establish a quarantine service here as early as the last decade of the seventeenth century, and the city has had a permanent station since 1755, when the General Assembly passed a bill providing that "all vessels having Smallpox, Yellow fever, or other contagious Distemper on Board, and all Persons, Goods and Merchandise whatsoever coming or imported in such vessels, and all vessels coming from any places infected with such distempers shall not come into any ports or harbours of this city or nearer the city than the Island commonly known as Bedlow's Island, and shall be obliged to make quarantine there." The present station, a complex of red brick buildings that looks rather like a nineteenth-century Army post, is situated in Rosebank, on Staten Island, on a bluff overlooking the Narrows. It has occupied this site since 1873. In addition, the station now has two field offices—one near the Coast Guard base at the Battery and the other at Idlewild Airport. Its staff consists of Dr. Benjamin J. Chester, medical officer in charge; five physicians; and ninety inspectors, or medical technicians. This small company screens all international traffic entering the Port of New York. Last year, the station examined around five thousand ships, nearly twenty thousand planes, and well over two million people.

The patrol I accompanied to the France was headed by a physician named Josef Weisskopf. Dr. Weisskopf, a naturalized American of Czechoslovakian birth, is the officer in charge of the station's maritime inspection program. We had arranged to meet on the pier of the Coast Guard base at the Battery at half past six, and I was punctual to the minute, but Dr. Weisskopf was already there and waiting. He was in uniform—the officers' uniform that the Public Health Service shares with the Navy and the Coast Guard—with the stripes of a naval captain on his sleeve and a black-and-white name badge pinned to his breast: "Dr. Weisskopf." He was lighting a cigarette from the stub of another.

"Ah," he said, discarding the stub. "Good morning—a lovely morning. This haze will burn off. I have here your pass. Keep it. You will need it for the Coast Guard. We meet the France in a Coast Guard cutter. To board the France—or any ship—and then come ashore again, you need two things. One is me. Someone in authority must authorize the visit. The other is proof of a recent smallpox vaccination. That is as important now as a passport. No one can enter the United States without it. Have you been vaccinated within the past three years?"

"No," I said. "I didn't realize—"

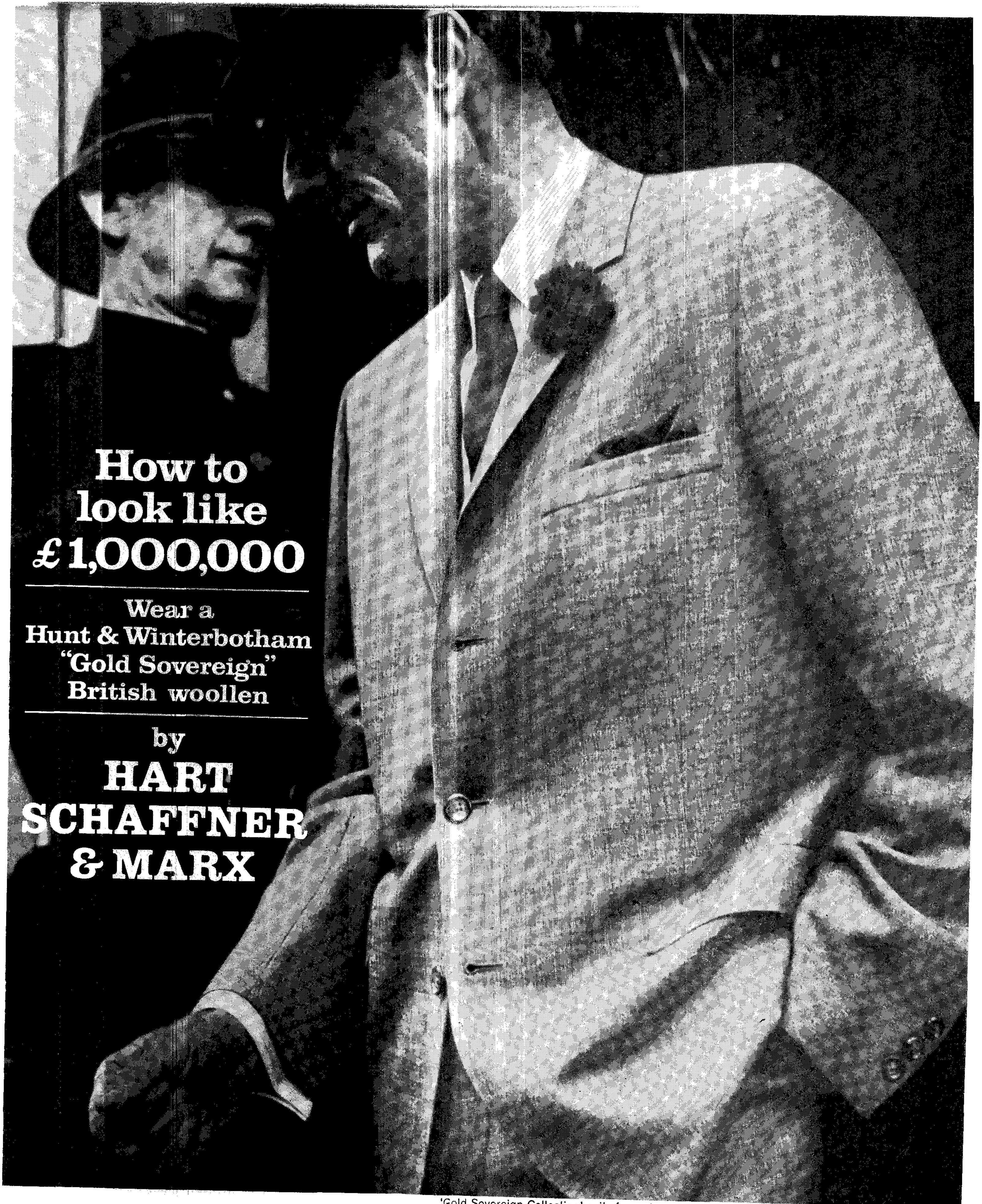
"Of course," he said. "Few people do. If everybody was properly vaccinated, there would be no smallpox. But you have at some time been vaccinated? Good. And there is a scar? Then there is no trouble. One of the inspectors will vaccinate you now—on board the cutter—and make out a certificate. A primary vaccination is not protection until after eight days. Officially, we consider revaccination immediately effective."

The cutter lay at the end of the pier. Beyond it were a stretch of glassy water and a ragged curtain of haze. I surrendered my pass to a waiting Coast Guardsman and followed Dr. Weisskopf up the gangway and into a tiny cabin. He left me there while he fetched an inspector. I took off my jacket and rolled up my left shirtsleeve, and Dr. Weisskopf returned. With him was a uniformed man with a black leather bag in his hand.

"Meet Inspector Haley," Dr. Weisskopf said, and sat down on a bench. "He will make you safe for civilized society."

Inspector Haley smiled and opened his bag. I gave him my arm.

"I'll tell you something," Dr. Weisskopf said. "There are some thirty communicable diseases that we have always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Wear a Hunt & Winterbotham "Gold Sovereign" British woollen
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This is the English gold sovereign minted in 1532. That's when Hunt & Winterbotham began weaving cloth. They've been looming noble woolens ever since. Crafted the old-fashioned way. Small countryside mills. Limited quantities. Finished slowly. Expensive by today's standards. But worth it if you like a suit with a rich feeling. The British learned centuries ago to balance moisture and temperature—just right.

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One of these suits costs about $135. Not bad, if it makes you look like £1,000,000. Lot less than the cost of a round-trip to a London tailor.

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DEPT. 3- N.Y.

ANT-AR-TEX SUPPLIED THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

in mind. Six of them are what we call quarantinable diseases. When they are found, the ship or plane goes into quarantine. Everybody knows their names—plague, cholera, typhus, relapsing fever, yellow fever, and smallpox. All are terrible diseases. But the worst, I think, is smallpox. It is the most infectious and the most often fatal, and there is no satisfactory treatment. It can only be prevented. But in half the world nobody thinks or cares. Fifty thousand people die of smallpox every year in India and Pakistan alone. It is also prevalent in other parts of Asia, and in much of Africa and South America. And not only there. If you read the newspapers, you may have seen that there is a smallpox epidemic now in Sweden—twenty-five cases and four deaths. And also one in Poland—seventy-eight cases and seven deaths. In both epidemics, the cause was a man returning home from abroad. He was a man like you were five minutes ago. He had only a lapsed vaccination. And so did his family and friends." He stood up. "Many thanks, Inspector."

"Yes," I said. I felt as though I had had a very narrow escape. "Thank you very much."

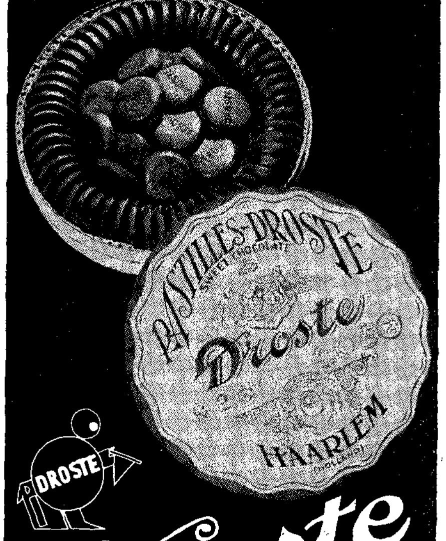
I rolled down my sleeve and put on my jacket. Inspector Haley handed me a stiff yellow folder entitled "International Certificates of Vaccination—Certificats Internationaux de Vaccination." It was signed and dated by him, and stamped with the Public Health Service seal. Dr. Weisskopf opened the cabin door.

"The Swede was an especially instructive case," he said. "It tells something worth thinking about. He had been for several weeks in Australia—one of the safe countries. There is no smallpox there. He returned to Sweden by plane. The plane made only a few short stops, and at no place did the Swede do more than walk into the airport building and back again. But on one of those little walks . . ."

We emerged from the cabin, and I felt a breath of breeze. The gangway was up, and the cutter was slipping gently away from the pier. Looking back, I could see a glow of watery sunlight in the sky above the Wall Street rooftops. We moved up the deck, which was crowded with men in uniform. Dr. Weisskopf pushed through the crowd to a man in a business suit who was standing alone at the rail. He greeted him warmly, and turned to me.

"This is Dr. Brown," he said. "He is my friend and colleague, and, like me, his name is Joe. We usually go our

PASTILLES



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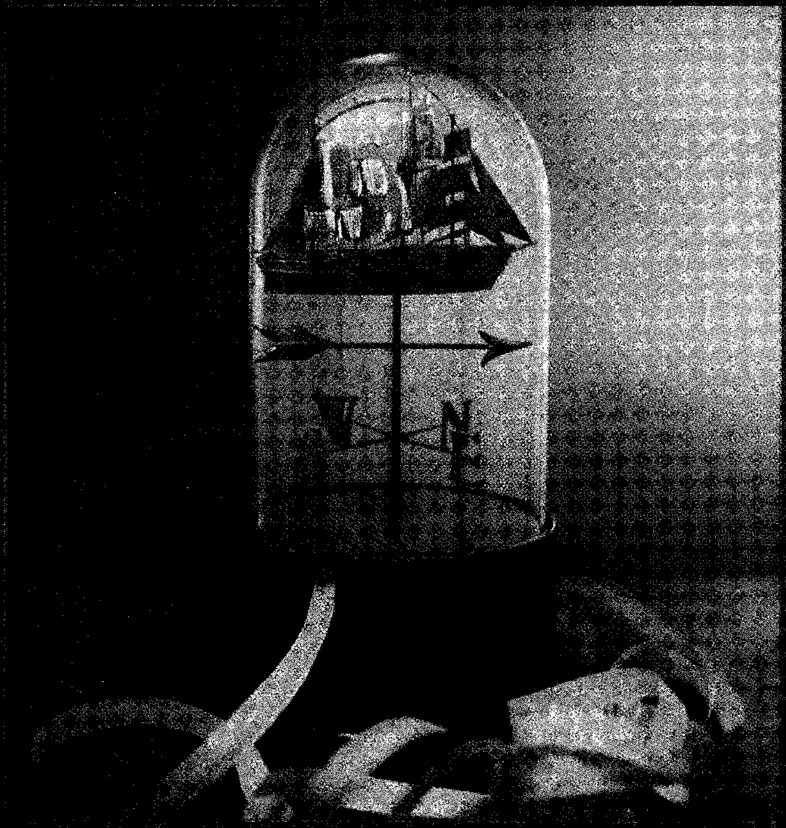

Which Way Is The Wind Blowing

...in the New York financial markets? What are the new trends in money rates, the supply and demand of equity capital, the securities markets? With its daily activities reaching into all areas of the New York financial community and one of banking's most experienced Investment Research Departments, this Bank is a highly qualified observer of our rapidly changing times. More important, our officers will match their time with yours in seeking ways to apply their knowledge of financial markets to your company's best advantage.

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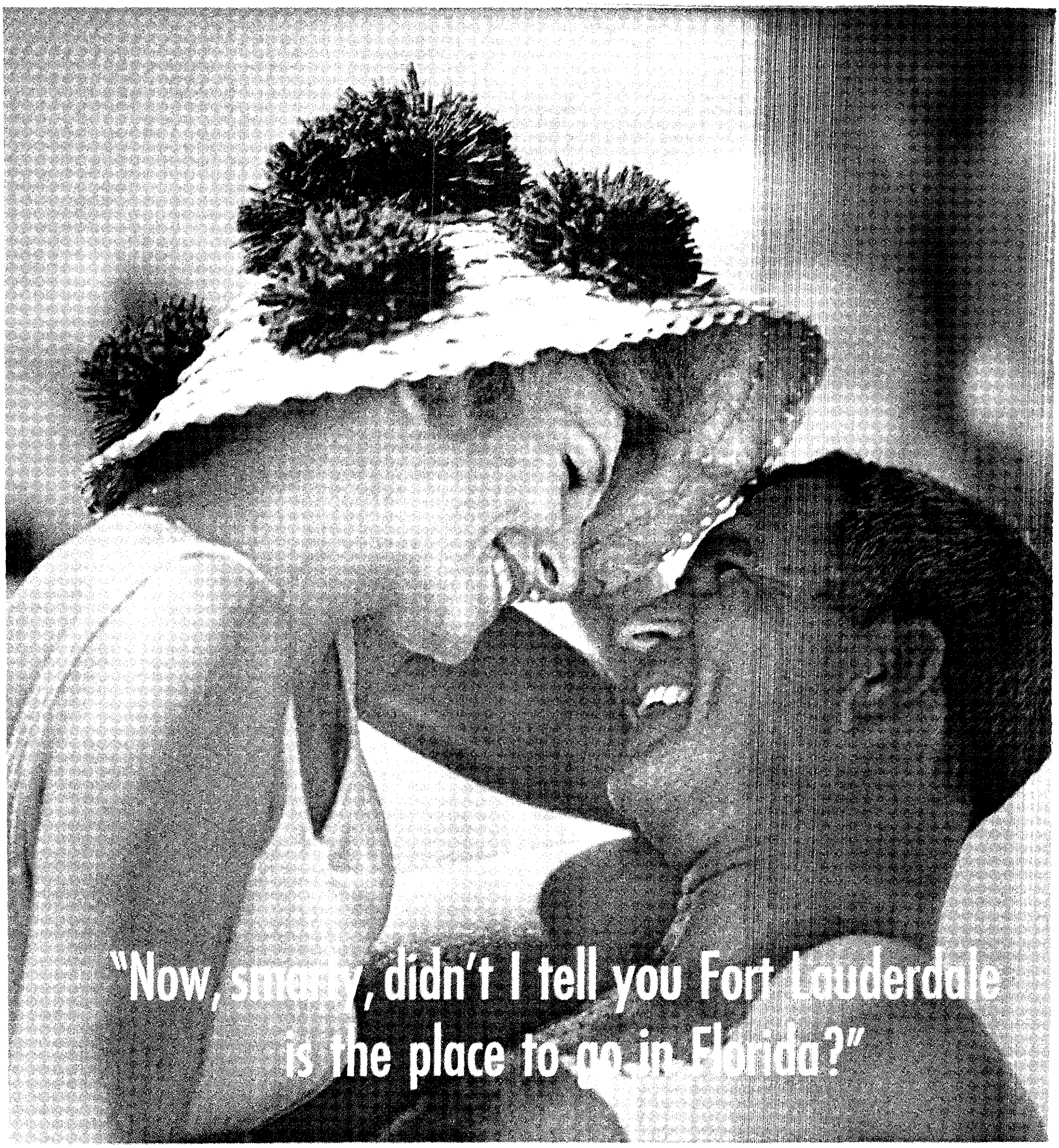
"Now, smarty, didn't I tell you Fort Lauderdale is the place to go in Florida?"

Leave it to the ladies to know a good thing even before they see it. The word is around quite broadly in feminine circles that Fort Lauderdale is the place to go in Florida.

Of course, you hear it praised around the yacht club, the nineteenth hole and other masculine haunts as well. In fact, its man's-world recreations team up perfectly with its woman's-world enchantments to make Fort Lauderdale widely heralded as the spot for twosomes on a holiday.

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separate ways, but today, with a ship as big as the France, we join together."

"That's right," Dr. Brown said. "You picked a good ship to visit. It should be very interesting for you. The France has a crew of around eleven hundred, and she generally carries about two thousand passengers." He gazed at the Statue of Liberty. "That's a lot of people to screen, but you'll find we manage to do it."

"Our boarding party today is eight," Dr. Weisskopf said. "There are Joe and myself and six inspectors, including Inspector Haley. These other people here are other services—Customs and Immigration—but except for the harbor pilot, who brings the ship into the Narrows, we go first aboard, and until we give the word, the others must wait on the cutter. It is the same at Pier 88. No one goes ashore without permission from us." He lit a cigarette and let the breeze blow out the match. He dropped it over the rail. "That, of course, is why this country is safe. Here are the facts. The last epidemic of smallpox in the United States was in 1947. It was brought to New York from Mexico by a man with a valid vaccination certificate but no immunity. He had had a vaccination that didn't take. It was improperly done, or the vaccine was inferior, or something. The last epidemic of plague was in 1925, in Los Angeles. The last epidemic of yellow fever was in 1905, in New Orleans. The last epidemic of cholera was in 1892, in New York. The last epidemic of relapsing fever was also here, and in Philadelphia and Washington, in 1871. And the last epidemic of typhus—louse-borne, jail-fever typhus—was so long ago that there isn't any record. What is the reason for this? Is it new wonder drugs? No; only typhus responds to chemotherapy. Is it vaccination? No; only for smallpox and yellow fever is vaccination truly effective. But how many Americans have a valid smallpox vaccination, even?" He gave me an amiable smile. "The reason is nothing new in medicine. The reason is quarantine; such diseases are kept from landing. And quarantine is probably the oldest useful concept in public health. It goes back to Venice. Venice invented quarantine as a protection against the Black Death pandemic of plague in 1348. They also gave us the word. 'Quarantine' comes from the Italian '*quarantina*,' meaning 'forty days'—the original detention period. They took the number, I think, from the Bible. Everything is forty there."

"That's right," Dr. Brown said. "Quarantine is basic. It's our first line

Fate is Fickle.

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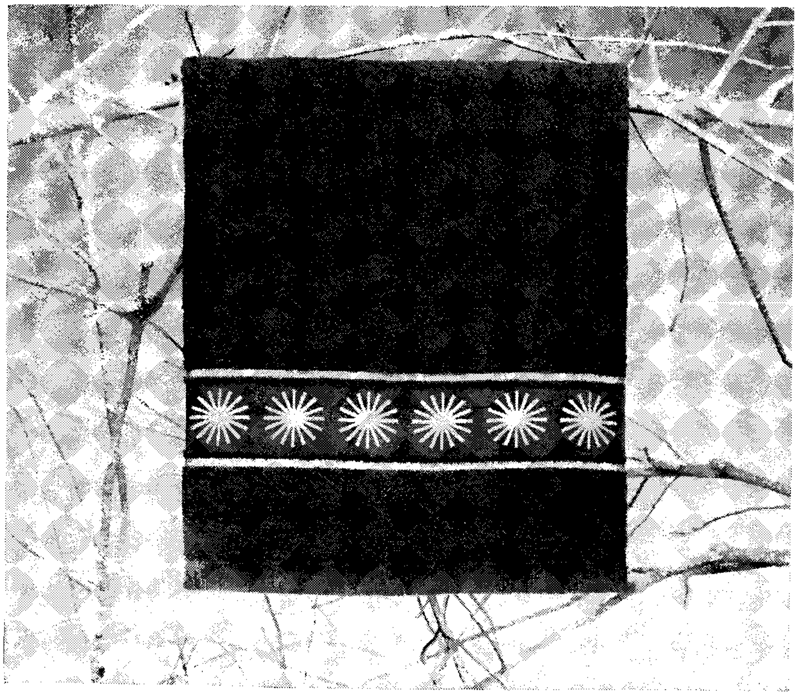
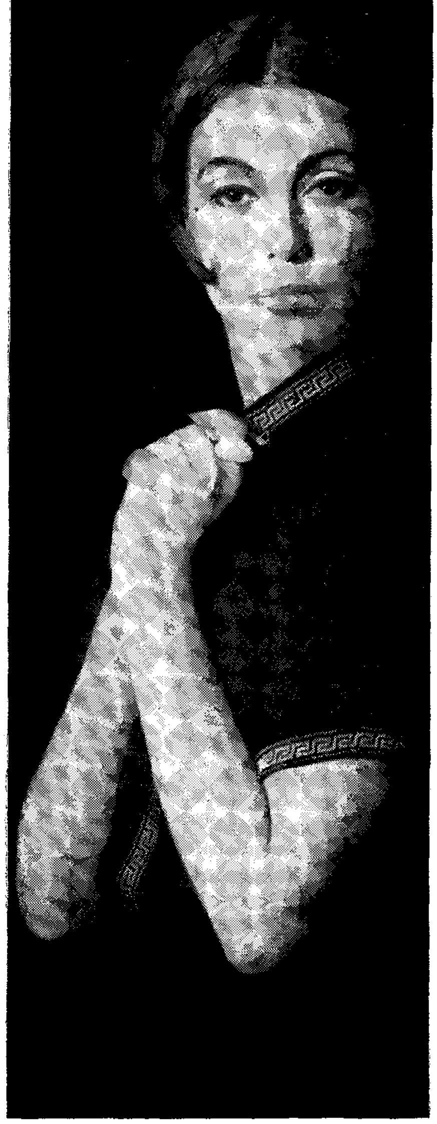


Callaway weather: snowflakes and sunlight.

Could there be a better way to follow showers? A dazzle of white snowflakes on a terry towel so soft, and warm, and clearly colored it seems to have its own sunlight woven in. This is *Stockholm*, from the Scandinavian-inspired Northern Lights Collection—a collection which won an International Design Award from the American Institute of Interior Designers. At Crowley, Milner & Co., Detroit—and fine stores everywhere. Callaway Mills, Inc., La Grange, Ga.

Fly away to
Latin America
Fly
Canadian Pacific



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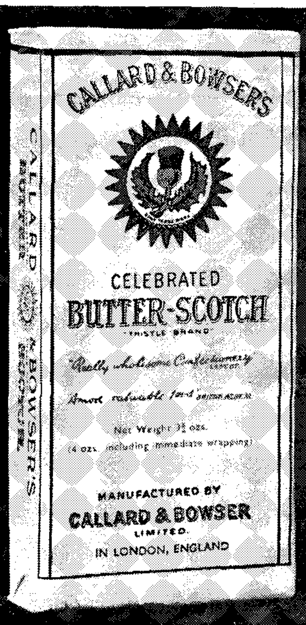
of defense against the big epidemic diseases. Still, it isn't what it used to be. People travel faster now than any serious disease can incubate. The incubation period in cholera is five days. It's six in yellow fever and plague, and eight in relapsing fever. Smallpox and typhus are fourteen. When Europe was a week or so away, an infected traveller generally had time to develop symptoms before the trip was over. You know what it is now—five days by liner and a matter of hours by jet. That means we have to pay very close attention to where a traveller has been. If it's a place where there's trouble—and the World Health Organization network keeps us up to the minute—we explain the situation to him and make sure that he doesn't drop out of sight. In time, you develop an instinct."

"We become suspicious men," Dr. Weisskopf said.

THE France loomed up through the haze. We were almost under her great white flank before I saw her. She sat at rest in the middle of the Narrows, with a side port the size of a barn door standing open just above the waterline. Four or five sailors in dark-blue jerseys and berets lounged in the cavelike mouth of the side port. We came alongside, and a couple of our crewmen lowered our gangway. The French sailors hauled it in and made it fast. Dr. Weisskopf touched my arm.

"You will come with me," he said. "I go now with the inspector in charge of the boarding party to see the ship's surgeon. He is Dr. Ozil—Francis Ozil. A fine fellow. That is always our first duty. He will show us his health report. While we are there, Joe and the others will make ready for the passenger inspection. At this moment, I can tell you, we know only one thing. There is no *quarantinable* disease on board. If such a disease breaks out at sea, a radio report is sent at once to Rosebank. Also, the yellow quarantine flag is displayed aboard ship." He waved a hand overhead. "So, whatever happens, it could be worse. *Allons*—let's go."

I followed him down the gangway and through the side port. After me came Dr. Brown and then the six inspectors. The customs inspectors and the immigration officers watched us from the rail of the cutter. A passageway led back to a narrow stairway. We climbed two winding flights, and emerged in a red-carpeted lobby piled with luggage. Dr. Weisskopf stopped and looked back, and one of the inspectors came forward. The others moved



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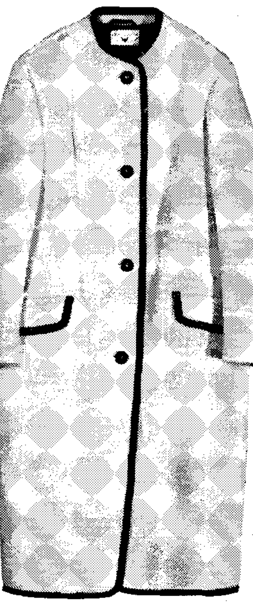

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along to a bank of elevators in the lobby. Joined by the inspector Dr. Weisskopf had summoned, we went through an archway and down a corridor of staterooms. The corridor ended at a closed door. Dr. Weisskopf pushed it open. Just beyond, on the right, was another door and a projecting sign: "*Médecin Principal.*" He knocked on the door and turned the knob, and the inspector and I followed him into a large, panelled office lined with bookshelves and filing cabinets. A plump, pink-cheeked man in a uniform encrusted with gold braid and crimson velvet was standing at a desk: Dr. Ozil. Dr. Weisskopf introduced me.

Dr. Ozil smiled a beaming smile and gave my hand a sudden shake. "*Enchanté*," he said. He turned back to Dr. Weisskopf. "*Mon ami! Bonjour!*"

"*Bonjour*," Dr. Weisskopf said. "*Comment allez-vous?* And how many cases of smallpox did you bring us this time?"

"*Mais comme toujours*," Dr. Ozil said. He laughed heartily for a moment. Then he opened a drawer and brought out a slip of paper. "We have had, in fact, a very good voyage. There are only three cases to report. One is of the crew—a urinary infection. His temperature was centigrade thirty-nine degrees, but it is lower now. He is still, of course, in hospital. The others are nothing—a British infant with diarrhea and an American woman with otitis. I have them for you. They are just across the corridor." He came around the desk. "Permit me."

He led us into a waiting room. A uniformed nurse stood near the door, and two young women sat at opposite ends of a sofa. One of them held a baby cradled in her arms. The other was leafing through a copy of *Paris-Match*.

"This is Dr. Weisskopf," Dr. Ozil said.

"I am a colleague," Dr. Weisskopf said. He bent over the baby and nodded. "Good." He smiled and moved on to the other woman. "How is your ear this morning?"

"Oh," she said. "It's a lot better. I mean, it doesn't really bother me at all."

"Good," Dr. Weisskopf said, and turned to Dr. Ozil. "O.K., *mon ami*."

We left the waiting room—Dr. Ozil, Dr. Weisskopf, and I—and headed down the corridor to the hospital area. But there should have been four of us.

"What happened to the inspector?" I asked.

"Forgive me," Dr. Weisskopf said. "I meant to explain. He comes only

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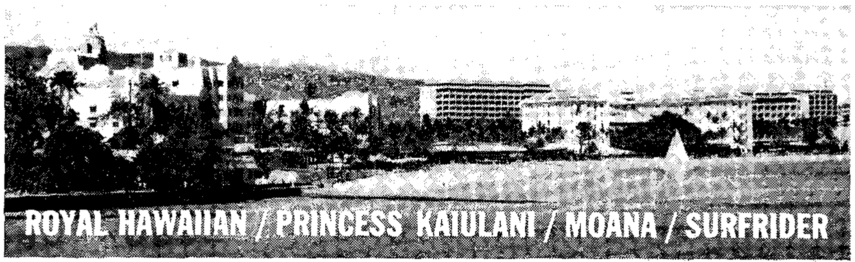

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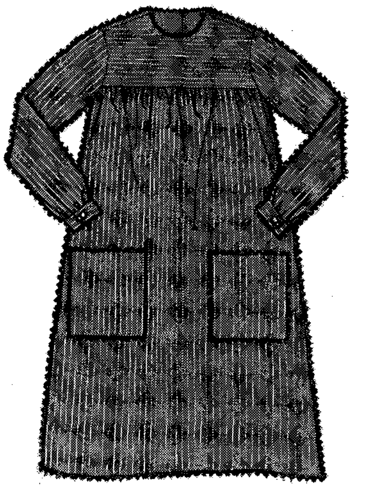

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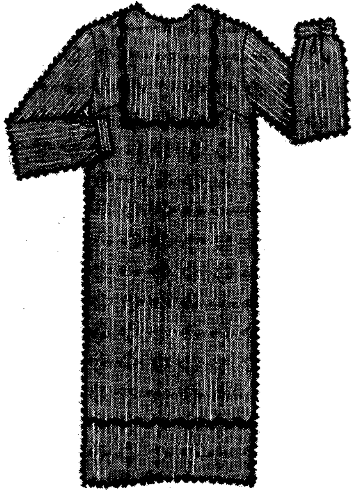

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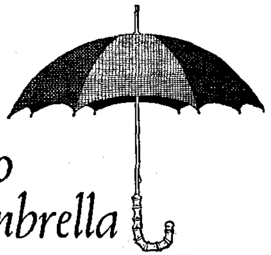
to get the medical report. If that is satisfactory, like today—no contagious or communicable disease, no fevers of unknown origin—he leaves to release the ship. He gives the captain and the pilot my permission to proceed. Also for Customs and Immigration to come aboard. And for the passenger inspection to begin. Any minute now, we will feel the ship begin to move. I see the patients myself only to double-check."

We passed another sign: "*Danger—Rayons 'X.'* " Dr. Ozil opened a door, and we filed into a four-bed hospital ward. Three of the beds were unoccupied. A pale man with a stubble of black beard lay asleep in the fourth. Dr. Weisskopf moved quietly to his side. He gazed at the man for a moment, and then moved quietly back to the door.

"We won't wake him," he said. "He won't be going ashore. So there is no need. It—" He raised a finger. "Did you notice? The ship is moving now."

Dr. Ozil led the way back to his office. Dr. Weisskopf and I said goodbye to him at the door. Then we returned to the red-carpeted lobby and took an elevator to the Veranda Deck. On the left as we emerged from the elevator was a parade of French doors that opened on the First Class Lounge. Some of the furniture had been pushed to the middle of the room, and spaced along the walls were four writing tables, each with a quarantine inspector seated behind it and a long queue of men, women, and children of all ages in front of it. Across the room were more tables and a cluster of Customs and Immigration uniforms. Dr. Brown was not in sight.

"Joe is down below," Dr. Weisskopf said. "He and two inspectors are checking the crew. It is nothing to see. On a ship like this, the crew inspection is not much more than a formality. Their papers are always in order—the company makes certain of that. So is everything else. There is no need for us to inspect such a ship for rats. Rats, as you know, are supremely important—they carry plague. But our rat inspection and fumigation work are mostly confined to freighters. The France is certified rat-free. Twice a year, at her home port of Le Havre, she is given a complete deratization treatment. But that is not all. Never has a rat been found on the France. She is ratproof. She is built of steel and designed in such a way that there is no place for a rat to nest. And rats must nest. They are family animals. I'll tell you something else. You won't find a cockroach here, and hardly even a fly. The same, of course, is true of



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the other big new liners. A good passenger ship itself is seldom a source of trouble. The trouble on a passenger ship is almost always the passengers."

Dr. Weisskopf tried one of the French doors and found it latched. He tried another, which opened onto a burst of voices. We entered the lounge and cut between two chattering queues of passengers. Most of the voices were French or Spanish. Some were British. A few were unidentifiable. "Aliens in these two lines," Dr. Weisskopf said. "Foreign visitors or foreign passengers in transit—to Canada or Mexico or the East. The other two lines are U.S. citizens. All First Class, of course. Tourist Class inspection begins a little later, down on the Promenade Deck. Then come the immigrants and the visitors who will be here for three months or more. They are the most difficult job. We are the first Americans they meet, so we must have kindness and courtesy. But we must also be very careful about their health."

The inspector at the farthest table caught sight of Dr. Weisskopf, and beckoned. We edged our way to his side.

"I've got the animal report," he said. "Everything's fine and dandy. Ten dogs aboard—all inoculated against rabies. Two cats—both healthy. One parakeet—no sign of psittacosis."

Dr. Weisskopf nodded. "Good." He put a cigarette in his mouth and turned to me. "I have to leave you for a little," he said. "Wait here. I won't be very long."

He moved away through the crowd. I leaned against the wall and looked at the passengers in the line before the inspector's desk. At the head of the line

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was a woman in a flowered hat with a carpetbag pocketbook on her arm. Behind her, the queue stretched across the lounge, through an outer door, and onto the open deck. The haze, as predicted, had lifted. In the distance I could see the buildings on the Staten Island shore.

"And now your landing card, please," the inspector said.

The woman in the flowered hat handed over a small white card. The inspector punched it with a conductor's punch and handed it back.

"There you are," he said. "All set. I hope you enjoyed your trip."

"Are you joking?" the woman said. "This was my first trip abroad, and I can assure you it will be my last. How those people over there can eat that ghastly food is beyond my comprehension."

"Too bad," the inspector said. "Customs and Immigration are across the room on your right."

He turned to the next passenger—a middle-aged man in a dark suit and dark glasses. "Good morning," he said. "May I see your vaccination certificate, please. And your passport, for identification. Thank you. May I ask what countries you have visited in the past two weeks?"

"Just England and France," the man said. "Oh, yes—and Belgium."

"You haven't been in Sweden?"

"No."

"Or Poland?"

"Good Lord, no. Just England and France—and Belgium. Why?"

"They have smallpox in Sweden and Poland."

"Good Lord . . ."

I walked down the room to the inspection points for aliens. At one of the tables, the inspector was questioning a woman in Spanish. The inspector at the other table was listening carefully to an elderly couple who were explaining something in German-accented French laced with German, English, and Italian. Their passports lay on the table—red with a white cross on the cover. That seemed to explain the confusion of tongues. They were Swiss.

I headed back up the room. As I passed the first inspection point for American citizens, the inspector was saying, "Where in Africa?" His voice had an edge to it, and I stopped and looked.

"I was in the Congo," the passenger said. He was a tall, thin man with a lined face and gray hair cut short. "Léopoldville, mostly."

"When were you there?"

"What's today—Wednesday? I flew up to Paris a week ago yesterday."

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"Oh," the inspector said. He sounded relieved. "A week ago Tuesday is eight days ago. And you're vaccinated against yellow fever?"

"Yes. It's in my folder there."

"Well, I guess that puts you in the clear on yellow fever. The incubation period is six days. Except— May I ask where you're going from here? Anywhere in the South?"

"I'm not going anywhere. I live in New York. Why?"

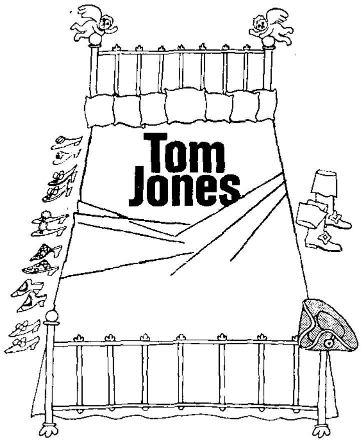
"Just an extra precaution. Most of the country south of Virginia is potentially yellow-fever country. The *Aëdes aegypti* mosquito that transmits yellow fever lives down there." The inspector glanced again at the man's vaccination folder, and then picked up a pad of printed forms about the size of postcards. "This is another extra precaution," he said. "Yellow fever isn't the only epidemic disease in the Congo. They also have smallpox, and you're not completely clear on that. Your vaccination is in order, but the incubation period in smallpox is quite a bit longer than in yellow fever. It's two weeks—fourteen days. Which means you've still got six days to go. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly. Eight from fourteen leaves six."

"Good. So I'm required to fill out what we call a Surveillance Notice. Here's what it says. It gives your name and address, and goes on, 'As a safeguard against the introduction of smallpox, you are hereby placed under health surveillance for six days. If you should develop suspicious symptoms of illness (such as chills, fever, rash, diarrhea) within this period, present this notice promptly to a physician or to the nearest health officer. Surveillance requirements are placed on a person who may have been exposed to a disease when the risk of his developing the disease is not considered sufficient to warrant detaining him in quarantine. You are expected to observe the above requirements willingly to assure protection of your own health, the health of your associates, and the public health.' " He looked up. "If your vaccination certificate was in any way doubtful, I would be compelled to issue a stronger form—a Surveillance *Order*. A Surveillance Order requires you to report to your local health department or health officer on your arrival home, and it requires them to keep you under observation until the danger period is past. However—" He smiled. "I'm only giving you a Notice, and, as I say, it's just a precaution. Don't worry about it."

"I understand," the man said.

I moved on to the farthest table. Dr.



THE film of "Tom Jones," at the shabby old London Pavilion, in Piccadilly Circus, which is due to disappear when the long-heralded Circus reconstruction gets under way, is the product of a fairly new company formed by Tony Richardson, who directed it, and John Osborne. It is a great, sprawling, boisterous film that is out to unbutton the elegant embroidered waistcoat in which such elaborate productions usually encase the eighteenth century, and show it dirty, cruel, yahooish, leching, and guzzling, as well as stylish. The soft color photography is beautiful in the many shots of the English countryside, seen through a haze of perpetual high summer, across which Mr. Richardson moves his beef-fed characters at a gallop. In one scene of midnight alarms and chasings, he has speeded up the film, so that everybody streaks jerkily in and out of beds and windows like old Keystone comics with the cops after them. In the distinguished cast, Albert Finney, whom Americans will see on Broadway this autumn in Osborne's "Luther," plays Tom with great charm, and Hugh Griffith is superb as Squire Western, roaring, gnawing pheasant bones, and tumbling his tenants' daughters in the hayfield with gusto. One of the best scenes in the film, incidentally, dwells wittily on the quasi-sexual nature of eating—the supper party at which Tom entertains Mrs. Waters, a lady of uncertainly pinned virtue and clothing (played by Joyce Redman), whom he has met in distress on the road. Never removing their measuring eyes from each other, the pair languorously sup oysters from the shells, sink their teeth thoughtfully into chicken thighs, and juicily devour pears as a prelude to devouring each other—a fine little piece of acting on both sides.

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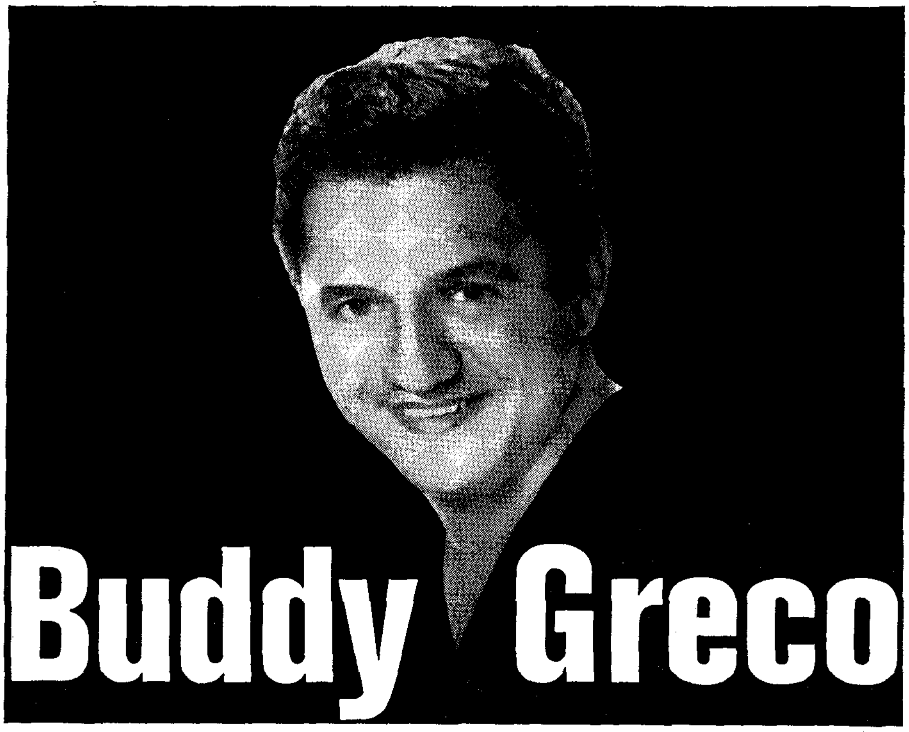

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Weisskopf was there, standing at the inspector's elbow. I joined them.

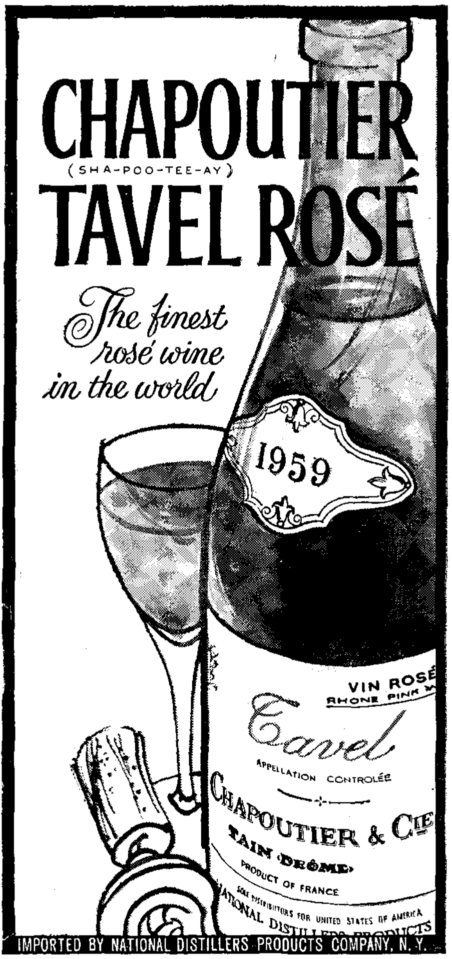
"Ah," Dr. Weisskopf said. "You've been looking around. And what did you find?"

I told him about the man from Léopoldville and the Surveillance Notice.

"I wish you had been with us yesterday," he said. "The Gripsholm was in from Sweden with eight hundred passengers. We gave out eight hundred Surveillance Notices." He gazed for a moment at the line of passengers. "There isn't much left up here," he said, "so I suggest a change of scene. The crew is finished—I have been to see. The Tourist passengers are going through. It will soon be time for the immigrants."

We took the elevator down to the Promenade Deck. A short corridor led us into another big room full of crowded furniture, shuffling queues, and uniformed inspectors. The passengers here were very different from those on the Veranda Deck. Most of them were young, and many had the look of students. They were slung with cameras and tennis rackets and guitars. They also had the look of Americans. Dr. Brown was sitting on the edge of a little stage or bandstand. Beside him on the platform was a portable viewing box for examining X-rays. He slid to his feet and came to meet us. He was grinning from ear to ear. "You just missed the fun," he said. "We had some real excitement a couple of minutes ago. One of the inspectors came running over and asked me to come take a look. He thought he had a *leper*. I followed him back to the funniest-looking kid you ever saw. He was nineteen or twenty, and his face was covered with big white spots the size of quarters. It wasn't leprosy, of course. Or anything communicable. My guess is it was some strange reaction to sunlight. He had been lying on some beach in the South of France for a month. I advised him to see his doctor when he got home." He laughed. "Aside from that, it's all been pretty routine. A couple of girls who spent a week in Sweden, and the usual number of invalid vaccination certificates."

"Naturally," Dr. Weisskopf said. He made a face, and turned to me. "A vaccination certificate can be invalid for many reasons. For example, it may be out of date. But that isn't what Joe means. Most of the invalid certificates we see are invalid for one or another of three reasons. One, the certificate isn't dated. Two, it isn't signed by the vaccinating physician. Or, three, the physician's signature isn't certified—there is no authentication by a health officer that



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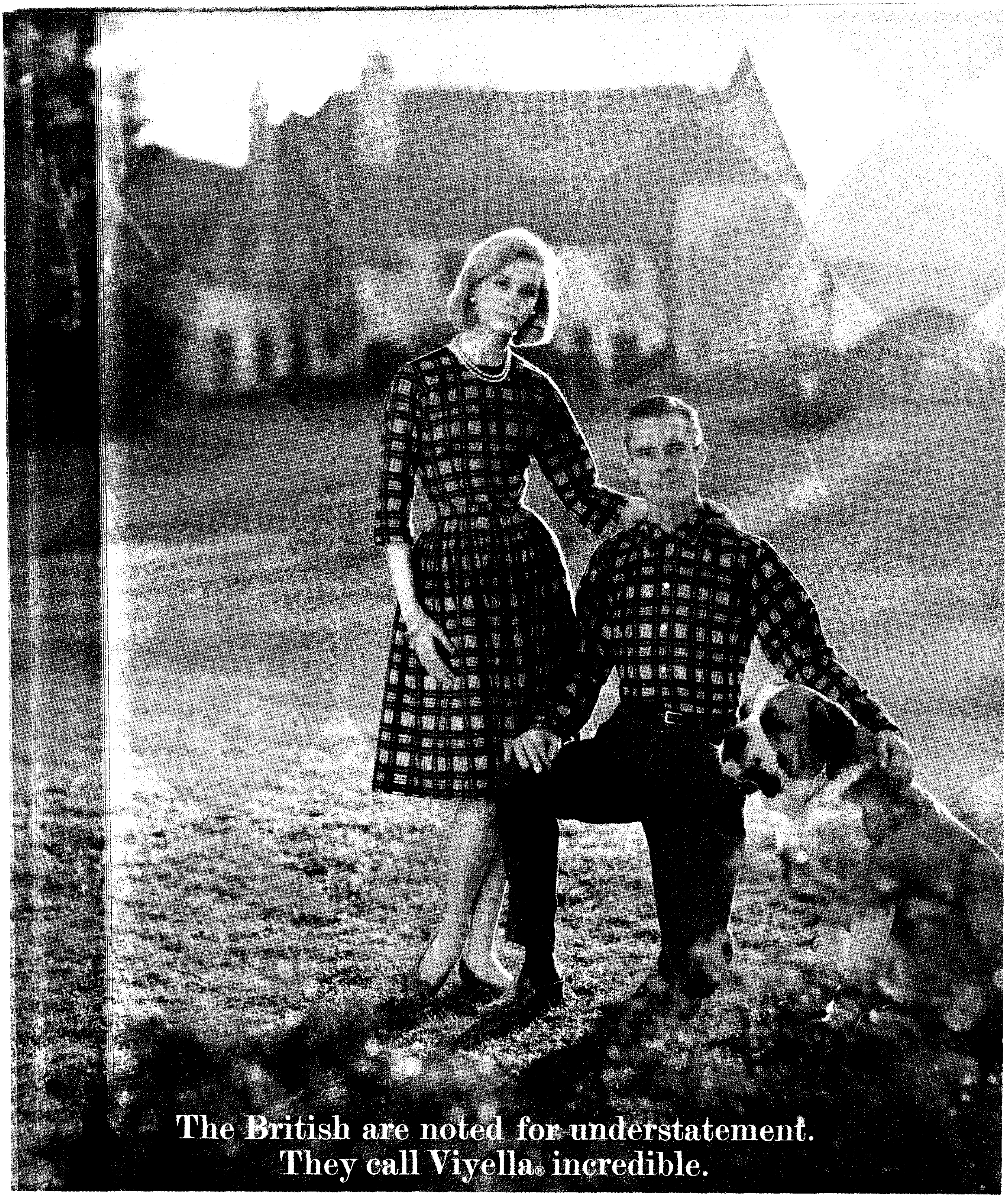
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the signature is that of someone authorized to give a vaccination. Those are the usual reasons. We see them every day. But I will never understand how they happen—how anyone can be so careless. An actual fraud is almost easier to understand. We had one of those only last summer. Maybe you remember the case. A sick boy arrived in Canada, and his sickness turned out to be smallpox. He had gone to Canada by train from New York City. He had been in New York only a few hours, and he had come here from Brazil by plane. He was not sick when he reached Idlewild, and his vaccination certificate looked all right. An investigation with the help of the Brazilian health authorities found the truth. The certificate had been signed and dated by a Brazilian doctor, and it was properly certified. But the doctor hadn't really vaccinated the boy. He only said he had. He had noticed that the boy had an old vaccination scar, and saw no reason to bother. That wasn't carelessness, of course. It was a crime."

"It could have been a catastrophe," Dr. Brown said.

"I'm surprised it wasn't," I said.

"So am I," Dr. Brown said. "It was simply a matter of luck. The people the boy came in contact with must all have been immune."

Dr. Weisskopf nodded. Then his eyes widened, and he gave me a little nudge. He pointed to one of the inspection points. The inspector was frowning across the table at a young man in heavy glasses. He had a yellow vaccination folder open in his hand and was tapping it with a pencil. The young man took off his jacket and put it on the table and began to roll up his shirtsleeve. "Let's have a look," Dr. Weisskopf said. "I think maybe we'll see an example of what I was talking about." Four or five steps brought us within earshot.

"O.K.," the inspector said. "I be-

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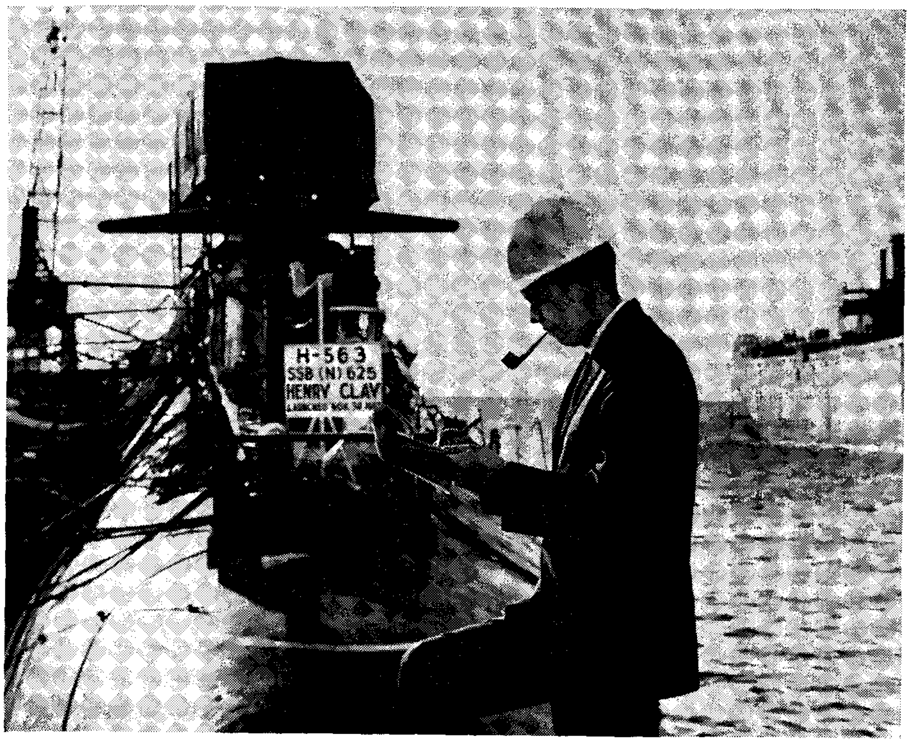

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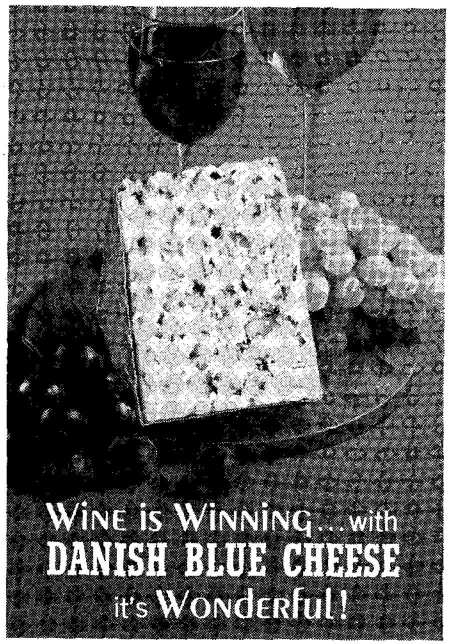

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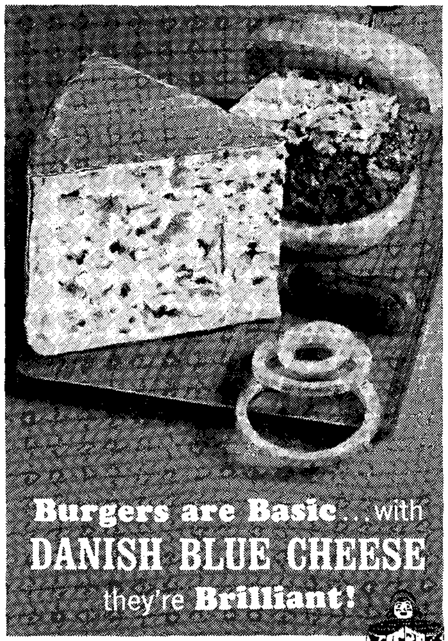

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lieve you. You've got a recent scar. But we have to be certain, you know."

"Oh, sure." The young man rolled down his sleeve and reached for his jacket. "I understand."

"O.K. Now, here's what I want you to do. Go to your local health officer and get him to validate the signature."

"You mean *he* can validate it?"

"The health officer? Of course. Why not?"

"Nothing. Only, the health officer in our town is a political job. This term, he's a plumber."

The inspector shrugged. "Then go to your plumber," he said.

The young man moved on to Customs and Immigration. A young couple took his place. They both wore slacks and green Tyrolian jackets with staghorn buttons, and the husband was smoking a black Toscano cigar. After them came a woman with a covered bird cage in her hand. That would be the parakeet of the animal-clearance report. The line began to dwindle. The last of the Tourist Class passengers was a red-faced man who had spent two days in Stockholm two weeks before. The inspector gave him a Surveillance Notice, and leaned back in his chair and stretched. He looked at Dr. Weisskopf.

"What's the story on the immigrants, Doc?"

"Not too long," Dr. Weisskopf said. "Around seventy, I think."

"A breeze," the inspector said.

We rejoined Dr. Brown. All the inspection points were idle now. Dr. Weisskopf took out a pocket notebook and began to make some notes. Two or three minutes passed. Then there was a sudden sound of voices from the lobby, and a crowd of people surged into the room. An inspector moved quickly among them, and in a moment they were marshalled into four orderly queues. The immigrants didn't look much different from the other passengers. There were no babushkas or shawls or handlebar mustaches. The only difference was that each of them carried a big, square manila envelope.

"We call these people immigrants," Dr. Brown said, "but that's just a term of convenience. Some are and some aren't. A good many of them are exchange students. We group them together because any alien who enters this country for a stay of three months or more is required to have a certificate of physical fitness and a negative chest X-ray. That's what is in those big envelopes—X-ray films. Immigrants are examined abroad at an American con-

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sulate by either a U.S. Public Health Service doctor or a local physician designated by the consul. The examination is strict, particularly for real immigrants. Any sign of mental disease or defect means out. So does any dangerous contagious disease. And, of course, tuberculosis. Heart disease and that sort of thing are subject to individual determination. We accept the certificate of physical fitness at face value here, but not the chest report. We want to see the X-ray on which it's based. Our inspectors are pretty good at screening chest X-rays, but every now and then they get an ambiguous film. Then they bring it to me. In a crowd this size, I'll probably see a dozen."

The first film brought to Dr. Brown was that of an exchange student from Belgium. The inspector also handed him a printed form on which was typed the examining physician's interpretation. It read, "Class B. Pulmonary Fibrosis." Dr. Brown switched on the viewing box and held the film against the illuminated panel. Between the ribs in the lower left lung a hazy white spot was discernible.

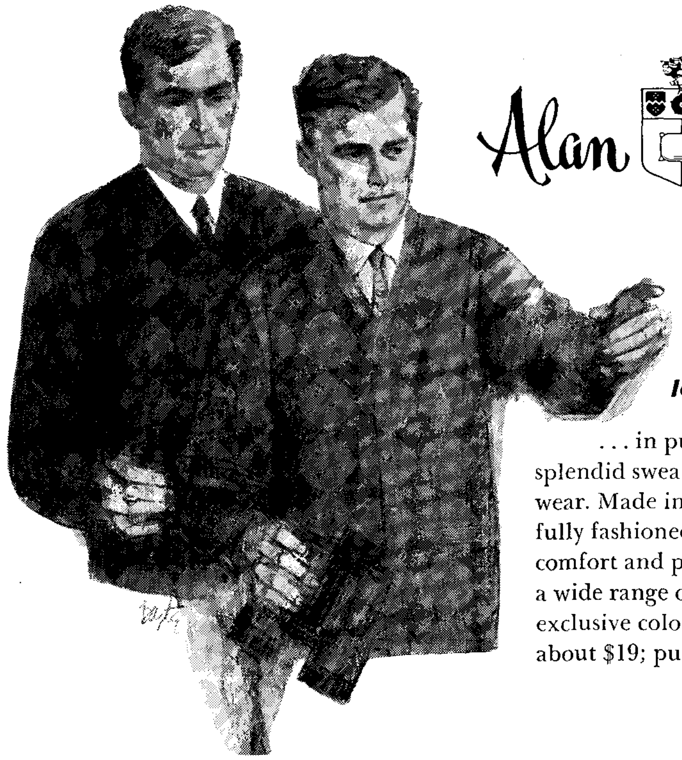
"Uh-huh," he said. "But he's only here on exchange. I think it's O.K." He gave the inspector back the film, and turned to me. "That isn't as mysterious as it sounds. Pulmonary fibrosis doesn't mean quite the same to us as it does to the rest of medicine. We use it as a sort of code term for an arrested case of tuberculosis. Class B is just a category of risk. It's the second one of three. Most of the films that come to me are pulmonary-fibrosis cases. They have to be individually evaluated, but we generally let them in. As an extra precaution, however, we always inform the relevant state health officer. He keeps in touch with the case."

Another inspector arrived with another questionable film for Dr. Brown. Dr. Weisskopf emerged from his introspection. He closed his notebook and looked at his watch. "Twelve-thirty-five," he said. "We'll be sitting down to lunch by one." He gave me a smile. "I hope you like French food. That's all they'll give us on this ship—*escargots*, onion soup, *omelette aux fines herbes*, filet mignon . . ."

"Excuse me, Doc." It was Inspector Haley with an X-ray envelope in his hand. "I'd like to have your opinion on something." He handed the envelope to Dr. Brown, adding, "And here's something for you."

"What's the trouble?" Dr. Weisskopf asked.

"It's a family that's got me beat,"



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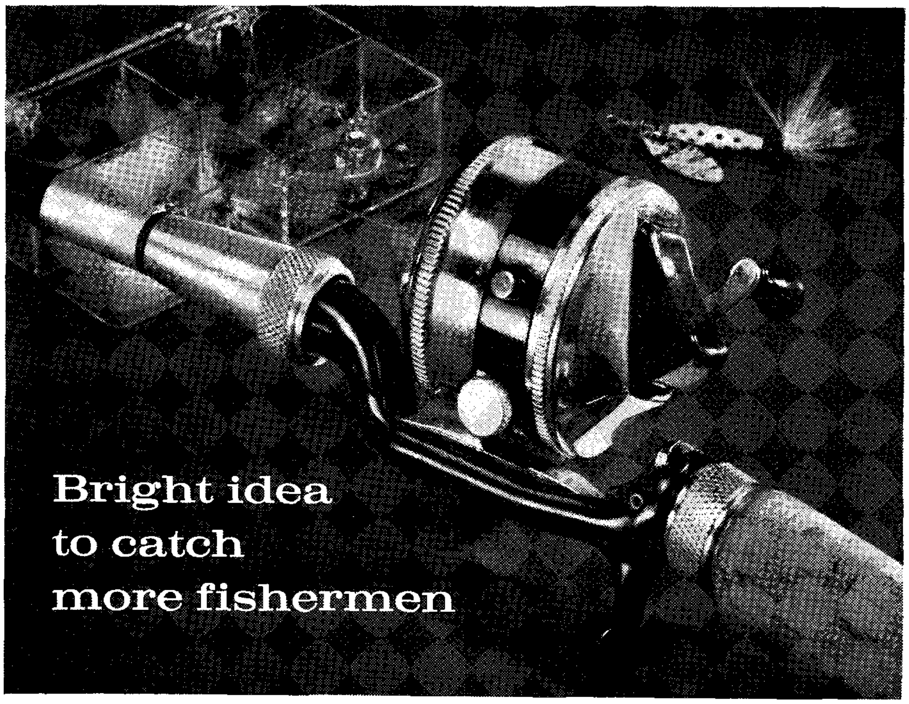

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Inspector Haley said. "An English family—husband, wife, and a year-old baby. The husband is here to teach at some college in Connecticut. He's a conscientious objector on vaccination. He says he's a Christian Scientist, and he's got a letter that says the same. The wife isn't an objector, and she's got a good, valid vaccination. But she's the real problem. The baby isn't vaccinated, and she won't let him be. I offered to vaccinate him here and now, but she said she'd go back to England first. It isn't a matter of religion with her. She's afraid. She says the British Medical Association doesn't approve of vaccinating year-old babies. She says they say it's dangerous."

"I know they do," Dr. Weisskopf said. "It can be dangerous once in a while. But smallpox is worse, I think. Have they been anywhere except England?"

"No."

"And the husband has documentary proof that he's a Christian Scientist?"

"He's got a letter signed by some church official."

"I see. Well, I don't think there's much of a risk. Put them aside to think it over until the rest of the crowd has gone through. Then make out a Surveillance Order on the husband, and also on the baby."

"O.K.," Inspector Haley said.

"Wait a minute," Dr. Brown said. "While you're at it, you'd better notify the Connecticut Health Department to get in touch with the wife, too. Her X-ray shows a very pronounced pulmonary fibrosis."

"O.K.," Inspector Haley said.

"And wish them a pleasant stay in the United States," Dr. Weisskopf said.

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—*The Times.*

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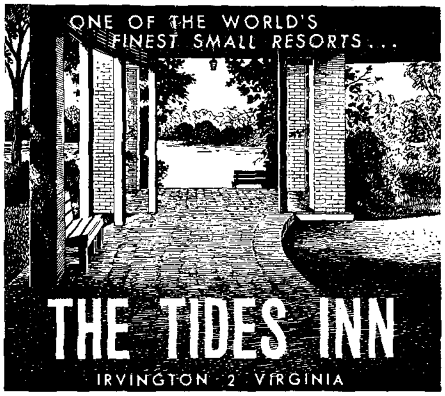

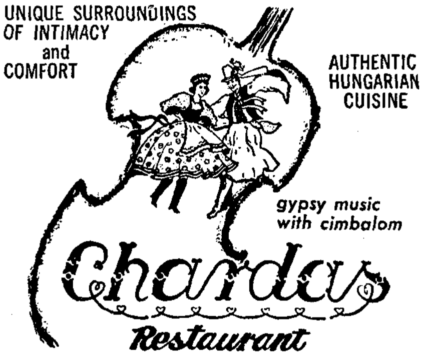

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CHILD LABOR AND THE PRESBYTERIANS

IN view of the fact that my kindly Presbyterian clergyman father quit preaching from pulpits not long after I, his fifth and youngest child, was born, in order to devote the rest of his life to pushing anti-child-labor legislation through Congress, it seems rankly paradoxical to me, when I look back, that my own labors as a child were prodigious, involuntary, and underpaid. I feel that I was made to work like a dog from the age of five or six onward, and that it was slave labor, for I got no compensation other than my weekly allowance. This amounted to five cents in my early years, and although it was gradually raised to the absolute ceiling of one dollar a week by the time I was fourteen years old and a freshman in high school, one couldn't really do much with a dollar even during the deflationary administration of President William Howard Taft. It was this Chief Executive who signed one of the first of the anti-child-labor bills, at the White House, with a gold pen, in the presence of an anti-child-labor group that included my father, my mother, and me. In a photograph of this ceremony, which I still possess, I am not surprised to note that, for a theoretically carefree and fun-loving five-year-old, I am looking glum.

The Presbyterian multitude I grew up under consisted of my father and mother, four uncles, four aunts, and dozens of grown first cousins—many of them, like my father and the uncles, Presbyterian clergymen. Everybody except the preachers relaxed, more or less, on Sundays, and nobody worked except—during mealtime—our Scottish housekeeper, Miss Annabelle. Otherwise, all the adults worked from morning till night every day, and insisted that the children be raised in a fashion designed to render them similarly obsessed. The adults were convinced that work was habit-forming. The general idea was that a child would be given small doses of work when he was still in rompers so that he would eventually become a helpless work addict like the Old Testament laborers, from Adam and Eve onward, whom these Presbyterians admired and emulated. They believed, to be sure, that children should also do a certain amount of playing on weekdays, but they couldn't bear to see a child doing nothing. Like most children, I enjoyed daydreaming, and this delightful pastime was continually being interrupted by some grown Presbyterian. Finding me sitting or standing at a win-

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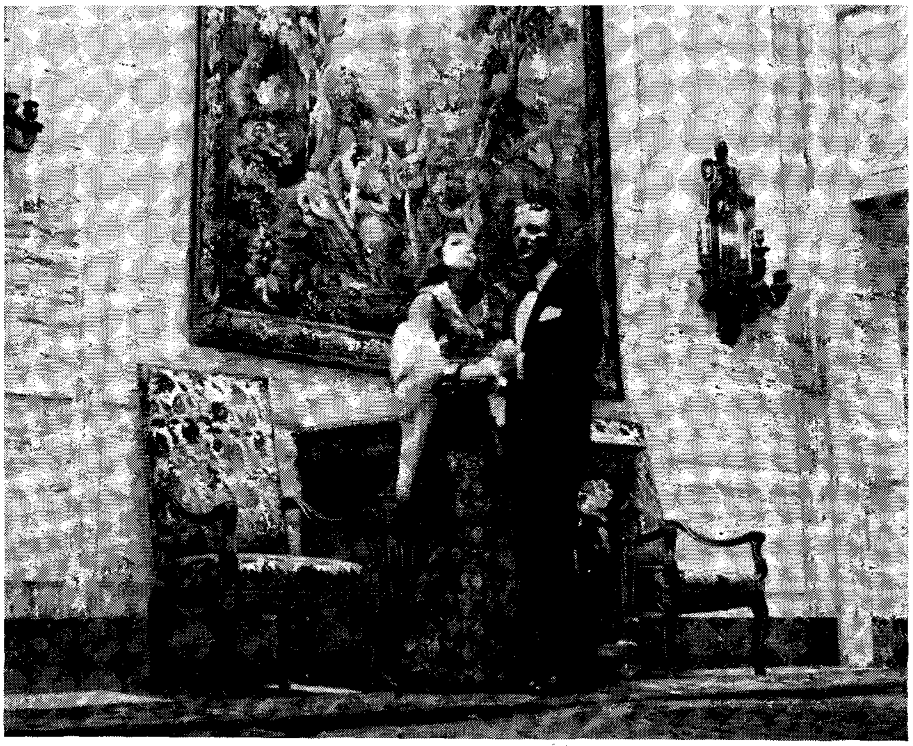

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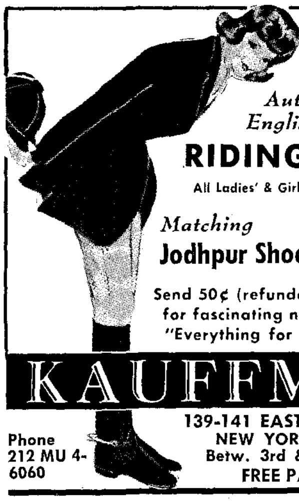
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dow doing nothing, my mother would either think of some work for me to do or, if she couldn't find anything in that category, she would say, "For goodness' sake, Son, go out and *play!*" Although I despised work, I liked many forms of play, but there were times when I wished neither to play nor to work. And that was known as idleness, which, like so many other things, was a sin.

Since I didn't become very proficient at any kind of work until I was seven or eight and could help dry dishes, chop kindling wood for the fireplace and for the coal-burning kitchen stove and the coal-burning furnace in the cellar, polish silver, or something equally degrading, my earliest job around the house was that of running errands. At five, worn out by a day at kindergarten and as much outdoor and more or less supervised play as I could put up with, I couldn't sit down for more than five minutes at a time without being drafted for at least an indoor errand. My busy mother ranged over our rented, three-story, red brick home at 2805 P Street, in Georgetown, like a bee, or like the first mate of a ship, and she was incessantly in need of things that were upstairs when she was downstairs, or vice versa.

"What are you doing, Son?" she would call if I was not in sight.

"Nothing," I would truthfully reply, not having yet become proficient at deceit.

"Well," she would say, "run up to my room and see if I left a ball of gray yarn up there with my knitting needles stuck in it." If my mother couldn't find any other work for her own hands to do around the house, she would knit.

Woollen yarn of one kind or another played a not unimportant part in my early labors. Before I'd got the hang of the walking, running, and climbing that was necessary in order for me to do indoor errands, I was frequently called upon to hold a hank of yarn in my outstretched hands while my mother wound it into a ball. I can think of nothing that could make a boy feel sillier than this job except the job of knitting itself. And I was made to knit. This is a secret I've guarded rather closely, but there comes a time in a man's life when keeping a personal secret is hardly worth the effort; and, in at least some ways, I am opposed to effort. But I was forced by schoolteachers to knit my way through the early part of the First World War, during the administration of President Woodrow Wilson, who was even more vehemently against child labor than President Taft had been. I and other boys my age, as well

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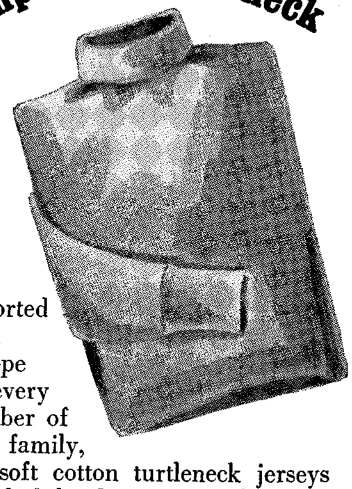
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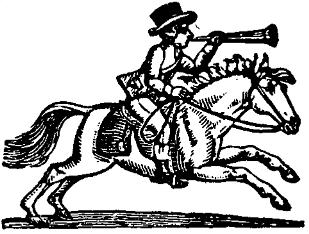
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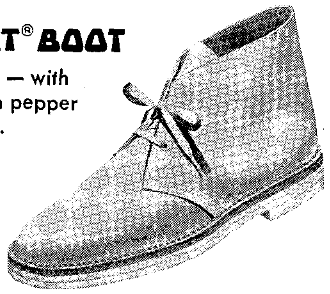
as girls, knitted squares of gray yarn which, according to the principal of my grammar school on R Street, would eventually be sewn together and made into blankets—or, as my mother called them, "comforters"—for the use of older boys who were getting ready to go to France and fight in the trenches. The fact that young boys as well as girls were forced to knit these squares during school hours only goes to indicate the intensity that patriotic frenzy can reach in time of war; and when people talk to me these days about the horrors of a thermonuclear conflict, I am not surprised to find myself shrugging as if to indicate that I've known worse things than sudden death.

WHEN I was six, and began to work from nine until three in the first grade of the grammar school, outdoor errands were added to the indoor errands I was called upon to do. Initially, in this field of endeavor, I encountered some good luck. My very first outdoor errand was to trudge from Twenty-eighth and P Street, where we lived, to the manse occupied by one of my several Presbyterian clergyman uncles, my Uncle John Roseboro, and ask him for a certain newly published Greek pamphlet my father was anxious to read. The manse and the church were two blocks up P Street, and I thus had to cross Twenty-ninth Street to get there. I was given explicit instructions by my mother about stopping, looking, and listening before crossing that street, but I was nevertheless run over by a man on a bicycle—a Mr. Dodds. Although Dodds was worse off after this accident than I was, he having gone heels over head over his handlebars, whereas I was only run over by his rubber tires, he delivered me to my destination, wiping blood off his forehead and limping. There a great fuss was made over me by the Roseboros, and I was delivered back to my home again by my Uncle John, along with the Greek pamphlet.

It was three whole months before my father and mother decided, after many conferences, that I was old enough to be



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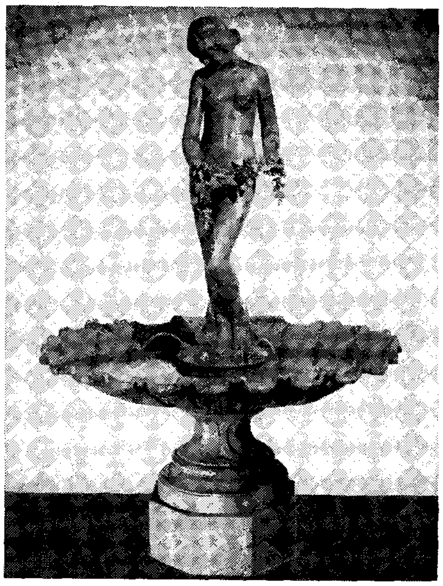
launched once again on an outdoor errand. On this second outdoor errand, my instructions were to go to the house on Q Street, between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Streets, where another clergyman uncle, my Uncle Parke Flournoy, and his family of five grown bachelor sons and one grown unmarried daughter were staying during an urban interlude. (Ordinarily, the Flournoys lived in the manse of the Presbyterian church at Bethesda, Maryland, where Uncle Parke was pastor.) At the house on Q Street, I was to ring the front-door bell and ask the unmarried daughter, my Cousin Nellie, to wrap up a hank of the blue yarn with which she and my mother were simultaneously knitting baby sweaters that were to be sold at the next bazaar at Uncle John's church, on P Street. I was to bring this yarn back to my mother.

It seems clear to me now that my mother and father, who loved me very much indeed, as I did them, had decided to entrust me with this outdoor errand because I could get to the house on Q Street without crossing any streets. I simply had to go to the corner of P Street and Twenty-eighth, turn left, proceed to Q Street, turn left again, and I would be at the Flournoys' house, which was one of a row of red brick ones. I made the proper turnings, but, wrapped in a daydream, I rang the bell of the wrong house. Out popped an elderly woman who was a stranger to me, slapped me hard on one cheek and then on the other—although I hadn't turned the other cheek to her—then popped back inside the house, slamming the door. Unaware that this wasn't the Flournoys' house, I returned groggily to my own and told my mother and father what had happened. At once, the two of them set out on foot in double-quick time to find out what was going on at the Flournoys'. I was left in charge of Miss Annabelle, who said she'd make some chocolate fudge to soothe my nerves.

It was more than an hour before my parents returned from their reconnaissance. Having assured themselves that I had recovered from my second outdoor errand, they burst into laughter and, between gales, explained to Miss Annabelle and me that the woman who had slapped both my cheeks was a Mrs. Culpepper, who lived next door to the Flournoys, and who had been pestered all that afternoon by neighborhood boys who rang her bell and then ran off before she could catch them. "Mrs. Culpepper is a Methodist," said my father, rather irrelevantly, when he'd stopped



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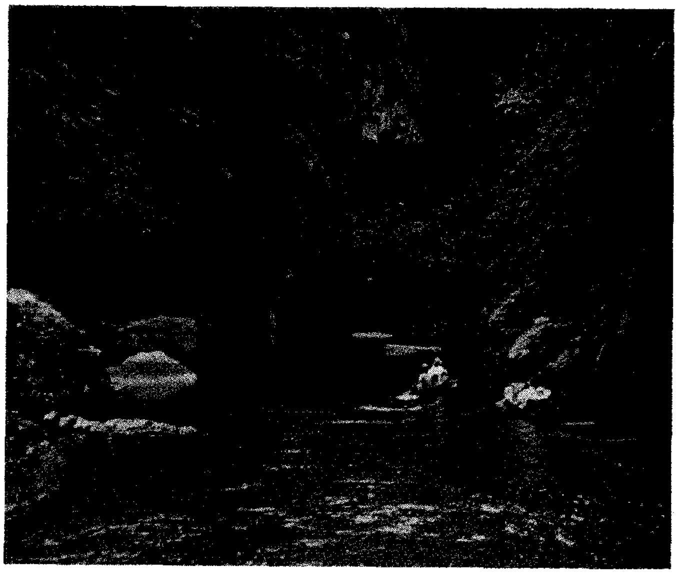

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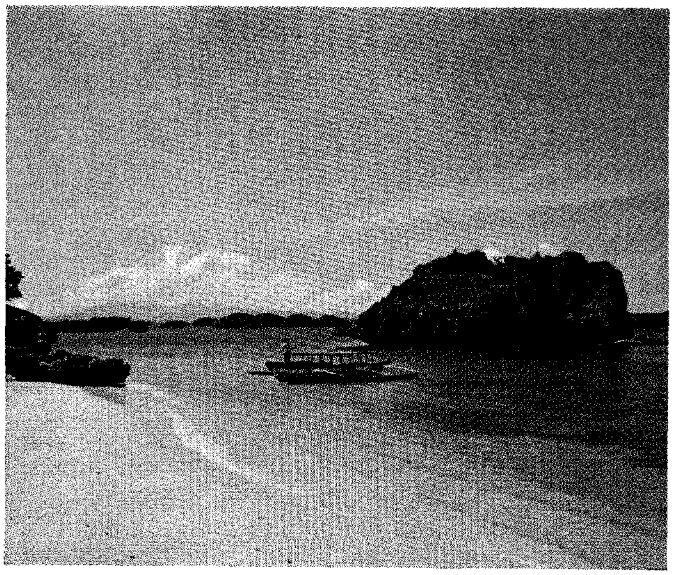

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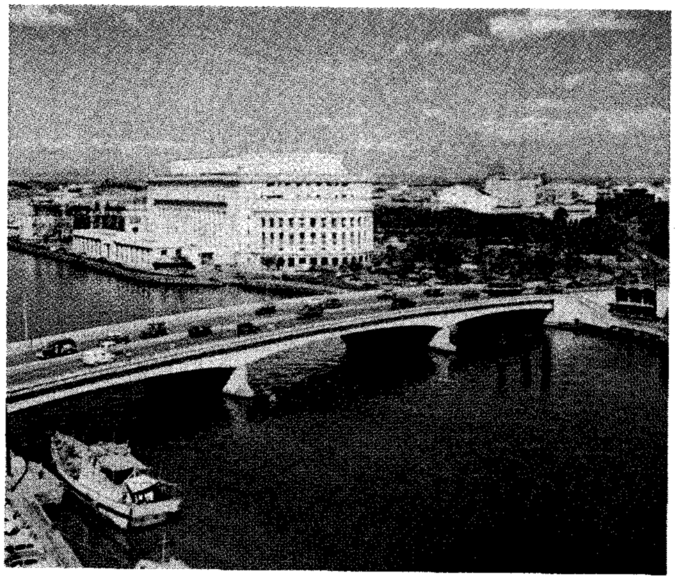

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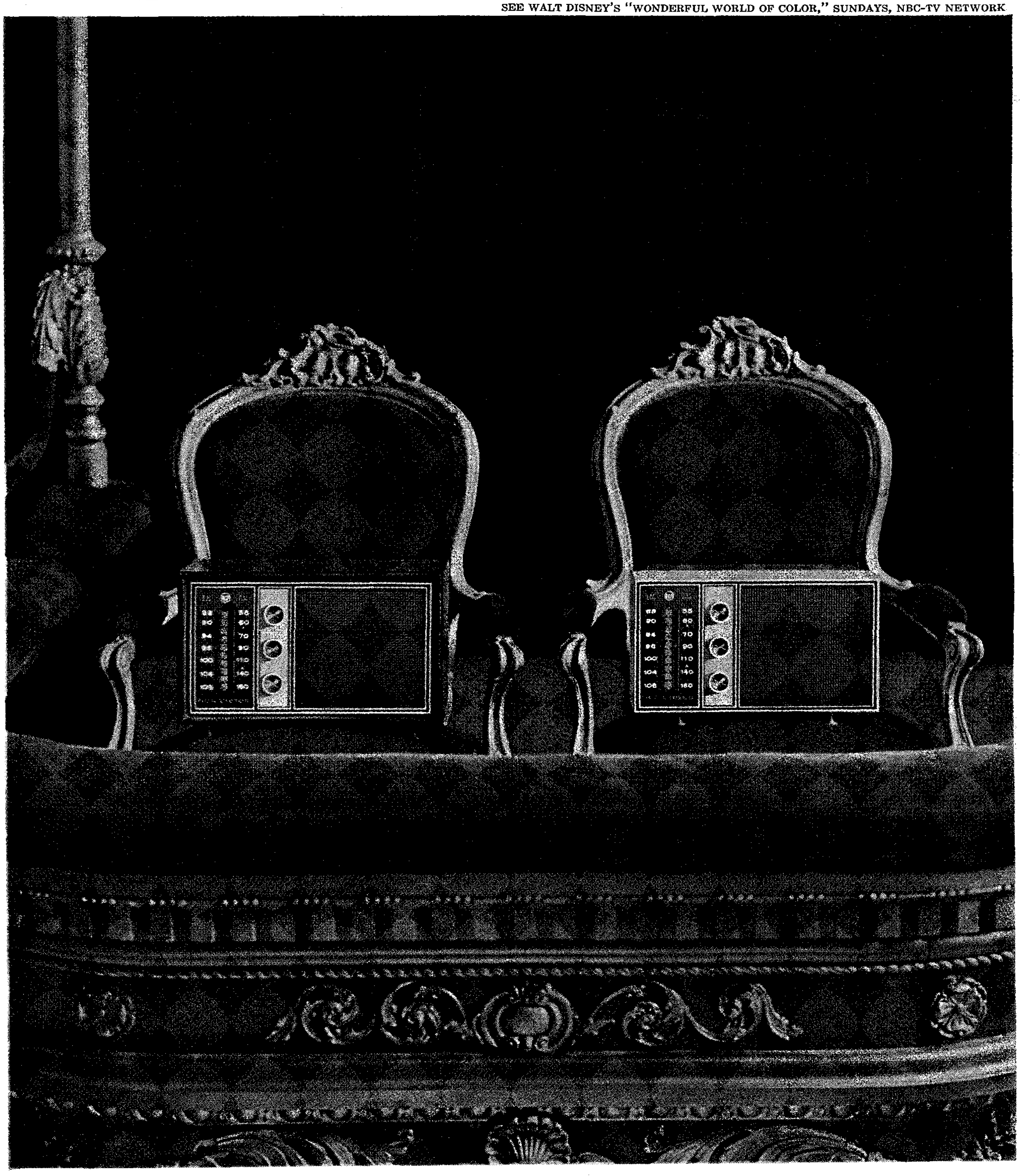

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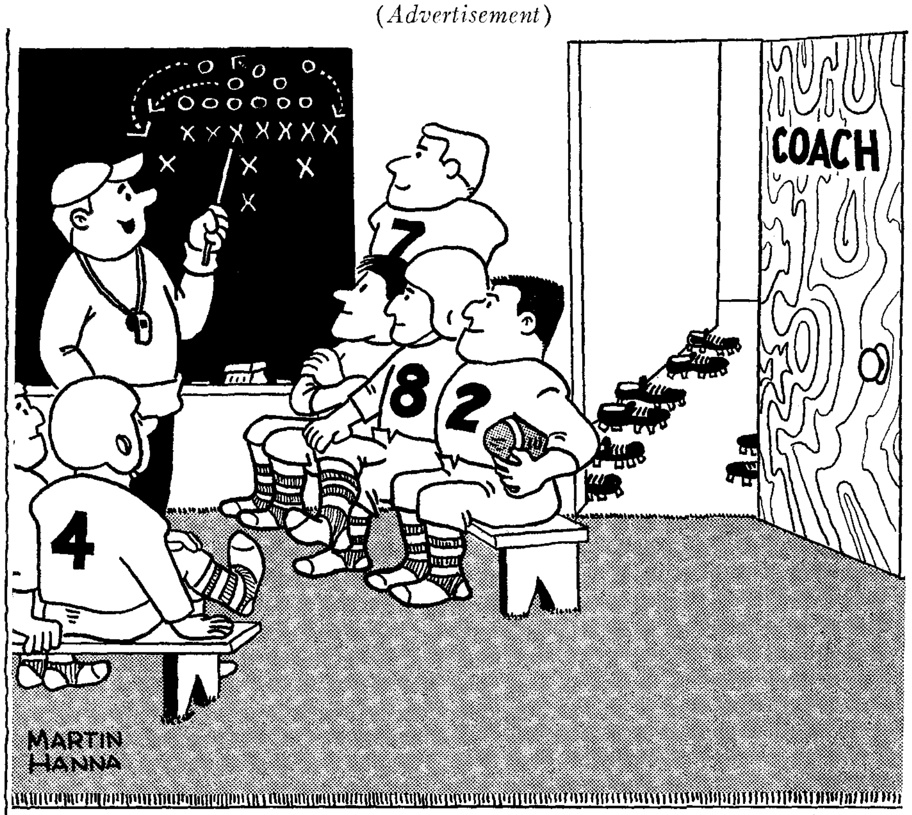
chuckling. "Yes," said my mother, "Mrs. Culpepper is from *Tennessee*, and 's a Baptist who's learned to read and write!" and the two of them were again off on one of those mysterious orgies of Presbyterian mirth that my mother called "paroxysms."

When I grew a little older, I had to work even on so-called vacations, spent on the farms of still other ecclesiastical uncles and grown first cousins, in Virginia. No sooner would I arrive at these resting places than the head of the house would lay down his Bible and pick up a memorandum pad on which he'd set down the labors I was to perform while recovering from the tensions of city life. The working hours on those pastoral retreats were abominable, since the labor started out with milking cows when the sun was rising and ended with milking them again when it was setting. These drudgeries, along with others I performed both at home and away from home, were called "chores." Ever since those days I have been opposed to the use of euphemisms.

IN view of my early experiences with open fireplaces and coal furnaces, it seems weird to me these days that I am still fond of open fireplaces and prefer warm rooms to cold ones. My mother and father were half daft on the open-fireplace question, and my mother, especially, insisted that whenever the family gathered in the living room between jobs, some kind of fire should be going in the fireplace. There was, in addition to the fireplace, the aforementioned coal-burning furnace in the cellar, but I wasn't assigned to the furnace until I was ten. Much earlier than that, though, I labored over the fireplace.

My mother was necessarily, though not emotionally, a frugal lady, for Presbyterian preachers in those days, in that general area, were lucky if they received any salary at all, and since her marriage to my father she'd been accustomed to making do with scarcely any cash, but with plenty of donations from generous and well-heeled members of the congregations. There had always been live and dead chickens and fresh vegetables in the manses of the churches my father preached in. Before I was born, my father raised cash here and there by editing the *Presbyterian Standard* in Charlotte, North Carolina, and by contributing both serious and humorous sketches to *Harper's Weekly*, *Collier's Weekly*, edited by Norman Hapgood, and other periodicals that had a word rate for writers and paid upon publication for pieces they may have accepted a couple



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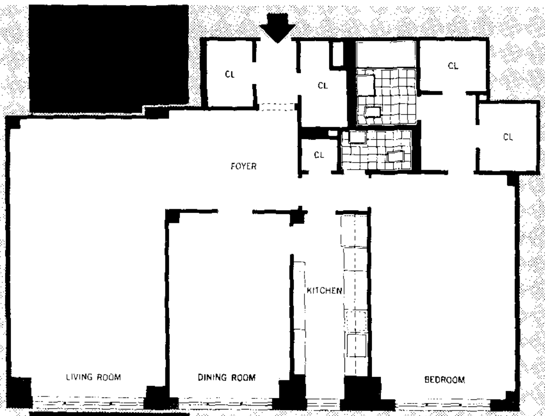

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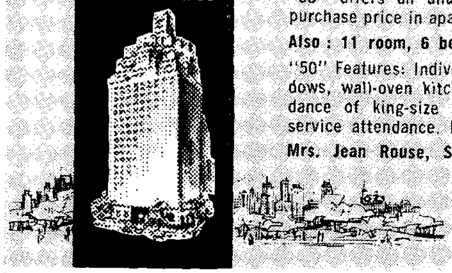

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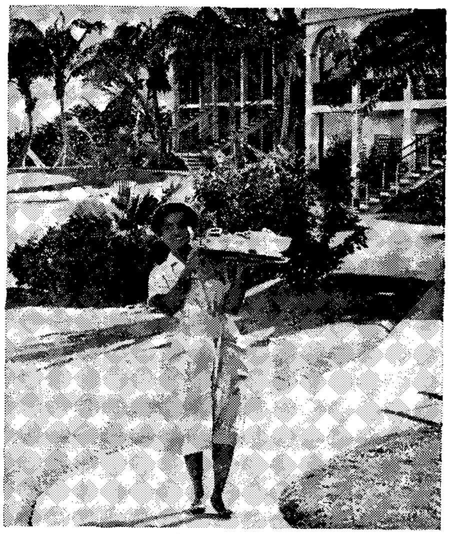
of years earlier. But in Washington he was a salaried worker against child labor, and there was more cash, but not much. His top salary was five thousand a year. Accordingly, the fireplace was at times considered too much of a luxury, when it entailed hiring somebody to cut down dead trees in Rock Creek Park and furnish us with logs. (The Parks Department of the District of Columbia tried to contest my mother's rights in its dead trees, but it didn't know what it was up against. She would stand at the wall telephone in the front hallway, and when she had concluded her conversation with the Parks Department, the Department had given in.)

There were times, though, when logs could not be paid for, and this was where I entered the picture, and for a curious reason: When I was seven, I had small feet. They were no smaller than any other seven-year-old boy's, but they were smaller than the feet of my two older brothers and my father. My mother had been told by some Presbyterian or other that a good open fire could be had if you took lots of newspapers, wet them down with water, and packed them tight in a wooden box. The box, to fit into the fireplace, had to be narrow. This was where my feet came in. My job was to take lots of copies of the Washington *Evening Star*, crumple them up, shove them into the box, wet them down at the spigot in the cellar, and then jump up and down on them with my shoes on. The wet paper had to be packed very tight. When the pulp dried out, it did, in fact, make a very attractive fire in the fireplace, and it cost nothing, my labor being free and the wooden box having been left by the grocer. For a while, it appeared to me that life consisted of an endless chain of these wooden boxes and the pulp made from the *Star*, although, oddly enough, I had to admit to myself that I enjoyed, along with the others, the cheerful fires on winter evenings, and especially on Sunday afternoons. Between the time church and Sunday school were over and the evening service began, our program called for a long walk in the park after the midday dinner and reading out loud afterward in front of the fire I'd constructed.

The procession we made on our walk seemed perfectly normal at the time, but when I think of it now, it occurs to me that some people may have thought we looked odd. My father, leading the squad, would be dressed in a swallowtail coat, a stiff-bosomed shirt with a wing collar and black four-in-hand tie, black trousers, a long black overcoat, and a



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rather high black beaver, because that was what he went to church in. My mother would follow, or sometimes walk abreast of him, got up in equally formal wear, with a big hat and probably a veil. Miss Annabelle always accompanied us, dressed a good deal as my mother was. My older brothers were stiffly dressed in their best suits, and my young sister and I, at the tail of the line, were similarly uncomfortable—she in a long dress and I in a Buster Brown collar, short pants, buttoned-up jacket, black stockings with elastic bands holding them up, and my valuable small feet in black shoes. After the walk, we could relax and listen to my father read Dickens and Mark Twain and Jules Verne out loud. But, for some reason, nobody tried to get out of the Sunday clothes, which stayed on the various bodies until bedtime. The parade was frequently enlarged by visiting uncles, cousins, and nomad Presbyterian preachers who were in Washington to go sightseeing and eat the bought chickens that Miss Annabelle cooked for those Sunday dinners.

By the time I was fourteen, I was hopelessly addicted to work, but I had acquired ideas about money. I quit formal education forever that year, got a job as an office boy on a newspaper at fifteen dollars a week, and began to spend money. I have been spending it ever since. —ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

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he came as a pilgrim,
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or tender of troubles.
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filled the empty awakening.
Oh, there were bells
where he moved,
ringing with the cart's roll,
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a load of mattresses
like some rare message of comfort,
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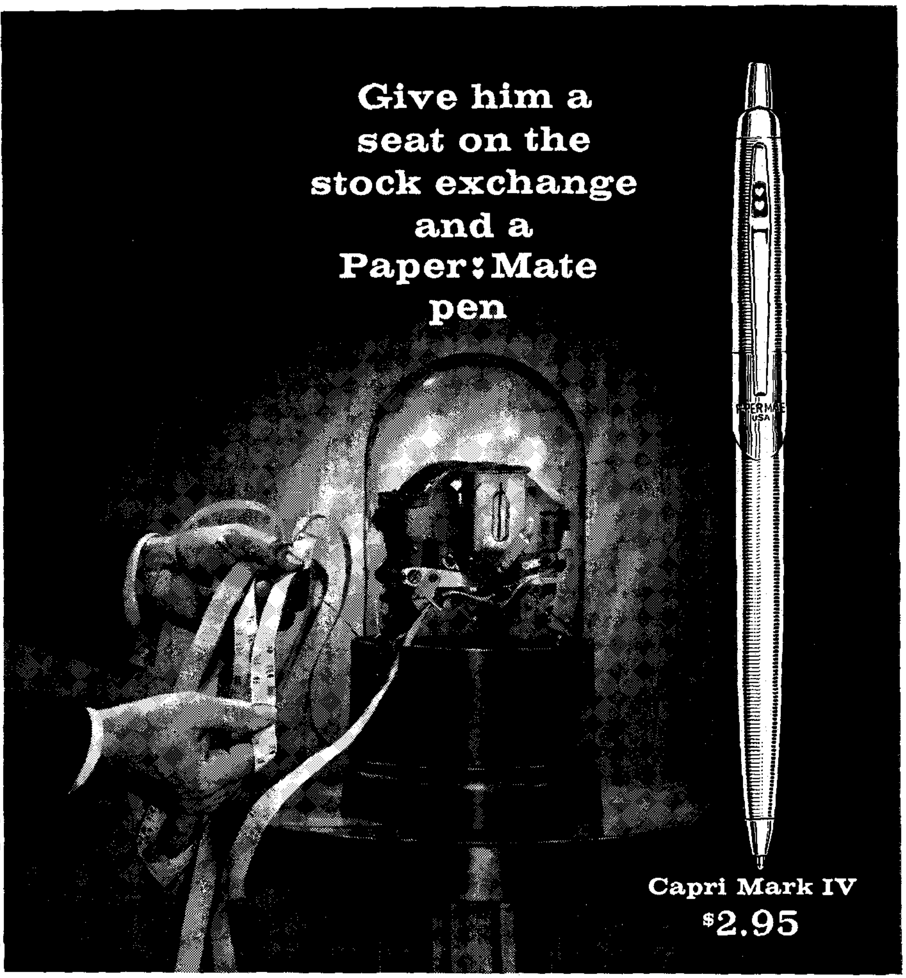
—KATHLEEN FRASER



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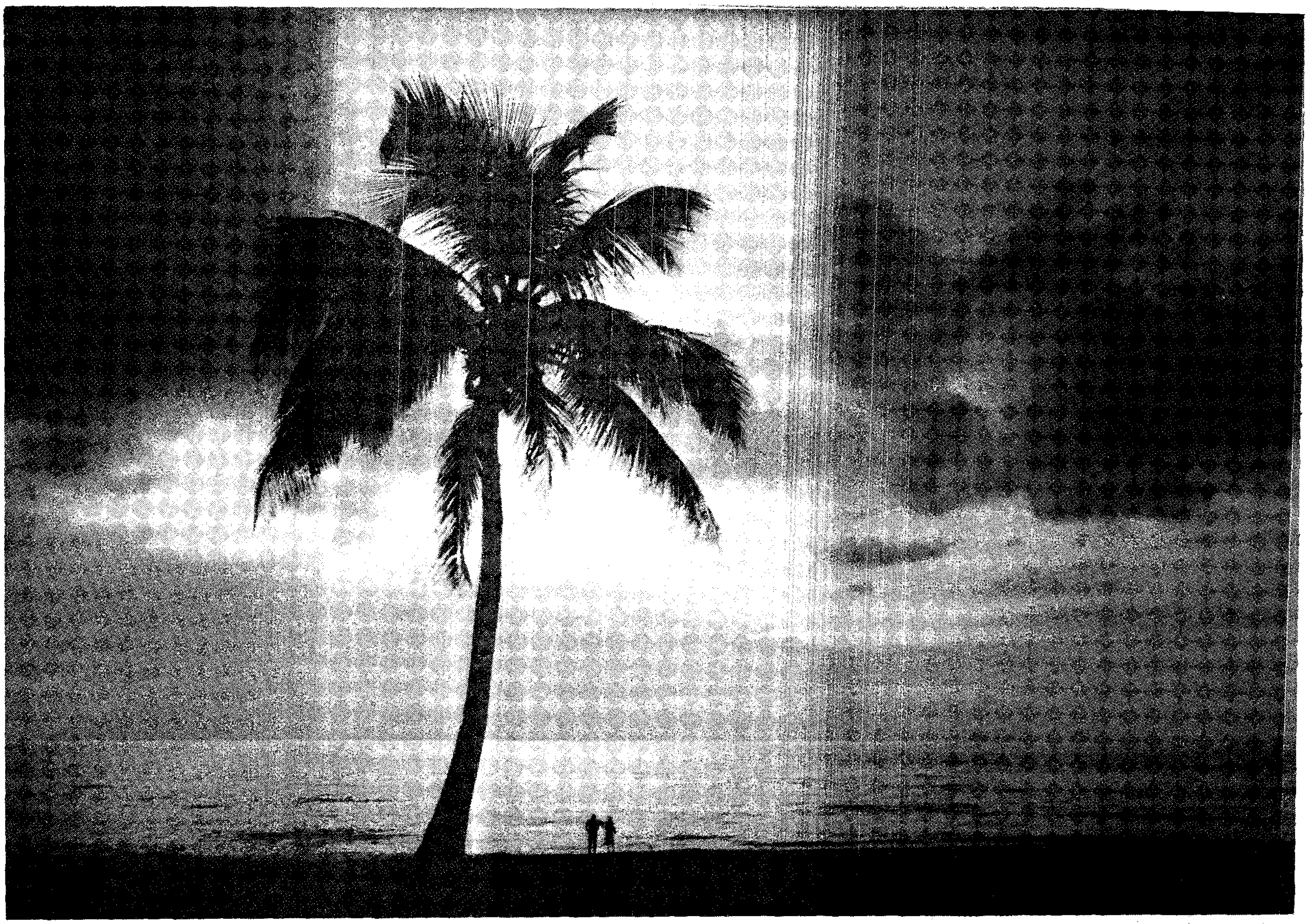

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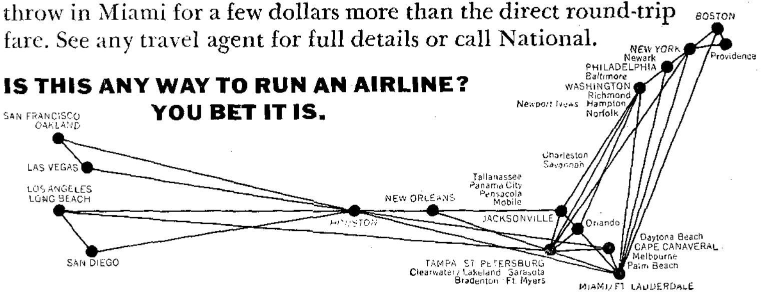
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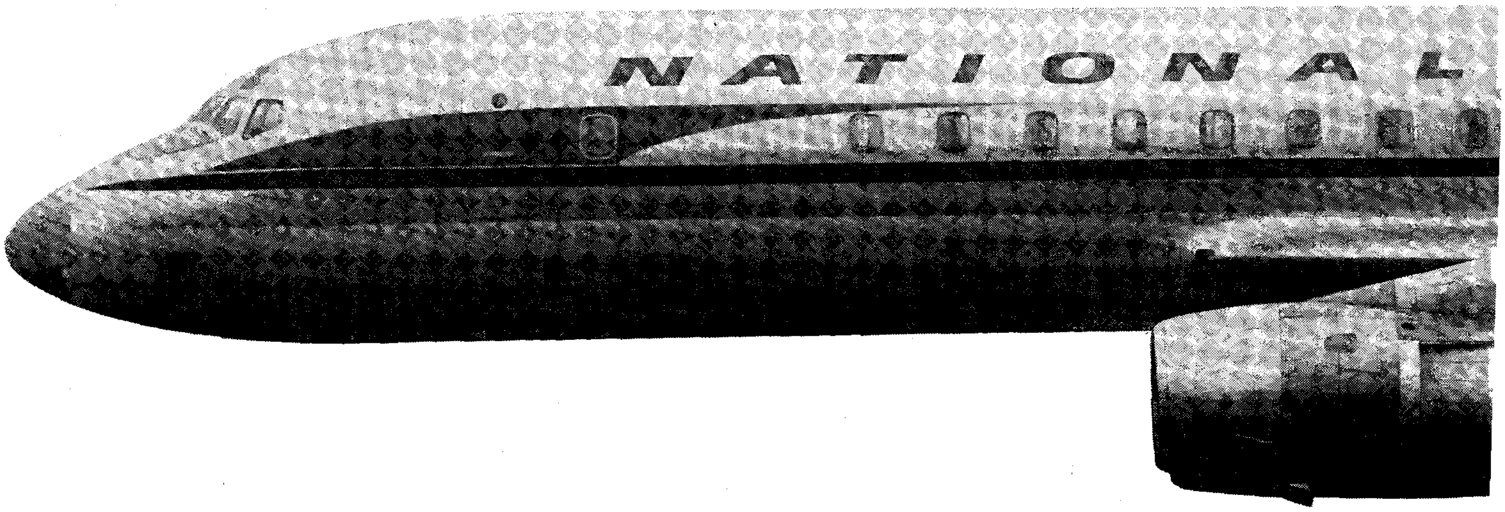
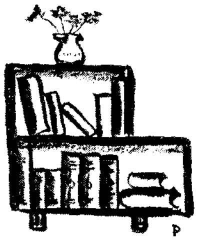


BOOKS

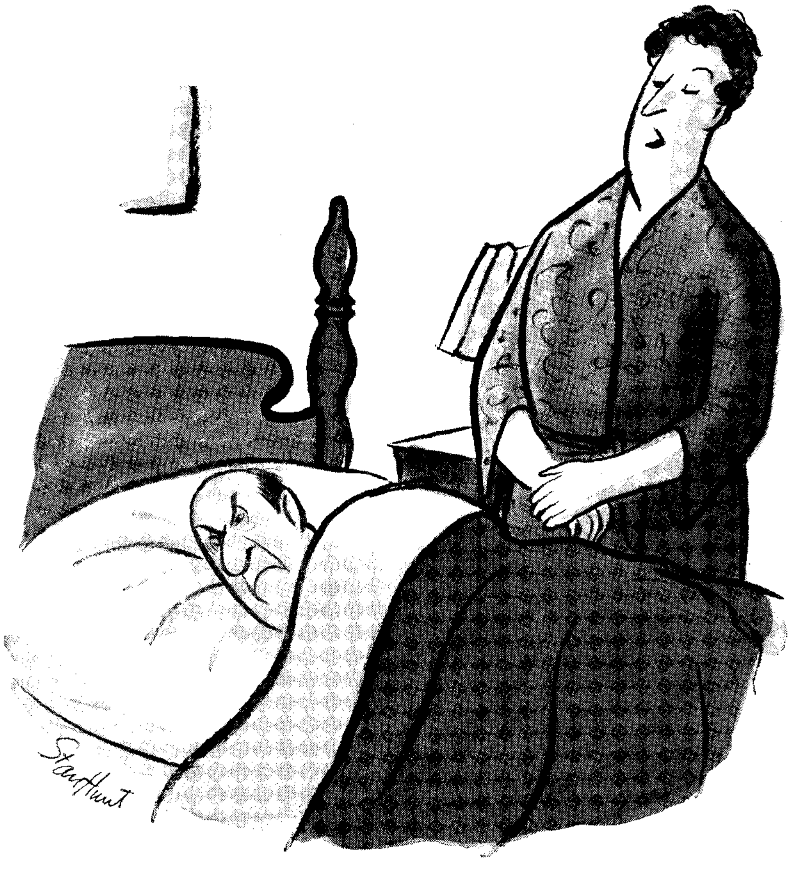
Faith in Search of Understanding



"THERE is no way from us to God—not even a *via negativa*—not even a *via dialectica* nor *paradoxa*. The god who stood at the end of some human way . . . would not be God;" this assertion, which would seem to discourage all theology, is by Karl Barth, the most prominent, prolific, and (it seems to me) persuasive of twentieth-century theologians. His monumental theology has two faces—the No and the Yes. The No, which first resounded in 1919, when the original edition of Barth's impassioned commentary on Romans was published, is addressed to all that is naturalistic, humanistic, demythologized, and merely ethical in the Christianity that German Protestantism had inherited from the nineteenth century. The liberal churches, as Barth saw them, were dedicated to "the god to whom in our pride and despair we have e[illegible] the tower of Babel; to the great [illegible] or impersonal, mystical, philo[illegible] naïve Background and Patro[illegible] of our human righteousness, morality, state, civilization, or religion. . . . This god is really an unrighteous god, and it is high time for us to declare ourselves thoroughgoing doubters, skeptics, scoffers, and atheists in regard to him." The real God, the God men do not invent, is *totaliter aliter*—Wholly Other. We cannot reach Him; only He can reach us. This He has done as the Christ of Biblical revelation, and the Yes of Barth's theology is the reaffirmation, sometimes in radically original terms (for instance, his virtually antinomian doctrine of all-inclusive Grace), of the traditional Christian message. As a critical theologian, Barth ranks with Kierkegaard; as a constructive one, with Aquinas and Calvin. His elaboration of the Yes may be dated from 1932, when he began to publish the huge series of "Church Dogmatics," which, after twelve volumes totalling nearly seven thousand pages, still engages him.

Between, as it were, the No and the Yes, Barth published, in 1931, a small book, "Anselm: Fides Quaerens Intellectum," devoted to a detailed explication of the so-called "ontological" proof of God's existence definitely formulated by St. Anselm (1033-1109) in his treatise the "Proslogion." Not until 1958 was it reprinted in German, and not until recently was it published in this country (by the John Knox Press, translated by Ian W. Robertson). Barth, in introducing the second German edition, expresses "sorrow and surprise" that "this book, on which at the time I expended special care and devotion, has remained until now in its first edition and has long been out of print." No doubt the Nazi interregnum is partly to blame for this neglect, but this essay on Anselm is, even for a piece of theology, uncommonly tedious and difficult, replete with untranslated passages of Latin, English words like "ontic," "noetic," and "aseity," and non-stop sentences of granitic opacity. Yet it is, for the author, a pivotal work; in his preface Barth writes, "In this book on Anselm I am working with a vital key, if not the key, to an understanding of that whole process of thought that has impressed me more and more . . . as the only one proper to theology."

This is surprising, because Barth's theology is intrinsically scornful of proofs and the kind of metaphysics that admits them; "Metaphysical absolutes," he has written, "are an abomination unto the Lord and abolished in Christ." In Volume II, Book 1, of the "Church Dogmatics" he goes to some lengths to unmask the Catholic doctrine of *analogia entis* (the analogy of being, which argues toward the existence of God from the reality of created beings) as disguised natural theology, and as such non-Biblical, unrevealed, and worse than worthless. Even less stringent varieties of Christian thought have learned to do without proofs. The Very Reverend Walter Robert Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's, concludes his discussion of the traditional proofs in the Encyclopædia Britannica with the mild claim that "in spite of their failure as demonstrative arguments they have great value as indicating lines of thought, suggested by experience, which tend to substantiate the Theistic theory." Certainly the traditional proofs, in the light of modern science, are no more than suggestive. The cosmological argument, which survived the shift from the Ptolemaic to the Newtonian cosmos, is hopelessly strained between the exploding macrocosm of astronomy and the inscrutable microcosm of particle physics. And the teleological argument (i.e., many things—e.g., the human eye—are intricately designed for purposive ends; *ergo*, a directing Intelligence exists) was administered a mortal blow when Darwin demonstrated how the organic world, for all its seemingly engineered complexity,



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might be a self-winnowing chaos. Anselm's proof, unlike these, makes no appeal to the natural world; with peculiar elegance it sidesteps external phenomena entirely. It gives God a name, and seeks to demonstrate that the name excludes the possibility of non-existence.

Anselm's proof, as customarily expressed, is: "Something beyond which it is impossible to conceive anything greater" must exist in reality as well as in the mind, for if it existed only in the mind, it would not be "something beyond which it is impossible to conceive anything greater." The customary criticism, expressed by the Benedictine monk Gaunilo in Anselm's lifetime and since then by many others, including Aquinas and Kant, is that existence is not a quality but the precondition of all qualities. Gaunilo applied to the proof the *reductio ad absurdum* of the "perfect island," which, though undiscovered in a far-off sea, must, by Anselm's principle, exist because of its supposed perfection. Anselm's rebuttal was that God is conceived of as greater absolutely rather than as the greatest of a class of objects; though in all other instances essence and existence are separable, and a being may be conceived of as not existing, this is not possible in the single case of God. This reasoning was to be echoed by Descartes, one of the several post-medieval thinkers—Leibniz and Hegel are others—who have found in the ontological argument something more than an absurd transposition of fact and fancy. Indeed, the ontological argument is a kind of logical prism that, depending on how it is tipped, looks shallow as a mirror or profound as a well.

"Anselm: Fides Quaerens Intellectum" begins with Barth's analysis of how Anselm conceived of theology and what, specifically, he meant by "prove." The terms "*probare*" and "*probatio*" were first used, in connection with Anselm's proof in "Proslogion," by Gaunilo in his counter-work "Liber pro Insipiente" ("Book on Behalf of the Fool"). Though Anselm accepted these terms and employed them in his refutation, "Contra Gaunilonem," his initial description of what he is doing is not *probare* but *intelligere*. To Anselm, as Barth reads him, theology is the attempt to understand what has already been given by faith; proof, far from being the aim of this attempt, is the rather incidental "polemical-apologetic result of *intelligere*." In establishing this precedence—understanding subsumed under faith, and proof under understanding—Barth contradicts the common impression of theology as the justification *a*

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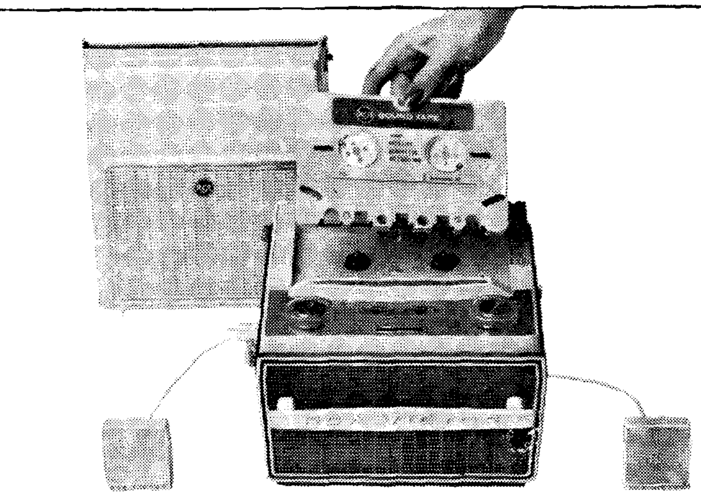
nihilo of the articles of faith. This, he says in a footnote, "would be like trying to support Mount Olympus with pegs and ropes." His conception of theology's role may strike the non-Christian as scandalously modest: "The aim of theology cannot be to lead men to faith, nor to confirm them in the faith, nor even to deliver their faith from doubt. Neither does the man who asks theological questions ask them for the sake of the existence of his faith; his theological answers, however complete they may be, can have no bearing on the existence of his faith." While the words are Barth's, ample footnotes root them to Anselm; Barth's exposition follows the Latin so closely that even an apparently spontaneous metaphor, "bats and owls squabbling with eagles about the reality of the beams of the midday sun," turns out to be a translation of "*vespertiliones et noctuae non nisi in nocte caelum videntes de meridianis solis radiis disceptent contra aquilas.*"

The unbeliever, the bat or owl blind to the sun, the "fool [*insipiens*] who has said in his heart, 'There is no God,' " may well question the relevance to him of this theology, this utterly secure exploration—Barth observes a "characteristic absence of crisis in Anselm's theologizing"—of the terrain enclosed between the subjective credo of the personal belief and the objective Credo of the Church. In a sense, to the faithless theology can have no relevance. Its announced purpose is "to give the faithful joy in believing by a demonstration of the *ratio* of their faith." Anselm writes, "*Credo ut intelligam*" ("I believe in order to understand"). And Barth insists that Anselm insists on the impossibility of the *intelligere* shifting itself to the alien ground of *non credo*. Yet Anselm, as aware as any medieval Christian of heathens and heretics, not to mention contentious Benedictine monks, is distinguished by an exceptional polemical mildness; "Perhaps Anselm did not know any other way of speaking of the Christian *Credo* except by addressing the sinner as one who has not sinned, the non-Christian as a Christian, the unbeliever as believer, on the basis of the great 'as if' which is really not an 'as if' at all, but which at all times has been the final and decisive means whereby the believer could speak to the unbeliever."

What Barth here describes is, of course, his own evangelical stand. In recent years he has rarely preached to any congregation except those of the prison of Basel. His sermons (collected as "Deliverance to the Captives") repeatedly assure the inmates that he, "a professor of theology and as such pre-



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sumably a convinced Christian if not a half-saint," is in fact as great a sinner and as much of a captive as they. In 1946, when the University of Bonn was half rubble, Barth returned from Switzerland to Germany to deliver the series of lectures eventually published as "Dogmatics in Outline." Midway through this uncompromisingly supernaturalist exposition of the Apostles' Creed, he interrupted himself: "At this point I should like, in passing, to answer a question which has been put to me several times during these weeks: 'Are you not aware that many are sitting in this class who are not Christians?' I have always laughed and said, 'That makes no difference to me.' "

HAVING defined and restricted the meaning of *probatio*, Barth examines Anselm's proof step by step. *Aliquid quo maius cogitari nequit* ("something beyond which it is impossible to conceive anything greater") is given as a name of God. Barth admires the designation as one purely negative, "designed to exclude just this conceivability of the nonexistence or imperfection of God which lurks in the background of every ontic conception of God." That, so designated, God can exist as an idea in the mind of even non-believers is at some length established. With Barth's copious commentary solicitously ushering Anselm's terse Latin every inch of the way, the two theologians proceed side by side, and a certain suspense builds up as the reader anticipates the gigantic leap that lies ahead, from existence as a concept to existence as a fact—from *esse in intellectu* to *esse in re*. Then a strange thing happens. Anselm takes the leap, and Barth does not, yet he goes on talking as if he had never left Anselm's side. The medieval philosopher, having satisfied himself that to exist *in solo intellectu* is a limitation incompatible with the total superiority of God as conceived, writes:

> *Existit ergo procul dubio aliquid quo maius cogitari non valet, et in intellectu et in re.*

Literally translated: "There exists, therefore, without doubt, 'something beyond which it is impossible to conceive anything greater,' both in knowledge and objectively (in thing)." The three tiny words "*et in re*" carry an immense freight; indeed, it would be difficult to conceive of any words' carrying more. For on their backs God rides from the realm of ideas into the realm of objective existence.

Barth glosses this crucial sentence as "Thus as God he cannot exist in knowledge as the one who merely exists in

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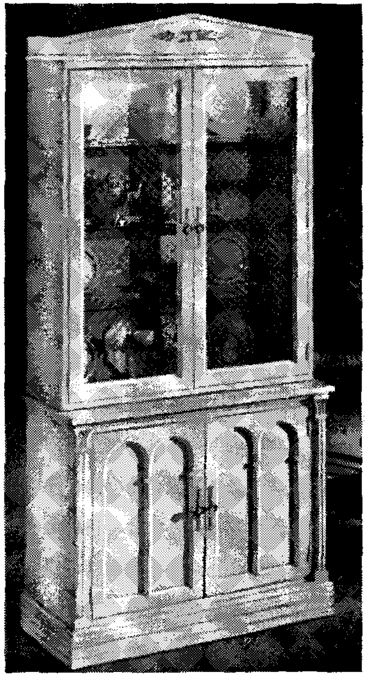

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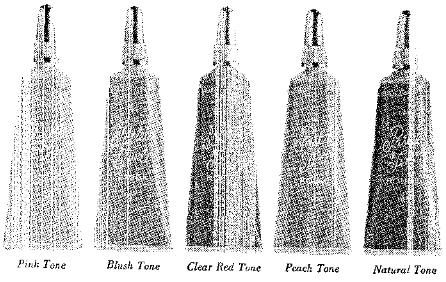

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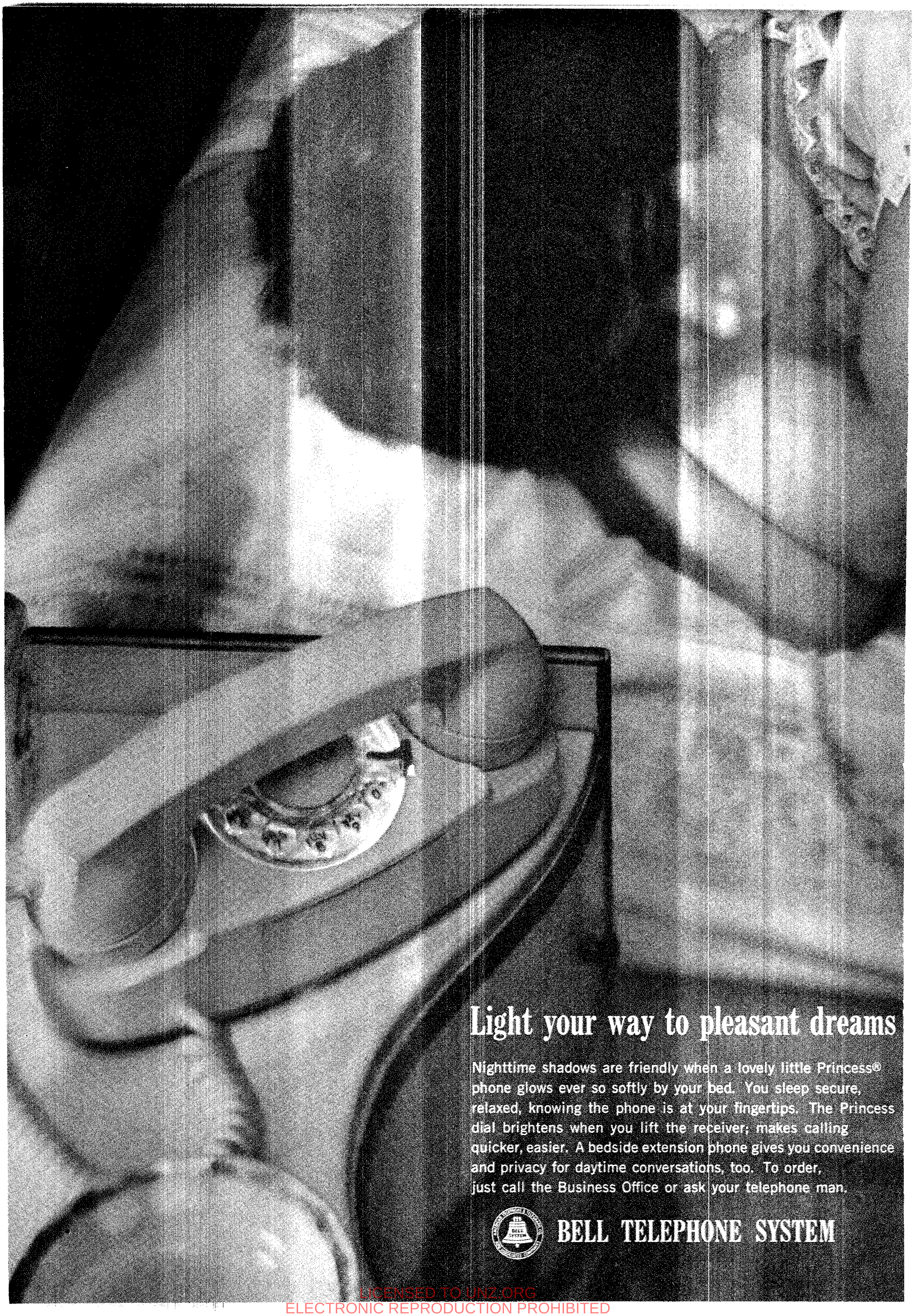

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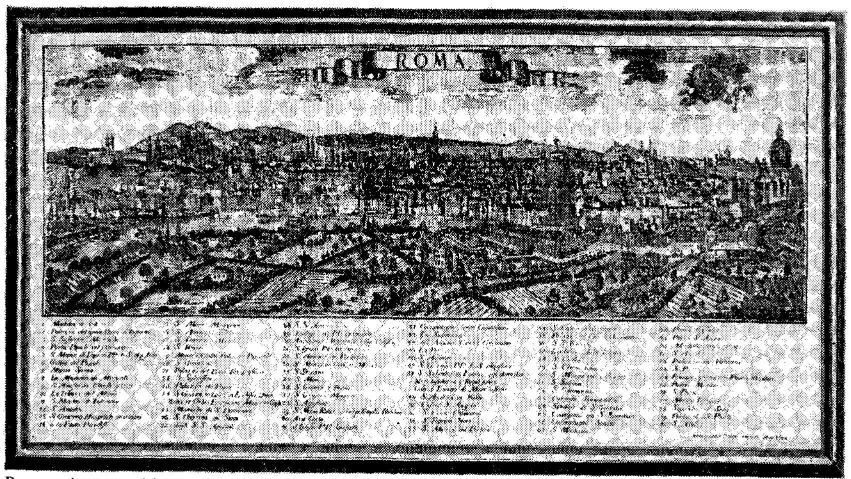
knowledge." Now, this is a typical Barthian remark, of a piece with "one cannot speak of God simply by speaking of man in a loud voice." It is also a fairly unexceptionable assertion, except perhaps to Unitarians, pragmatists, and lunatics. That is, we cannot pray to or believe in a God whom we recognize as a figment of our own imaginations. But can this be all Anselm meant? Barth firmly says so: "All that is proved is just this negative. The positive statement about the genuine and extramental existence of God (in the general sense of the concept 'existence') does not stem from the proof and is in no sense derived from it but is proved by the proof only in so far as the opposite statement about God's merely intramental existence is shown to be absurd. Where then does this positive statement come from? . . . The positive statement cannot be traced back as it originates in revelation." To Barth, then, faith and faith alone, faith in the Christian revelation, has supplied the "*et in re.*" Anselm's proof is merely the scouring of a cup that is then filled from above.

Barth devotes the remainder of the book to arguing that his conception of Anselm's proof and Anselm's own conception are identical. Gaunilo is taken to task because "quite obstinately and in actual fact very shortsightedly all he demanded was proof that God exists in the manner of created things." Such, we must weakly confess, is the proof that we had hoped for. And such—it is our obstinate impression—was the kind of proof that Anselm thought he had supplied. Barth's enthusiastic recommendation of Anselm's proof differs only in emphasis from the traditional criticisms: "The fact that God is infinite does not prove that he exists. Rather the fact that God is infinite proves that (if he exists) he exists differently from beings who are not infinite." But, granted that Anselm built from faith and granted that he conceived of God's existence as extending into dimensions beyond those of creaturely existence, surely he also believed that he had rendered forever unnecessary the parenthetic "if he exists" so conspicuous in Barth's paraphrase. The section of the "Proslogion" containing the *probatio* concludes with a prayer thanking God that now "*si te esse nolim credere, non possim non intelligere*" ("even if I did not wish to believe Thine existence, I could not but know it").

Whereas Barth admits that "By the miracle of foolishness it is possible to think of God as not existing. But only by this miracle. Anselm had certainly not reckoned with this." There is, then,



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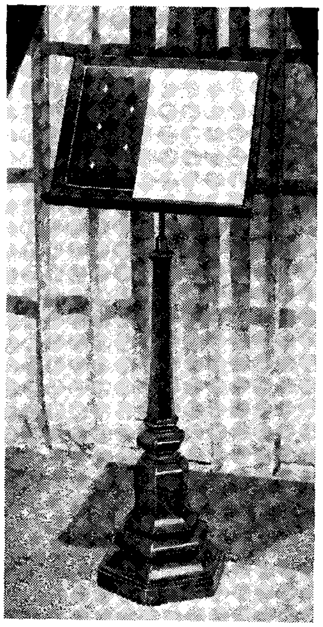

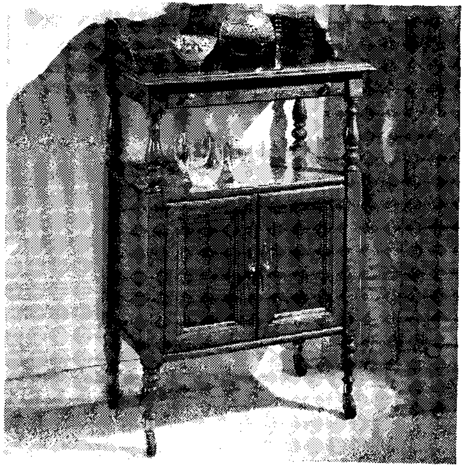

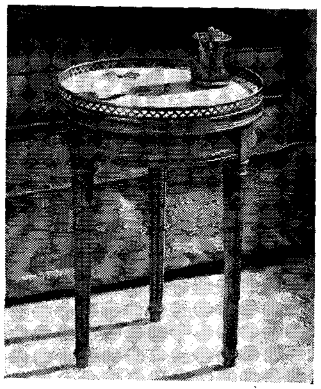

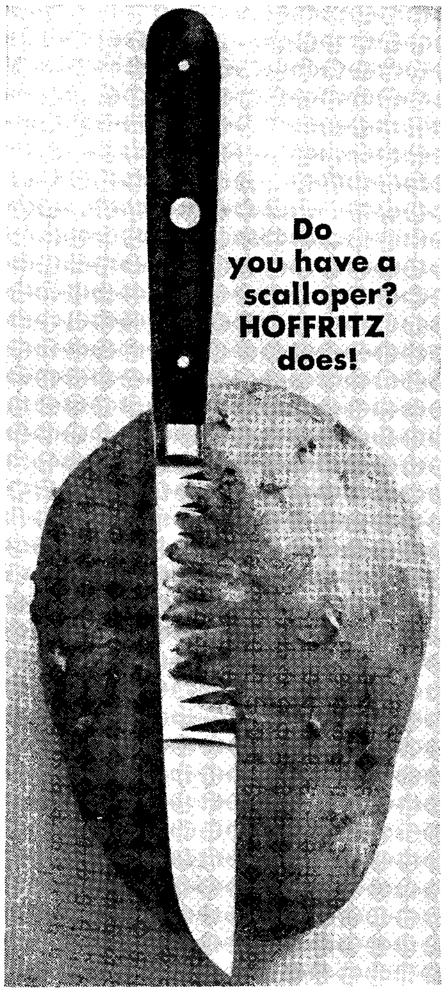

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a difference between the modern and the medieval theologian—the theologian of crisis and the theologian without a sense of crisis. They are separated by nine centuries in which the miracle of disbelief has so often recurred that to call it a miracle seems an irony. The gap between *credere* and *intelligere* across which Anselm slung his syllogism has grown so broad that only Jahweh's unappealable imperatives can span it: "God," Barth says, "shatters every syllogism." Several times Barth speaks of Anselm's formula *quo maius cogitari nequit* as an "embargo," as a Divine prohibition in the style of the First Commandment: "God is the One who manifests himself in the command not to imagine a greater than he." This "embargo" is in fact on freedom of thought, "the most inward and most intimate area of freedom. *Bene intelligere* means: to know once and for all, as a real ox knows its master or a true ass its master's stall." Here Barth's vocabulary and theology seem more Biblical than the Bible itself. The Christian believer, awaking from the medieval dream wherein Church and State, faith and science, thoughts and things seemed to merge, has been restored with a vengeance to his primitive desperation.

The understanding that faith seeks is, for Barth, fundamentally an understanding of what man and religion are *not.* Anselm's proof—"a model piece of good, penetrating, and neat theology"—interests him in its rigorous negativity, its perfect independence of natural phenomena, and the "key" it holds for him is, possibly, that it proves nothing—probes, that is, the nothingness from which rises the cry for God. In "The Task of the Ministry," Barth preached:

> We cannot speak of God. The mystics, and we all in so far as we are mystics, have been wont to *assert* that what annihilates and enters into man, the Abyss into which he falls, the Darkness to which he surrenders himself, the No before which he stands is *God;* but this we are incapable of *proving.* The only part of our assertion of which we are *certain,* the only part we can *prove,* is that man is negatived, negated.

—JOHN UPDIKE

VERSE

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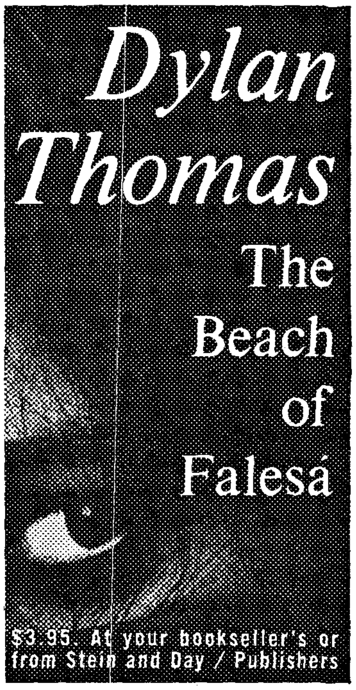

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which was surrealist in spirit but not in form, being written in skillfully rhymed stanzas. This initial effort started out well but went on far too long. The poems in Koch's new book belong to the last ten years, during which his talent has not remained inactive. They are chiefly occasional, with a slight leaning in the newer ones toward lyricism. Koch is not basically a lyricist. At his most effective, he introduces into surrealist tactics (always close to the boring) a fresh note of farce—an open play for laughs delightful to come upon amid the prevailing violence and gloom.

His methods have dangerous limitations. Nonsense and parody must be grounded positively at some point or other: the *farceur*, like the satirist, cannot operate from a base of complete cynicism; neither is a clown. For some things Koch cares. He is against the maneuvers of the more corrupt and venal avant-garde—witness "The History of Jazz" and his wonderfully demented chronicle "The Artist." He protests the pretensions that unfailingly adhere to culture-yearning groups ("Fresh Air" does these little social clusters up brown); the stacking of useless facts; the restriction of natural impulses, whether of movement or of speech; humorless high-mindedness; monotony. His own inventiveness seldom fails. Having constructed a surefire comic formula in the zany lists of the title poem, he quickly shifts to other methods. He organizes some poems like a set of explosions along a fuse, each a little louder and more destructive, and funnier, than the last. Or he projects a deadpan parody to end all deadpan style in "The Departure from Hydra." Sometimes we seem to be in the presence of a witty, widely read child who deals in noises ("gloop gloop!") as well as words, of a poet who has intuitively been attracted to the comedy that is the other, and more hidden, face of the art of our time. Koch's reliance on surfaces can become irritating; under his wilder verbal assaults his major, more serious intentions disappear. But his fun is hilarious while it lasts.

IN "Final Solutions" (Random House), a collection of fifteen poems by Frederick Seidel, the satiric involvement of a young poet (b. 1936) with his time and place is total. Like Juvenal, Swift, and John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (at his best), Seidel is angry, and his anger, ultimately, is directed less against evils apparent in this or that person or society than against the basic stupidities and depravities of mankind

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itself. Seidel is in earnest. He radiates heat. It is apparent that he has asked himself frightful questions and has not dodged the implications of their equally frightful answers. He presents his own anguish less often than he describes the suffering of a number of protagonists who reveal themselves fragmentarily in monologues—always at some high pitch of terror, ecstasy, or despair. These men and women (and a single ghost) speak, more often than not, in formal stanzas. Seidel instinctively goes over into strictly controlled (although uneven) metre and into difficult rhyming as his emotion gathers force; he does not miss an effect. The terrifying aspects of the experiences he describes are outlined with clinical precision by means of the rightness of his epithets and of his nouns and verbs, which can be tender as well as shocking. He is a master of metaphor. And each poem is compressed straight up to, and sometimes beyond, the limits of comprehensibility—not as a trick but for a purpose. The scenes are those of the actual world: this is Boston, New York, a Maine island, Paris, and ancient and modern Rome; these are sidewalks, traffic signals, sirens, helicopters (and clouds and stars) placed and functioning normally, and not revolving in a surrealist dream. The poems concerned with delirium are done from the outside. And there is not a trace, throughout the book, of the usual slick response of cold coarseness or gratuitous brutality.

Whether or not Seidel's talent will come into the full power it now suggests it is impossible to predict. But how extraordinary if it should.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE AGING BOY, by Julian Claman (Doubleday). Andrew Keogh, forty-three years old, a formerly successful stockbroker who has lost confidence in himself, tells the story of his life, from his childhood as the son of a hand-washing Irish immigrant shopkeeper to his sudden descent from the peak of material success and respectability to poverty and disgrace. The book is interesting because it discloses the fact that an empty man who tries to discover why he is empty succeeds only in proving that he is empty. The scene is Beverly Hills, where Andrew found his feet and then lost his footing, and Newport, Rhode Island, where he spent his childhood. The

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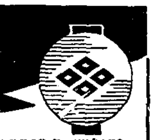

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style is earnest, masculine, and anxious.

LOVE IN A LONDON FLAT, by Victor Jones (Lyle Stuart). The pathetic, scrappy story of a young man so given to undervaluing himself that he refuses the girl he loves and who loves him, and then proceeds to destroy his chance of happiness completely by marrying a large and domineering woman whose affection soon turns, understandably, to contempt for his meekness. The scene is London, where the young man, Peter Copeman, is a schoolteacher. Mr. Jones' style represents a tight struggle between bitterness and wistfulness; when he writes less meagrely, his writing will be more natural, and the strength he is denying at present will give force and ease to the honesty already evident in his work.

THE LIVING REED, by Pearl S. Buck (John Day). Mrs. Buck's cozily sonorous tale of Korea stretches from 1881 to the present and centers on the fortunes of an upper-class citizen named Kim Il-han and his wife, Sunia. The Kims age visibly under the onslaught of Mrs. Buck's vigorously patronizing lament for their country, while their two sons are wrenched hither and yon in the author's determination to illustrate different trends and tremors of the times. A Literary Guild selection.

YATES PAUL, HIS GRAND FLIGHTS, HIS TOOTINGS, by James Baker Hall (World). This is a rather unimpressive first novel about three unconvincing characters—a thirteen-year-old boy, his deviate father, and the father's wholesome secretary—who form an unlikely triangle of conflicts and dependencies. Whenever the author seems at a loss about his characters, he makes them take refuge in eccentricity, and hopes for the best. It is no way to write a novel.

GENERAL

THE MIDDLE PASSAGE, by V. S. Naipaul (Macmillan). A selective tour of the Caribbean—Trinidad, British Guiana, Surinam, Martinique, Antigua, and Jamaica. Mr. Naipaul's qualifications as a guide are excellent. He was born and raised in Trinidad and now lives in England, he is an Indian of Hindu ancestry (one of the largest of the Caribbean racial groups), and he is an unusually gifted writer. His birth and his ancestry render him immune to the reassurances of politicians and the smiles of tourism. ("Every poor country ac-

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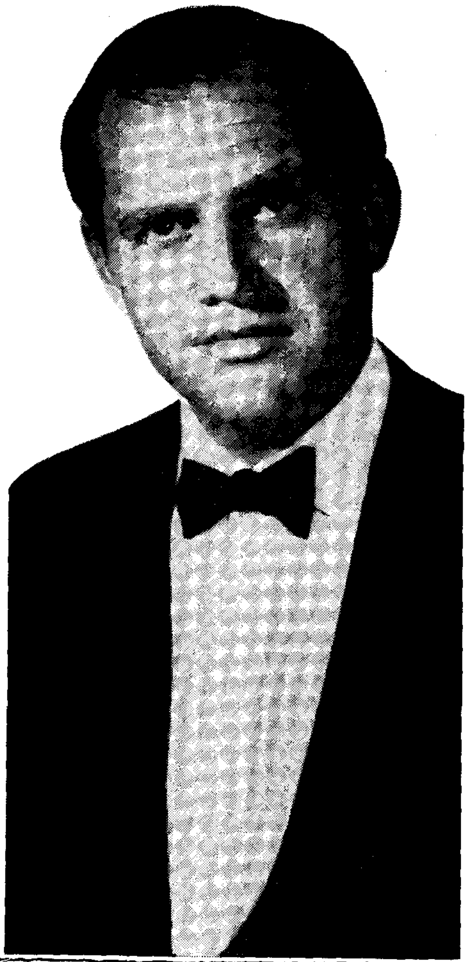

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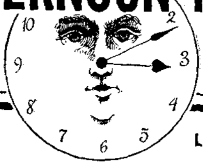

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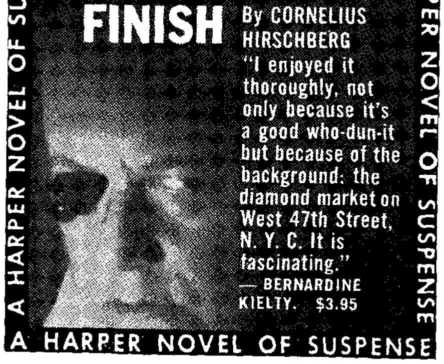

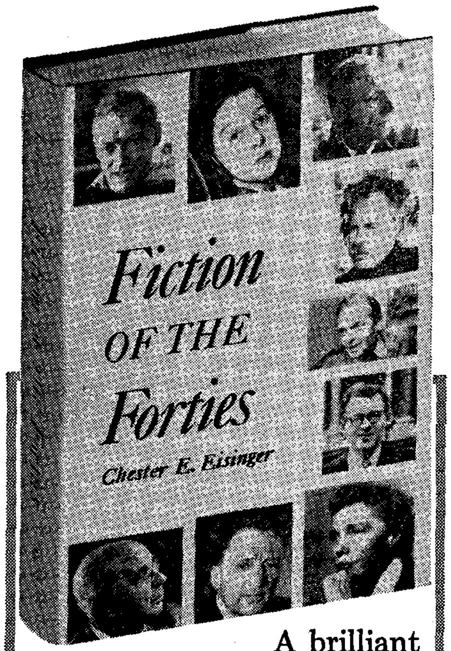

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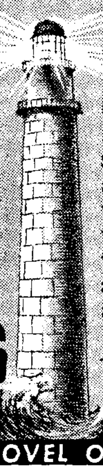

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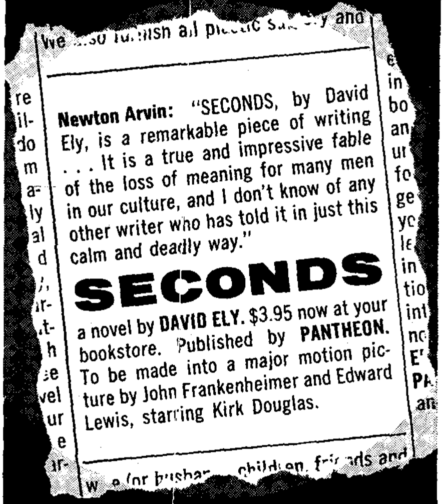
cepts tourism as an unavoidable degradation.") Instead, they lead him down the back streets to the right sights and the right questions. Wherever he goes and whatever the language—English, French, Dutch—the past is slavery and colonialism, and the present is race, poverty, and (since the control of malaria by DDT) overpopulation. In the hands of a less talented writer, the experiences he spreads before us would be too much for ready acceptance. The title refers to the westerly leg of the slave-trade triangle.

DAWN LIKE THUNDER: THE BARBARY WARS AND THE BIRTH OF THE U.S. NAVY, by Glenn Tucker (Bobbs-Merrill). When the United States became independent, three small North African dependencies of the Turkish Sultan—Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli—were supporting themselves by piracy or by extracting tribute from foreign powers on the promise of safe-conducts for their merchant shipping. The United States, without a navy, began its diplomatic relations with this deplorable trio by paying up, but then the threat of war—first with France and then with England—prodded us into building a few frigates, which, Mr. Tucker tells us, were the best fighting vessels of their size in the world. The government hadn't spent millions for defense, but it decided to see what it could do about paying less tribute. The Barbary Wars were a series of off-and-on campaigns between 1800 and 1815 (with time out for the War of 1812), and Mr. Tucker follows them meticulously. He likes to take time and space, and this is a big book. But there is a lot in it—a lot of politics and naval architecture, plenty of action and extravagant personalities. Mr. Tucker hands out awards and demerits like an opinionated headmaster, but he invariably filters facts for their relevance to his theme—the growth of American power and American self-respect.

ANEURIN BEVAN: A BIOGRAPHY, by Michael Foot (Atheneum). This, the first of two projected volumes, begins in 1897, with its subject's birth, in Tredegar, a Welsh mining town, and ends in 1945, when, after the Labour Party's victory, Mr. Bevan was offered his first Cabinet post, the Ministry of Health. With idolatry rather than mere sympathy, Mr. Foot traces the development of Bevan's ideas and his controversial political career as an aggressive Socialist, and he



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emphasizes Bevan's consistency; the various quarrels that Bevan had with his own party arose from one fundamental cause—his anxiety (not unjustifiable, considering the unimpressive records made by Labour Cabinets in 1924 and 1929) that Labour's leadership was not militant enough. Mr. Foot thinks that Bevan was right in opposing his party when it didn't sufficiently oppose the Tories, and we know that Bevan was right in predicting victory at the polls in 1945 if Labour would fight for it. But Mr. Foot is unpersuasive when he argues that Bevan was justified in opposing British rearmament before the Second World War, and that Bevan's ideas on wartime strategy—among them a second front in Western Europe in 1942—were practicable. Still, Mr. Foot not only makes Bevan comprehensible but makes a perfectly sensible whole out of the man, his principles, his ideas, his charm, his friends, and his enemies.

THE CRAFT OF INTELLIGENCE, by Allen Dulles (Harper & Row). A well-organized, informative, slightly flat-footed introduction to intelligence work, both overt and covert, by the man who ran the Central Intelligence Agency from 1953 to 1961. Mr. Dulles is rather pedantic about definitions, historical background, and so on, but when he talks about the C.I.A., its Russian counterparts, and specific examples of fiascoes and coups, the reader will certainly snap to attention. Mr. Dulles argues, most convincingly, that the C.I.A. is better than many Americans think. It gets bad publicity because it won't advertise its successes, while its failures are invariably advertised for it; it is resented because, in our open society, a secret and partly unaccountable outfit is a lump that reporters, congressmen, and taxpayers have trouble digesting. The Russians are not super-spies, Mr. Dulles declares; he calls their intelligence "overconfident, overcomplicated, and overestimated." Almost every time we read about an impressive secret Russian agent, it's because our counter-espionage has caught him. Mr. Dulles, in fact, feels happy about everything except America's lack of security-mindedness; we give away too many secrets, he says.

SHUTTERS WEST, by Nina Hull Miller (Alan Swallow). This wonderful little book about the faraway and long-ago West is an account of the life of Arundel C. Hull, an inde-

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MY BROTHER BILL: AN AFFECTIONATE REMINISCENCE, by John Faulkner (Trident). The subtitle of this memoir suggests its nature but not its quality. The late John Faulkner (he died soon after finishing this book) was close to his somewhat older brother at almost every stage of their lives. They played together as boys, they both went to Ole Miss, they shared a passion for flying, sailing, riding, and hunting, and they both chose to live out their lives in Oxford, Mississippi. The affection that marked the long association had something to do with kinship (blood ties were important to the Faulkners) but nothing to do with adulation. John saw his brother clear, and knew him to be highhanded, hardheaded, and sharp-tongued ("Bill could . . . cut you to the quick"), but he also saw him with understanding ("He had his faults as every man does, but his good qualities and his intrinsic worth far overrode them. I know of no man who left more behind him to prove his right to have lived than Bill did"). And he is sufficiently skilled as a writer to effectively share with us the memories that shaped his feelings. The result is a thoroughly enjoyable book.

NOTE: "Christmas in Bethlehem," by Christopher Rand, a volume containing four reports from the Middle East and one from Greece, has been published by Oxford. All of the reports first appeared in this magazine.

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(WEATHER)
IT'S ANOTHER DAY OF CONTRASTING TEMPERATURES. READINGS AT DAWN RANGED FROM A CHILLY 36 AT GILA BEND, ARIZONA, TO A WARM 82 AT GILA BEND, ARIZONA.—*A. P. news wire.*

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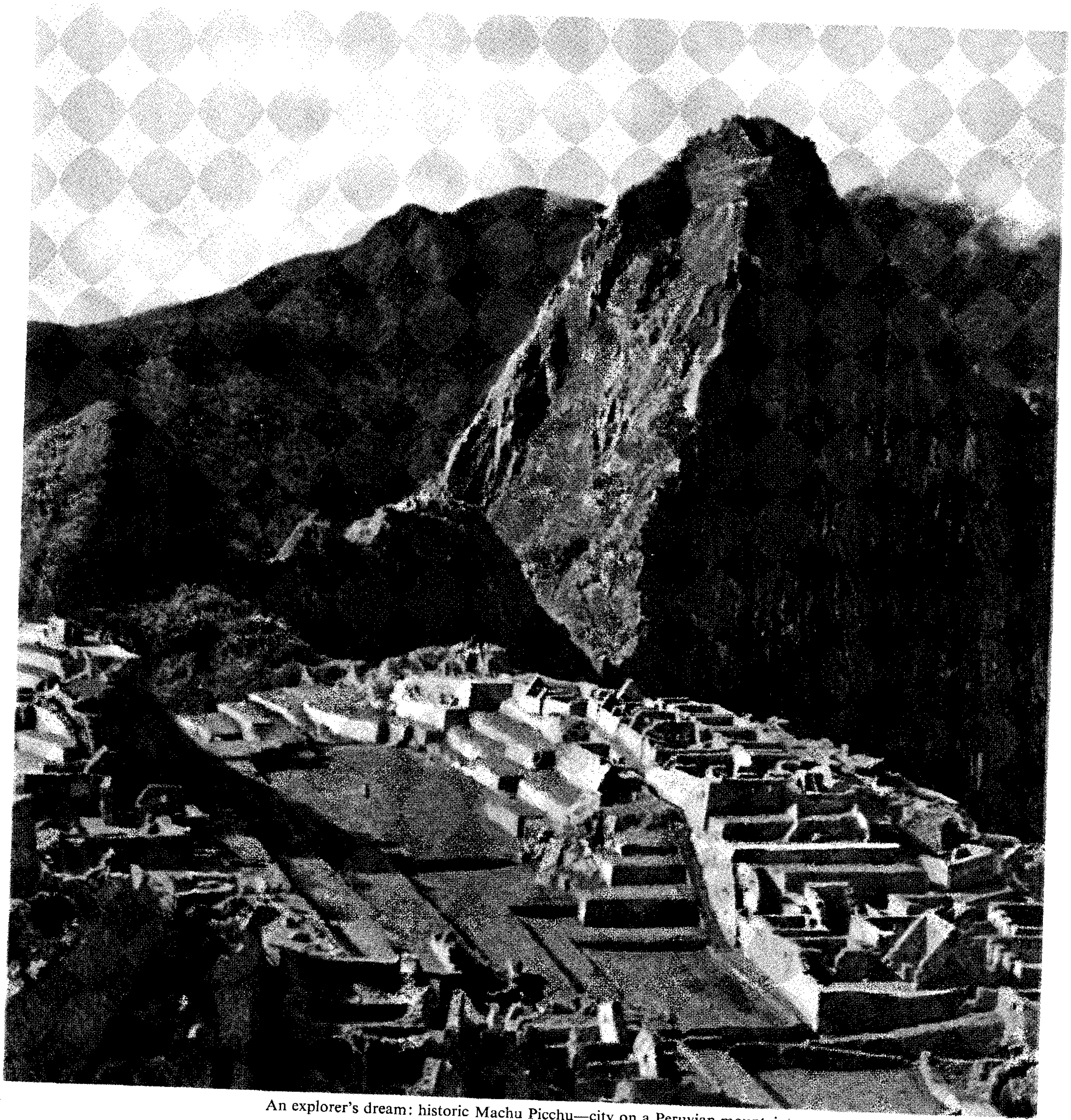

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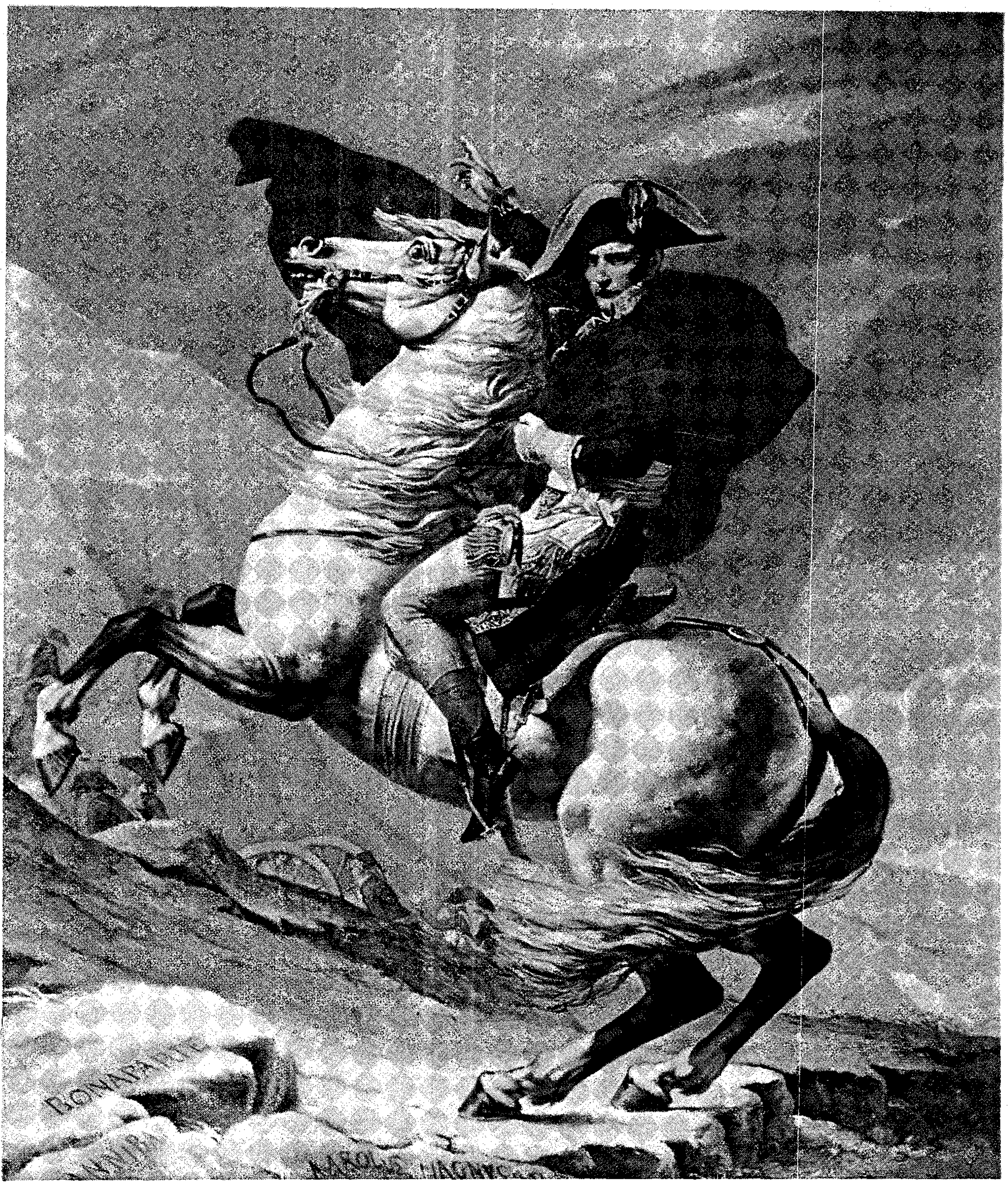

Bonaparte au Mont St.-Bernard. Peinture par Jacques-Louis David. (Musée de Versailles.)

Newly elected First Consul, Napoleon, like Hannibal and Charlemagne before him, boldly crosses the Alps into Italy by the Great Saint Bernard Pass. Thus he led his army to the victory of Marengo on June 14, 1800.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

Character is destiny—as true of Courvoisier Cognac as of history's conquering hero. For Courvoisier is The Brandy of Napoleon. Its character has destined it to be the choice of kings and statesmen. And its matchless flavour and bouquet reward you with *une sensation splendide,* cherished by all who can command the finest.

*Courvoisier Cognac—and Courvoisier only—bears this registered phrase on every bottle. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

84 Proof
COURVOISIER
*The Brandy of Napoleon

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